

NECROPOLIS ATLANTA



A Regional Sourcebook for
Wraith: The Oblivion™,
and Vampire The Masquerade™



NECROPOLIS

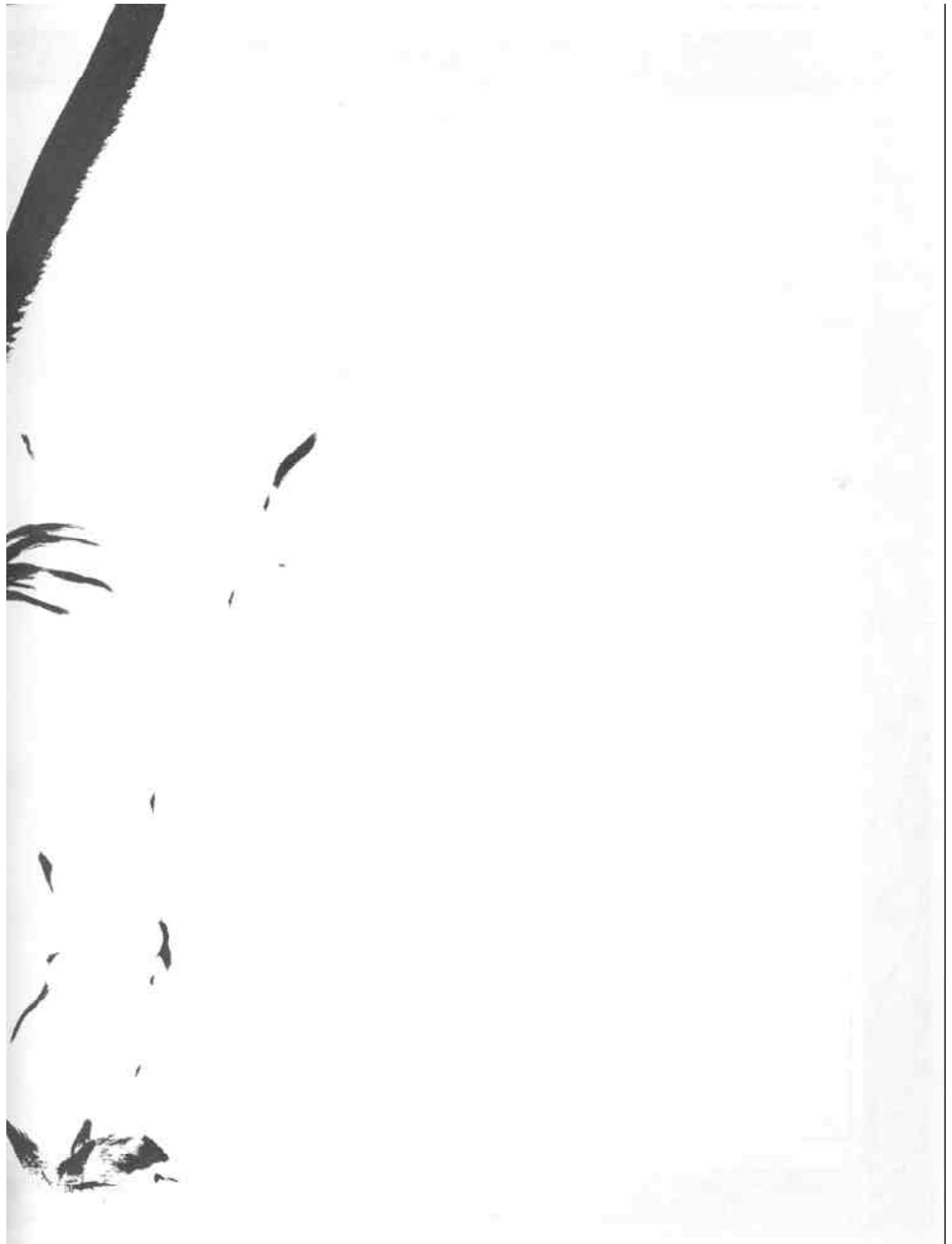
ATLANTA



by James A. Moore and Sam Chupp







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Author's Dedications

Sam Chupp:

To Brenda Stiles, Kirsten Kelley, and Stephanie Ricard, my three vampire Graces, for inspiration and great joy in "Atlanta by Night".

James A. Moore:

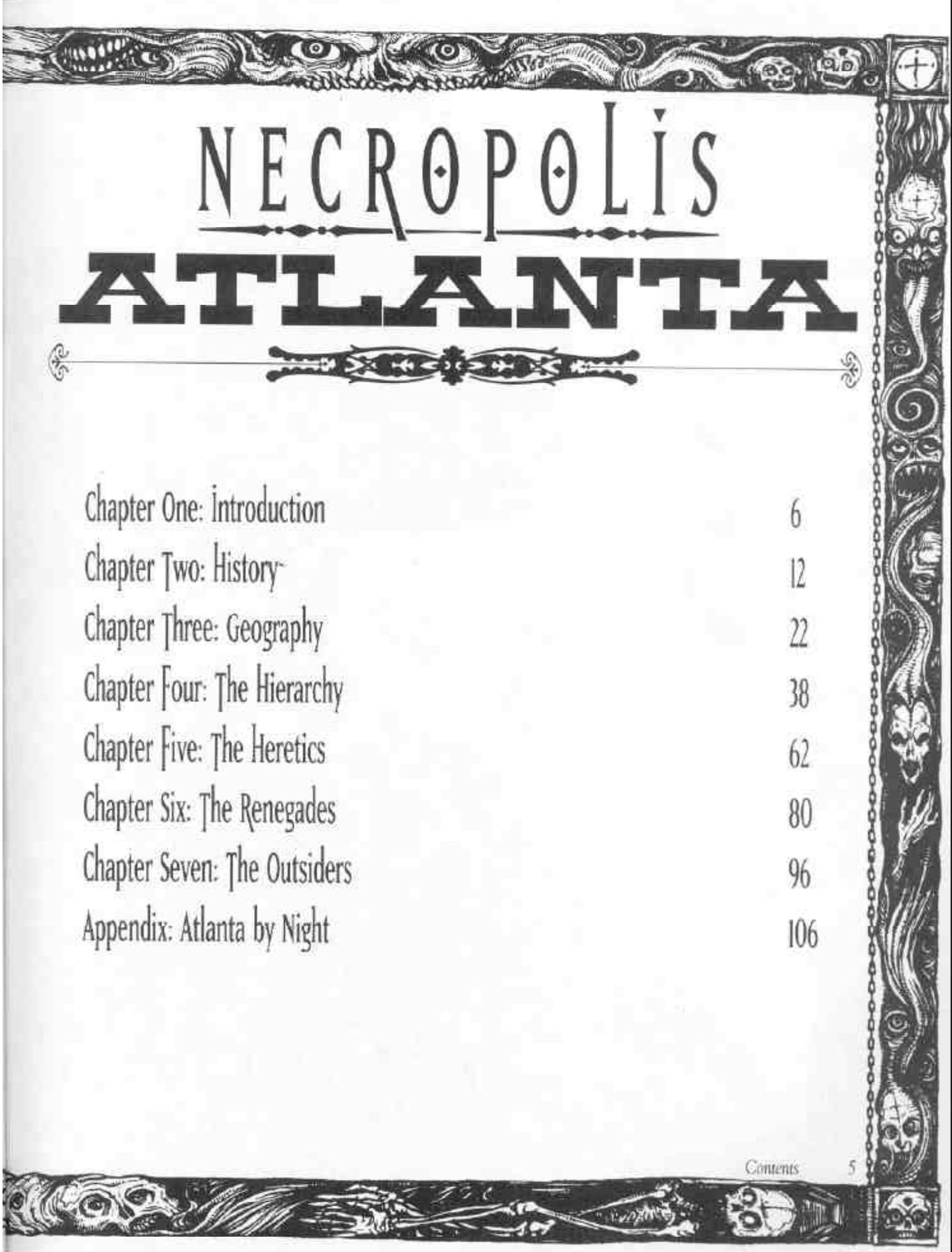
To my wife Bonnie, for all the usual reasons; to my sister Ro for support, encouragement and feedback; and to Mary, may she find her children and peace.



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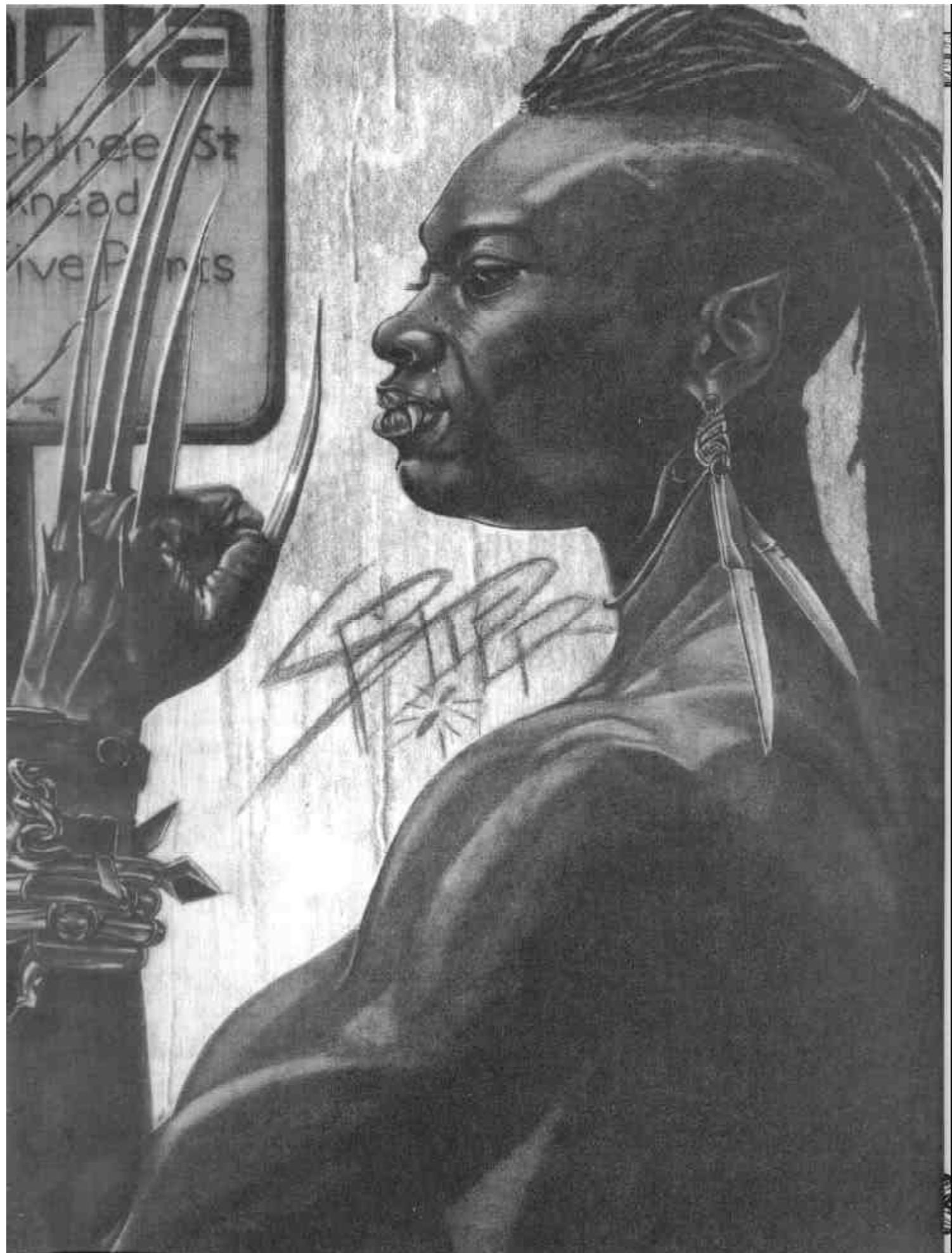
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Chapter One: Introduction

*There's a tremor growing in our own backyard
And a fear in our heads
Fear in our heads
Prophets in the graveyards...*
—Indigo Girls, *Jonas and Ezekiel*

How to Use This Book



Necropolis: Atlanta has been designed for Storytellers to use in a number of different ways. Hopefully you will be able to use the information in this book to make an Atlanta which is uniquely your own. You may also use Atlanta as a template to build your own cities from.

This book should give you a good overview of the history and culture unique to Atlanta as well as providing a dynamic setting for a chronicle based there. Within are over sixty of the most influential Restless in the city as well as information on their Haunts and politics. The characters presented in the *Wraith: The Oblivion* Appendix are designed for use in conjunction with the characters presented in *Necropolis: Atlanta*. Little Five Points is an integral part of Atlanta as significant and vibrant as any presented here. The characters presented

here are by no means all of the wraiths in the city. You, the Storyteller, are encouraged to add to or subtract from the materials presented here to make the city and its Restless Dead uniquely your own.

Also included is a section on the Kindred of Atlanta, for those who wish to use Atlanta as the basis for a crossover game between *Vampire: the Masquerade* and *Wraith: the Oblivion*.

Theme

The theme of *Necropolis: Atlanta* is rebirth. The two symbols used for the city over the years have been the butterfly, and more popularly, the phoenix. The image of that which is reborn from the flames certainly fits this growing city. The fires that sweep their purging flame across the city every few decades serve as a release for the tension and anger that build up in this city of contrasts. Still, Atlanta must come to terms with its past. The sense of passion and rage building over a century or more of unrest should be an almost tangible part of the Necropolis.

Mood

Atlanta is a city of passion above all else. It exemplifies what is sometimes called "Southern Gothic." The heady scent of magnolia blossoms hangs in the air across slums and palatial plantations alike. The sense of crumbling splendor seen in classic gothic novels is not unique to Europe in the 18th and 19th centuries. Atlanta also possesses the sense of heritage and of a golden era that has passed that is uncommon among most modern American cities.

Note: In order to properly portray something of the truth behind the hatred which the real world Atlanta has developed in, we have chosen to portray the white supremacists and other hateful people instead of ignoring their existence. We do not condone their hatred. Neither do we deny its existence.

The City



No one ever goes anywhere without passing through Atlanta."

—Francis C. Lawley, London Times reporter, 1861

A sprawling city birthed out of anger, pain, fire and death, you might think that Atlanta, with its atmosphere of Southern hospitality and old gentility, is a brighter spot in the World of Darkness than Chicago, New York or even New Orleans. How could this city, with its reputation for sultry summer nights filled with magnolia breezes, be part of the Gothic-Punk milieu?

The darkness in Atlanta is subtle, a quiet shadow that lurks beneath the surface and only occasionally erupts into an explosion of raging flame. It is the cool undertone of polite society, the things "best left unsaid," the sounds in the attic, the knocking in the walls. In short, it is the darkness of the dead, the many hundreds of Restless Dead who haunt this modern and well-lit place.

The horror of Atlanta is that it occasionally changes with no warning, from tranquillity into a fiery hell that consumes all that it touches. The dark spirits, the Spectres who haunt Atlanta's shadow, see that she never forgets the sins she has committed over the centuries. They see that periodic destruction keeps the city from completely relaxing into her muddled and hazy Southern complacency.

And so, you can see a fear in the tight smiles of the people on the street, feel it in the cold hands of the delicate gentry. You can sense it in the pounding heat of an August night where each breath is filled with blood-warm air. You can smell it in

the sickly sweetness of the rotting magnolia blossoms. You can see it in the downcast eyes of the homeless who, denied the famous hospitality of the South, peruse the garbage cans, finding indelicate pleasure in the genteel leavings of their good Southern brothers and sisters. You can hear it in the voice of the beaten woman who will not turn her husband in to the police. You can see it in the wide eyes of the children who are thankful to live to their second birthday.

On the outside, Atlanta is a beautiful gleaming city with high ideals and grand morals. But within is a rotting denial, an unwillingness to go past the boundaries of wealth, race and religion. Atlanta rushes on, unmindful of its past, looking only towards the future. It goes on building and growing, but like an alcoholic who must hide his bottle, it carefully hides its darkness with a thin veneer of romance, hospitality and "little white lies."

Meanwhile, the city still burns and will go on burning. It will burn again and again until, unlike the phoenix that is its symbol, it will gutter in the wind and burn out.

A Candle in the Wind

And yet, among the denial, the dead and the darkness, there is a sense of tentative hope in Atlanta. All is not yet lost. All of the Restless Dead of the city know that the city's days are numbered as they watch the fires of Oblivion begin to escape the Tempest and rage uncontrolled, hungry for destruction. But a few know how to stop the fires, a few understand that the fires feed off the hate and anger that has played a part in Atlanta since its birth. Some of the Restless know that Atlanta will be saved only by forging peace out violence, only by fostering humanity over bestiality and blind hate. And yet, this is a fragile hope: how can centuries of cursed error be erased with a few minor victories over the Shadow?

A History of Shame

Although a Civil War was fought over the issue of slavery, and although a civil rights movement has worked for over thirty-five years to promote equality, discrimination is still widespread in Atlanta. Even though it is no longer openly mandated by the state, there are differences in education, housing and treatment by the police for African-Americans. In the business world, these subtle differences are underplayed and glossed over. Even though Atlanta has had an African-American mayor for the past four terms, racism and discrimination still exist and are still factors in everyday life.

In the Shadowlands of Atlanta, this racial hate often deepens and worsens because of the prevalence of wraiths and ghosts who are still existing with the mindsets of hate, discrimination and white supremacy. The multitude of the dead Children of Africa have been spirited away from the Burning City by envoys from the Dark Kingdom of Ivory, leaving only the



brave Railroaders (a secret group who runs an Underground Railroad for the Restless Dead) to protect the newly-Dead African-Americans from experiencing the slavery their foreparents lived — the slavery of Thralldom to the Hierarchy.

Atlanta at a Glance

Population: 2.8 Million

Climate: Hot and rainy in the summer, cold and rainy in the fall, cold and rainy in the winter, hot and breezy in the spring.

Police: The police of Atlanta like to portray themselves as extremely tough on such crimes as DUI, drug trafficking and homicide, and in fact they have special DUI and Drug Task Force units. Although it is difficult to point to an overall trend, the police are largely discriminatory. A black man walking alone in a white neighborhood is more likely to be stopped than a white man walking alone in a black neighborhood. Still, the city prides itself on its rapid processing of criminals into the justice system. Certainly the city jail facilities are much nicer and newer than similar facilities only a county or two over.

Fire: Because of the predilection Atlanta seems to have for fire, there are now quite a number of adequate fire safety professionals paid for by the city. Atlanta responds to fire with a seriousness that many cities lack. Often even a minor blaze will be reported by TV news.

Local Media: Atlanta has seven local television stations; the 'Big Three' networks plus a Fox affiliate, an independent and two serving PBS. Atlanta is also the hub of Ted Turner's international broadcasting empire with CNN headquarters located in downtown Atlanta. In addition, the city hosts the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, *Atlanta Magazine* and a free weekly newspaper called *Creative Loafing* which is famous for its personals.

Culture: Atlanta has a local symphony, opera company, ballet company, many theater companies and several folk-dancing groups. The High Museum of Art is an awesome gallery that hosts prestigious traveling art shows like the China exhibit and the Andy Warhol exhibit. A very vocal multicultural movement pervades the city as well, from the traditional to the modern, from rap to ancient African tribal art.

Scene: Atlanta's night scene is active and varied, ranging from coffeehouses and poetry to pounding goth-industrial rock at the local clubs or just hanging out at Little Five Points. Whatever your tastes, there's always something to be found. *Creative Loafing* carries the weekly listings for all music, movies and entertainment as well as listing the many organizations that have chapters in the Atlanta area.

Conventions: Atlanta is a convention hub. It is not merely coincidence that it has played host to the Democratic National Convention, the Super Bowl and will host the Summer Olym-

pics in 1996. There are a huge number of hotel rooms in the city and hundreds of thousands of square feet of meeting space. MARTA assures delegates easy transport, even out to the airport, and there are more restaurants in the downtown area alone than can be reasonably explored in less than a week.

Business: Many major corporations have satellite or home offices in Atlanta. IBM, Apple, Siemens and Delta are just a few. In addition, Atlanta is slowly becoming the music video equivalent of Hollywood, and many recording studios now send their bands to Atlanta to get their videos made.

The Shroud

The Shroud in Atlanta is particularly strong in most areas (usually 9 or 10), although you will find that most Atlantans believe, at least in theory, in ghosts. Several Atlanta families share their homes with ghosts, usually a Drone or 'family guardian' wraith, although they are rarely aware of this. The general demeanor of the city is suspicious curiosity when ghosts are involved.

Traveling To and Around Atlanta

Road Travel



Atlanta is most easily reached via interstate routes 75, 85 and 20. While 75 and 85 form an X across Atlanta, joining together as one road to bisect the city along a north-south axis, Route 20 runs through the city going east-west. Atlanta is also serviced by several interstate bus services.

Air Travel

Air transportation is serviced by the Hartsfield International Airport, one of the largest airports in the world. The Hierarchy maintains a close watch on all traffic coming in and out of the city via Hartsfield.

Rail Travel

Once a great rail hub, Atlanta is still a popular Amtrak destination. Many wraiths reach Atlanta by hopping a ride on one of the many Amtrak trains that service the city each day.

As one of the first stops served by the Midnight Express, there has been a long-standing association with the railway in the Shadowlands as well. Once a major shipping depot for trains going to Stygia, Atlanta no longer maintains strong trading ties with Stygia. As the relationship was based primarily around trading captured wraiths (many of them also claimed



by the Ivory Queen) for goods, there has been less and less commerce between the Necropolis and Stygia in past years.

Getting Around Atlanta

Busses and Trains

The Metro Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority (MARTA) has an extensive bus-and-subway system that allows one to travel from one side of the city to the other in relative comfort, spending only about \$1. Atlanta's subway system runs primarily east-west (the orange line) and north-south (the blue line). Unlike many other cities, the majority of Atlanta's sights are laid out along this axis, with the few other commonly visited sights served by the MARTA busses. Train service runs from about 5 AM to midnight, with slightly later service in the summer and on weekends.

Cars and Taxis

Surface streets are largely confusing but fairly easy to learn once you get the hang of it. Traffic is moderate to heavy during rush hour. Despite the fact that there is an extensive freeway system, the increasing population of the city is not big on carpooling and public transportation. Cabs are difficult to hail on the street at night; best to call for one or catch one out in front of a hotel. Oh, and by the way—there are over 40 streets named Peachtree. Good luck.



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History

Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye not be troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.

—Holy Bible, Exodus 15:3



People have always been attracted to the bend in the Chattahoochee River where Atlanta would eventually take root and blossom. Long before the Europeans arrived, the Creek tribe had a village called Standing Peachtree there. The land was beautiful, well-forested with pines and filled with thousands of wildflowers each spring. This was a place of peace where the generous Piedmont lands provided game, the Chattahoochee provided fish, fertile soil and transportation. The lands of spirit were in accord with the living world.

During the time before its colonization by the Europeans, the area of land that would become the state of Georgia was, like the rest of North America, part of the Pure Lands. The lands of spirit and life were not as far apart in those days as they are today. Oblivion seemed to be a quelled threat. The Darkness had been fought and driven back many years ago when the Pure Ones fled across the Bering land bridge.

Then the Europeans came to the Pure Land, bringing with them the shadow of death. As they advanced, explored, made outposts and settlements and conquered the land, the indigenous Americans realized that the lands of the dead, the lands

of the living and the spirit world were being split apart, separated from each other irrevocably by a thick spirit-skin that the Pure Ones found difficult to pierce. Many could not decide what to do about this curtain of night that fell across their spirit-visions, but nearly everyone blamed the pale ones for bringing it with them. Indeed, with the spreading of colonies of Europeans, the Shroud grew thicker as the Shadowlands became muddied with the power of Oblivion.

Along with the Europeans came the Hierarchy. Charon wanted to expand his area of influence into this new world, which, until now, had been protected by an immense darkness in the Shadowlands corresponding to the Atlantic. The Restless accompanied these initial expeditions, Skinriding travellers and stowing away in cargo holds. It wasn't long before Charon sent Legions to America to collect the Restless there and form armies of the Restless Dead to follow the Europeans' conquests. Everywhere these legions went they left outposts, Citadels in their infancy. And everywhere they went, they claimed more land for Stygia and the Stygian Empire.

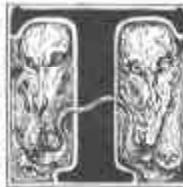
The Spectres soon followed the Hierarchy into the Shadowlands of this formerly pure place. They navigated through the Tempest by following their ancient enemies. Soon, two terrible Malfleans came to rest in the Tempest beneath the



Shadowlands of America: one a horrific creature who rested beneath Manhattan, and another whose migration pattern in the Tempest was seemingly random. The Manhattan creature seemed to be interested in corrupting and destroying the hearts and souls of the people of that area only. The roaming Maleficent brought with it hordes of Spectres who spread fear, hatred and pestilence, often claiming entire villages in an orgy of death without thought or pattern. To the Pure Ones, Spectres were abominations, terrible insane spirits of the dead. They saw these foul creatures everywhere and associated them with the growing cities of the colonists.

In the early 19th century, the Cherokee and Creek people lived in the northern part of what had come to be called the colony of Georgia, named after King George the III of England. The Creek people were peaceful, civilized and cultured with their own written and spoken language, their own laws and a high level of education. They traded peacefully with trappers who wandered through the area. It was not until iron rails linked their land with the industrialized North that they were in danger of losing the lands that they had cultivated for many generations.

Road of Iron, Trail of Tears



The city that would come to be known as Atlanta was created at the end of the rail line from the North. A railroad camp sprang up, and the area was quickly named Terminus. With the first locomotives from the North came the Hierarchy who traveled in deserted freight cars and fancy passenger vehicles, spreading their influence and leaving behind Citadels wherever they went.

Some Creek and Cherokee, as well as local non-native people, were hired on to work on the railroad. When the end of the line was finally completed in 1838, President Andrew Jackson decided (against the ruling of the Supreme Court) that it was time to clear the Cherokee out of the newly "civilized" lands and force them on to reservations in North Carolina and Oklahoma. It was during this time that a young officer by the name of William Tecumseh Sherman gained intimate knowledge with the area around Atlanta and the Georgia wilderness.

The native people were uprooted from their familiar sacred land and required to travel cross-country on a forced march until they reached their unfamiliar destinations. Some 4,000 people died on the 800 mile journey, and the sorrow that the tribe felt was reflected in the name of the journey: the Trail of Tears.

Many became wraiths because of the pain and anger they felt at having been forced off their lands. The Spectres who

had followed the Hierarchy down to Atlanta welcomed the Restless native-wraiths, sensing in them an intense anger that had not lessened in death. One by one, the Spectres infiltrated these wraiths (who actually had been claimed by the Dark Kingdom of Obsidian, but still awaited a guide to that Kingdom's lands), and their Shadows consumed them, making them into powerful Spectres.

It was during this time that the very nature of the Tempest began to change. The anger of these early Spectres was so great that it began to color the Shadowlands all around them. Where this anger was greatest, it collected in vitriolic pools of loathing or as grey-green grease on the Corpus of embittered wraiths, igniting strange fire. The fire was both deadly and extremely destructive. Anger, hatred and violence was its fuel. Wherever those emotions held sway in the world of the Quick, the flame would eventually take hold in the Shadowlands as well.

The Hierarchy troops of the time did not know how to combat the fires. They had never seen this incendiary manifestation of Oblivion before. A Harbinger was dispatched to Stygia for advice on how to deal with the flames which had been nicknamed "barrow-fire" by the Enforcers of the area because it was particularly prevalent in the Native American burial mounds that dotted the banks of the Chattahoochee. Obsidian-shades would come to these fiery Nihilis to vent their rage and hope to capture unwary ghosts who might fall into their hungry clutches.

The Harbinger returned with dire news: this particular manifestation of Oblivion had been uncovered a scant few times throughout history, beginning at the library of Alexandria before it had been burned. Apparently the barrow-fire was always a foretelling of destruction on an epic scale. (Later, barrow-flame would be sighted in Chicago, heralding the Great Chicago Fire.) There was nothing that could be done about the unrelenting fire, and Haunts became increasingly important as the flames began to claim more and more of the Shadowlands of the city.

Barrow-Flame

The fires of the barrow-flame are extremely dangerous to wraiths, but the fire cannot burn long in the confines of a Haunt. This is how many wraiths have survived the barrow-fires that have swept over Necropolis Atlanta many times in its history. It is spread both by Spectres who are primarily consumed with hate and rage, although it can (and often does) ignite in places where there is a lot of anger, hate or rage in the Living world, most particularly at hate-rallies, gang fights and domestic abuse situations.

A Crossroads

In the coming years, the city's name changed several times. From its beginnings as Standing Peachtree, it became Terminus, so named because it was the end of the rail line. For a brief period, it was called Marthasville (after ex-governor Wilson Lumpkin's daughter), after which the name was finally changed to Atlanta. There is some speculation as to why Atlanta was finally chosen. It may be a feminine form of Atlantic or a variation on Martha Lumpkin's middle name Atalanta. Regardless, it rapidly changed from a collection of log cabins and railroad camps to a blossoming city. The chief reason for this is that the railroads came to town. Suddenly, Atlanta was the hub of not just one, but four main line railroads.

In 1848, the city elected its first mayor, Moses W. Formwalt. A member of the "Free and Rowdy" party (he was apparently a major provider of moonshine from his stills), Formwalt won over John Norcross, a temperance candidate. It was an election marked with much celebration and many street brawls. This was something of a golden age for Atlanta. Its high society blossomed out of private clubs and hotels like the Kimball House.

From Atlanta, foreign goods purchased from the southern port of Savannah could roll in and head west, east or north. Atlanta quickly became an industrial and medical center as well.

In the Shadowlands, the first Necropolis was established by two armies of the Fifth Legion. These armies were composed mainly of Irish, Scots and English wraiths whose countrymen had emigrated and brought along some of their Fetters. Many of these served honorable duties as Monitors of their families, making sure the souls of their loved ones would pass unmolested to Stygia. During that time, the Necropolis was centered around the old Kimball House.

Secession & The Civil War

In 1861, a year that began with a great earthquake in Atlanta, Georgia voted to secede from the Union and join the Confederacy. The Hierarchy also mobilized for war and organized into groups known as "Hellhound Brigades." Word came from Stygia to reap as many souls possible from this conflict and that the loss of a battle's worth of dead would be considered a high crime.

It was during this time that Reapers from the Ivory Kingdom began to make their presence known in the Shadowlands of Atlanta and throughout the Western Underworld. While up until this period they had contented themselves to staying in their own Dark Kingdom, they realized that there were many Children of Africa dying far from their homeland. It seemed a simple thing to provide guides through the Tempest, much as the original Ferrymen had guided Western wraiths to Stygia.





A treaty was worked out, and Reapers from the other Dark Kingdoms were given permission to seek out those who wished to find safe passage to their lands. The treaty strictly stated, however, that only those who had some claim to the cultural heritage of that land would be permitted to go, for the Hierarchy feared that too many Western wraiths would seek to travel to the Dark Kingdoms simply as a means of escaping Stygia.

There followed a period of strife during which representatives of both Stygia and the Ivory Kingdom laid claim to certain souls. The representative of the Ivory Queen held that any person of African descent fell under their jurisdiction, while the Hierarchy of Stygia felt equally strongly that they had claim to any person who died while resident in their part of the world. After both agreed to go to the Anacreon of Fate for adjudication, it was decided that each individual would be given the opportunity to choose whether he or she would accompany a representative to any other Dark Kingdom.

For a time, the Southern Hierarchy refused to collect the Yankee Dead. A few Hellhound Patrols intentionally sent Yankee Dead directly to Oblivion with darksteel weapons. This was immediately and swiftly reprimanded by some of the ancient wraiths in the local Hierarchy. Several Hellhound Patrols found themselves in chains and on their way to Stygia to serve as Thralls. Southern wraiths were kept in firm control after that, although several Hellhound Patrols slipped free of the Hierarchy and became Renegades.

Atlanta became clogged with the mass of the dead. Many dying mortals were brought to Atlanta for its medical facilities, fueled by a plague of smallpox. Although the Hierarchy denied its involvement, there were a number of smiling Reapers around in those days, happy to take their dread crop to the Citadel to be shipped out.

In the Living World, Atlanta became the chief objective of the Northern army. This was because Atlanta was a major supply center, industrial complex and medical center. Atlanta churned out guns, cannons, swords, buttons and the ever-important grey flannel soldier's uniform. It was, of course, also a major rail hub and therefore was able to get these goods to the front lines to keep the advance units of the Southern army in supply. It was not a difficult choice for General William T. Sherman to make Atlanta his objective.

In 1864, Union General Ulysses S. Grant ordered Sherman to advance against General Joseph E. Johnston's army in Georgia. Sherman's army of 100,000 men, well-armed and well-supplied, were to advance against Johnston's army of 60,000 men whose armament and supplies had begun to feel the effects of the South's industrial weakness. When Johnston informed Confederate President Jefferson Davis that he needed reinforcements and could not hold against a much larger force, Davis removed Johnston from command and installed General John Bell Hood in his place.

Sherman rejoiced at the news. He knew that the Confederate troops defending Atlanta would be demoralized by this

Hellhound Patrols

Composed of a Chainsmister (who maintained and carried the Stygian chains which would prevent the newly-Dead from escaping), a barghest-master (who had a special affinity with the strange barghests), a brace of four to six barghests (to aid the sniffer in finding the newly-Dead), a Harbinger (to carry messages back and forth from the central Hierarchy commander in Atlanta and New York) and two Ivory Queen Reapers, the Hellhound Patrols were self-sufficient and regularly supplied with soulfire as they had to wander through empty fields and quiet forests looking for battlegrounds and skirmishes and the Restless that sprouted up around them.

Several Hellhound Patrols were so successful at procuring the Dead that they formed Circles after the war and still roamed the land, looking for the Restless Dead in desolate and wilderness areas.

last-minute change in command. Sherman's troops fought a bloody battle at Chickamauga on the northern border of Georgia and moved swiftly to advance towards Atlanta. In July of 1864, Sherman engaged the city to the crooning of thousands of Spectres. General Hood abandoned the defensive stance of Johnston and ordered massive aggressive assaults which cost him thousands of troops and gained nothing. At the Battle of Peachtree Creek on the outskirts of the city, the Union losses were only roughly a quarter of the Confederate dead.

Sherman set up his cannons and began sieging Atlanta, bombarding it from afar. The citizenry took to bomb shelters in basements, waiting out the siege. On July 22nd, Sherman made his move in the Battle of Atlanta. His troops advanced down Alabama Street and engaged in a massive battle at Legget's Hill. The gutters ran with the blood of the soldiers of both sides. So many died so quickly and without hope that they immediately joined the ranks of the Restless not as wraiths but as Drones, having spent the last of their own Will on the battle. Some continued with the single-minded purpose of fighting each other despite Reapers' efforts to separate them. Other wraiths wandered the ruins in a daze, unable to comprehend their sudden change. Still, the Confederates lost many more to the better-armed, better-trained Union troops than they themselves killed.

The siege continued with more fierce fighting as the battle for Atlanta burned on, consuming all that got in its way. On August 7th, as the newly-Dead huddled under the protection of the Citadel, the Spectres of Atlanta made their move, streaming up from the ground into the sky and filling the air with fire and destruction. Even the mortal citizens of that day looked to the skies and saw them blood-red with flame as the rockets and cannons sent home their damning ammunition.

On September 1st, Hood's troops withdrew from Atlanta, setting fire to ammunition dumps and other military interests. The town was awash with dead, wounded and evacuees. Crime and looting were rife, and many buildings had been worn away to nothing by the bombardment. Hundreds of newly-wild dogs and cats, many of them mad with rabies, stalked the streets and attacked random passers-by.

The Shadowlands were overflowing with Restless of both sides. From September to November, the Union troops occupied Atlanta, and the Spectres of the city were quiescent. Then, on a cold day in November, the mortal troops departed Atlanta, evacuated the remaining citizenry and put the city to the torch.

A cloud of fiery Spectres erupted from the Tempest in a Maelstrom of destructive fire, rejoicing in the devastation. The fire swept through many buildings with no means to fight it, finally burning itself out a day or so later. Many of the newly-Dead were ripped away into the Tempest by the raging flame-Spectres whose feathered Corpus rasped gashing wounds against anyone who would oppose them. Their laughter and wild cries sent shivers of fear through the Union troops who had earlier served the US against the Native Americans in the area.

A great Nihil erupted like a festering boil at Legget's Hill where the mud was still stained red with blood. Spectres used this hole to strike continuous attacks against the nearly-destroyed Citadel, eventually finishing it off. The railroad depot had been one of the first targets of Sherman's men. More fires lit the Living night as crews made "Sherman's Neckties" from railroad rails that had been ripped up, heated until flexible and wrapped neatly around trees in the area, thus utterly destroying their usefulness as steel for the rails.

In January, 1865, there was a total of \$1.64 in Atlanta's city treasury. In the Shadowlands, Renegade wraiths, (particularly the rebellious Hellhound Patrols) once made timid by the strength and organization of the Hierarchy, began to assault the Hierarchy's control now that their massive Citadel-haunt had been desecrated and destroyed. All was chaos for a time. It was a miracle of the Hierarchy's ability to control and gather souls that they were able to continue to hold on to the souls they collected during the war. Like the rest of the city, the Hierarchy had to rebuild and try to get back to business as usual.

Reconstruction

The Civil War had wrought as many changes in the Shadowlands as it had in the Living world. After the bloody battle in the streets of Atlanta, a new wave of Restless Dead emerged. For a time it seemed that these rowdy Southern and Northern troops would form a Renegade faction against the Hierarchy with its strange customs and language. Slowly but surely, however, the Hierarchy recruited these new wraiths, called Greyboys in the parlance of the day. Both Southern and



Northern soldiers were called this, more in reference to their sometimes questionable loyalties than the color of their uniforms. In death, all had faded to pale shades of their original blues and greys. There were quite a few former Confederate Greyboys, who were charismatic, boisterous and strong with passions to protect their city. These served the Hierarchy well as Enforcers to clear the city of its vagabond and Wastrel Restless, Restless who were probably aiding the rebellious Renegades.

It was during this time that the Ku Klux Klan was formed, a group of white supremacists who claimed to work for "racial purity and pure Americanism." They were against those who came to the South from the North to make their fortune. These Northern opportunists were called "Carpetbaggers" for their favorite kind of baggage. The Klan used violence, terrorism and political influence to fight against equal rights for the newly-emancipated African-Americans. Alongside the Klan was the Renegade group of wraiths known as the Sons of the Dragon, formed out of the remnants of many Hellhound Patrols who had broken with the Hierarchy during the war. The Sons of the Dragon grew in power for a time during Reconstruction, but they were not to become truly powerful until later.

Almost in response to this, out of the shadows there came a circle of wraiths of an almost Heretic bent known as the Railroaders. Secretive, gifted in the arts of Fatalism, the Railroaders built for themselves a secret network of information working within the Hierarchy. Just as the Underground Railroad had ensured the passage of escaped slaves from the South to the North, the Railroaders focused on saving all the souls that they could save, all who were destined to become Thralls. Many souls were concealed aboard a ghost train called the Midnight Express. The Midnight Express, made up of destroyed cars from other train wrecks, was maintained under the watchful eye of the Ferrymen. The train would arrive at exactly midnight and carry off the fleeing souls to safe havens that the Railroaders arranged ahead of time.

Operation: Labyrinth

After Lt. Col. Jasper Coltrain discovered a Nihil in the tunnels near the Terminus Citadel, it was only a matter of time before the Hierarchy would use this knowledge to send troops in and attempt to strike back at the Spectres who continually plagued Atlanta. Coltrain himself was made a Knight of the Black Rose because of his discovery. Sir Coltrain led five teams into the Nihil. The teams were unusually successful, armed as they were with darksteel swords, quarrels and shields. Many Spectres fell to their attacks. Then, not long after the fifth successful raid, there came a great howling up from the Labyrinth itself, as if a massive creature had suddenly learned of the deaths of its children. Hundreds of Spectres erupted from the Labyrinth's portal, setting the Necropolis awash in fiery Spectres and the city afire.

A Gold Mine of Memoriam

Because of the impact that the Battle of Atlanta had on its citizens, those who died in the conflict became posthumous heroes. Statues were built in their memory, days were set aside to remember them, monuments were erected and the Cyclorama was painted (see Grant Park, pp. 29-30). The end result of this remembrance is that many of the Greyboy wraiths are quite rich in Memoriam. Ultimately, it is this that has caused the Greyboys to be a major force in the politics of the Atlanta Necropolis.

Also at the turn of the century, the Hierarchy of Atlanta had re-established dominance of the city and had set out the boundaries of the Necropolis for all to see. It seemed that all was well and perfect in these days. The railroad was re-established and stronger than ever. Atlanta blossomed in its ashes and was designated as the capital of the state, having adopted the Phoenix and the motto 'Resurgens' as its symbol.

Lessons learned in the Civil War served the Hierarchy well when they went forth in Europe to reap the First World War in 1914. During this time, flushed with the success of rebuilding its power base and desperate for some solution to the problem of the rising power of Spectres in the area, the Hierarchy began to take specially trained soldiers into the Tempest to battle the Spectres on their home turf with a shipment of darksteel weapons. This was called Operation Labyrinth by some of the younger wraiths recently dead from the Great War.

Although the incursions against the Spectres were initially successful, the Spectres soon became aware of the pattern and standard operational procedures of the Hierarchy wraiths, and the tides immediately turned. In 1917, the Spectres retaliated en masse as several Doppelgangers working in concert set a fire that would eventually burn 73 blocks of the city. Many of the Operation Labyrinth wraiths were lost to Oblivion.

After the Great War, the focus in the Living world (now being called the Skinlands by some of the more modern wraiths) became a wild mix of celebration. Prohibition and prosperity brought on by the Industrial Revolution. Sharecropping was prevalent, and the South did not have as strong a labor movement as the North. The textile mills were largely unregulated, ripe for causing death and injury among workers (the stuff of wraiths), and it was not until much later that reforms were put forward for their protection.

The Shadowlands, however, were another story altogether. The waves of destruction that originated in Europe during the Great War had finally reached Oblivion and the lands of the Dead. In response, the Tempest belched forth the Fourth Great Maelstrom. This Maelstrom was particularly dark; it completely

blotted out all light in the Shadowlands. Wraiths huddled in the great Citadel of the Hierarchy or sought shelter in secret Haunts hidden under the viaducts. It was no coincidence that dark times were also on the horizon for the Skinlands.

During the Fourth Great Maelstrom, which lasted longer than any of the previous Great Maelstroms, many wraiths were lost to Oblivion. Many more lost control of their Shadows and became Spectres. It was a plague of Shadow, and it stole through Haunts and Citadels alike, disrupting Circles and ignoring political boundaries. When the dark tide finally receded, it was discovered that many Spectres had secreted themselves in hiding places in the supposedly "safest" parts of the Citadel.

The Hierarchy broke out stores of oboli and recruited a number of freewraiths to become Doomslayers, many of whom formed a Circle that called themselves the "Atlanta Volunteer Fire Company #0" in reference to their opponent's fiery nature. There was certainly enough work handling the poor and destitute of Atlanta during the '30s, when children no older than 10 would have to get up early in the morning to walk to their jobs, often the only source of income for their tiny families.

Atlanta Volunteer Fire Company #0

The Volunteers, as they were known around the Necropolis, were a brash band of heroes fresh from the trenches of the Great War. They enjoyed hunting Spectres just as they had hunted deer and quail in life. A few of them even developed a curious use of the art of Keening to summon Spectres up from the Tempest. They supposedly had their own Artificer who knew how to shape darksteel leavings into bullets. Their "Firehouse" was a burned-out old warehouse where they hung their trophies: many dozens of Spectre teeth, a few strange twisted weapons and the head of what was supposedly a Doppelganger they called Pretty Triste: a woman's head with luxuriant blonde hair and a snake for a tongue.

The Volunteers were local heroes for a time when heroes were sparse, and their exploits became the subject of many dream-weavings by Sun-dancer troupes who passed through the area. They actually had an ancient firetruck which had itself burned in the '17 fire, and spent a lot of time looking for the fire-resistant relic overcoats that firemen wore. Their popularity crested just before the advent of silent movies, when many wraiths abandoned just about all dream-weaving for the safer non-consuming films of the movie age.

Gone With the Wind

By the time the '30s were drawing to a close, the Hierarchy of Atlanta had established a secondary Citadel in Grant Park, which had been built over the site of the old Confederate Fort K, and a third smaller Citadel over Legger's Hill, which later became known as Legger's Hell. The Memoriam they were receiving from the entire nation, perhaps the entire world, was so great that they began to refuse shipments of soulfire from the Hierarchy. They had energy to spare.

This time of power peaked when the movie *Gone With the Wind* premiered in Atlanta. Made by David O. Selznick from Atlanta author Margaret Mitchell's novel, *Gone With the Wind* was one of the most eagerly anticipated movies in the history of cinema at the time. 1939 was a year for great movies, and *Gone With the Wind* was the crowning gem. Thousands upon thousands of Americans saw the movie, and the energy flowing through the Lifewebs of all those who died in the war pulsed with a new intensity.

Although the Sons of the Dragon had begun open assaults on the Hierarchy during this time, they got the surprise of their unives when troops armed with brilliantly glowing weapons surrounded them and forced them out of the city. Fleeing, they regrouped in the vicinity of Stone Mountain where they hid in secret caves they had discovered just below the surface of the mountain.

In 1940, as Hitler made his way across Europe, the Hierarchy of Atlanta suddenly discovered that it had cleared the city of all its enemies. Even the Heretics of the city, as many and varied as they were, were unwilling to show themselves. In 1943, the Hierarchy issued a call for a draft of Reapers to travel to Europe and aid in the soul-collection effort there. Many signed up, riding the Midnight Express across the ocean through the Tempest. Many were never seen again.

Even the Spectres seemed to be somewhat quiescent. They were not seen hanging around Nihilis as much as they usually were wont to do. All of Atlanta was still... No one could know that this was the silent prelude to a terrible crescendo.

The Mother of All Storms

August 6, 1945: almost 79 years after the great red firestorm of the fall of Atlanta, the United States dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima. Those who were in the Tempest at that time heard the great Malfean beneath the city actually laugh, a mind-numbing sound that came floating up from the depths like the first stirrings of an earthquake. When the second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki a short time later, the Tempest itself lit up with fire from the depths.

Soon, too soon after that, the Grand Maelstrom hit the Shadowlands. The wraiths of Atlanta missed the celebrations that occurred after the end of the war as they were too busy clinging to their fragile existences. The Maelstrom tipped



through Atlanta at hurricane force, bringing with it waves upon waves of fire-rain that fell in sheets. Foul things resembling writhing taloned red snakes dropped from the dark sky like rain, biting and clawing. Wraiths that did not seek shelter were left with scars and lines on their bodies that the Masquers could not heal or cover. Doppelgangers crooned their dark songs to wraiths caught alone and embraced many into their foul brotherhood during those days.

The cloud of distrust boiled up over the city, and almost everyone suspected everyone else of being involved in betraying them to Spectres. Loners and those who did not regularly visit a Pardoner were among the first to come under suspicion. Some Circles stationed a Pardoner at the door to their Haunts to check everyone who came in.

Also during the '50s, racial tension in the Skinlands grew to an all-time high. There had been laws in Atlanta governing where African-Americans could sit, eat or otherwise congregate ever since the end of the Civil War. Shortly after the Fifth Great Maelstrom, envoys of the Queen of the Dark Kingdom of Ivory arrived at the Terminus Citadel. The envoys asked to speak to the Anacrons and informed them that the Ivory Queen expected full and complete disclosure and access to the dead Children of Africa in Atlanta. Furthermore, the envoys went on, the Hierarchy in Stygia had agreed that they would be responsible for providing a Haunt for the envoys of the Queen to be quartered, and Harbingers and other support personnel were to be made available to them.

When the Harbinger arrived from Stygia bearing the word that Charon had been lost, the Hierarchy of Atlanta immediately reacted. Several key members of the Hierarchy had been turned by covert operatives of the Sons of the Dragon. Without the guiding hand of Stygia in their local politics, the Dragon-Sons decided that the time was ripe to launch the pogrom they had lusted after for many years.

Several of the Anacrons of Atlanta immediately demanded that the local militia be called up (the freewraiths of the area who had been sworn to serve in times of need) and that something be done about the Spectres of the city. Through a carefully contrived turn of events, the Sons of the Dragon managed to convince the Anacrons that the envoys of the Ivory Queen and the foul Heretic hand known as the Railroaders were in league with the Spectres and aiding them somehow. Certainly in the early '60s, the civil rights movement was ample proof to the short-sighted Dragon-Sons that the Ivory Queen's envoys were instigating racial violence in Atlanta and elsewhere.

In 1968, Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated by James Earl Ray. The Dragon-Sons saw their chance and moved. Almost overnight, an angry mob of wraiths gathered, swelled by Confederate Drones from Oakland Cemetery, and a witch hunt ensued. As riots broke out among the black communities all over the country, the white supremacists celebrated their greatest victory in the Shadowlands. Burghers snuffed out as many as twenty Renegade Railroaders before that night of fear was over. They were wrapped in glowing-hot bars that resembled Sherman's Neckties and sent

off to Stygia for sentencing. The Envoys of the Ivory Queen were discovered later, murdered by the Sons of the Imperial Dragon.

The following day, the Anacron of Justice appeared before an emergency session of the Hierarchy's main assembly in the great hall of the Georgia legislature and announced that he had discovered a secret Renegade plot to undermine the government of the Necropolis. His announcement would have most likely been met with the bitter glint of darksteel had he not then revealed the Stygian Inquisitor known only as The Knick-Knack Man, for the wraith did not give his true name.

For several days the Knick-Knack Man worked his way through a crowd of suspected Renegades. He kept a bag with him as he worked. His powers of Moliate were so potent that he was able to very carefully define how much of a wraith's Corpus he was removing at any particular time. He would walk down a line of wraiths with his bag and by the time he was finished, he had a bag full of fingers, eyes, genitalia and the like. No one knew what he did with these gruesome keepsakes, although a few theorized (not to his mask) that he had one hell of a coffee table someplace.

The Renegades so rooted out were clapped in chains and ridiculed publicly for several days. Then without further ado, they were given over to two powerful-looking warriors from the Dark Kingdom of Ivory, and they were never seen or heard from again.

Modern Times

After the debacle in '68, Stygia demanded that the Hierarchy of Atlanta take a census of the wraiths extant and provide them with exacting knowledge of how their soul-collecting operations went. For a time, the Legion of Justice kept envoys checking up on the Necropolis on an almost monthly basis. As the '60s drew to a close, a new breed of wraith began to emerge from the hopeless Dead of that era, especially from the Restless Dead of the Vietnam War.

Wastrels, vagabonds and scoundrels as they were branded by the Hierarchy, began to clog up the streets of the Shadowlands. They were wraiths with nothing better to do than to serve their own interests and try to avoid getting entangled with any of the power groups. The Hierarchy was unsure of what to do with these laggard-spirits who refused to collect souls but never asked for soulfire. The hard-working and practical Hierarchy wraiths never understood how they could be so lazy and still continue to exist.

The Wastrels made their way through Atlanta and survived because of the many places to party in the city and the ensuing wild times. The Sexual Revolution was occurring, and the local colleges and universities were cornucopias of hedonistic delights.

The Hierarchy tried to regulate these wraiths, but they frankly just didn't need the Sons of Stygia's help. As for the smaller Maelstroms that burned through the Shadowlands now and again, the Wastrels were content enough to either be lost in the storms or huddle in tiny Haunts that no one else wanted.

In recent times, the Sons of the Dragon have started to gain support again. Since their attempt to infiltrate from within has failed, they are now amassing for a powerful open assault. Many wraiths have banded together with the Dragon-Sons, not out of agreement with their philosophy but simply because they cannot stand to be ruled by the Hierarchy any longer.

As well, the Hierarchy has begun gathering its forces for another assault on the Dragon-Sons. Stygia has been considering making Atlanta a direct Vassal of the Empire, whereupon a Governor from the City of the Dead would come to rule in the stead of one of Atlanta's own. This is clearly not what the Anacrons want. They are trying to show eternal vigilance to the point that they are now investigating and searching every wraith that passes through their zone of control. Even the legendary Ferrymen are not exempt from their attentions.

As proof of their newfound loyalty to Stygia, the Hierarchy arranged for the Church of the Immaculate Conception, an important cathedral and Haunt to the Heretics of Atlanta, to be burned to the ground. The burned-out shell of the cathedral still sits on its lot, waiting to be torn down or renovated.

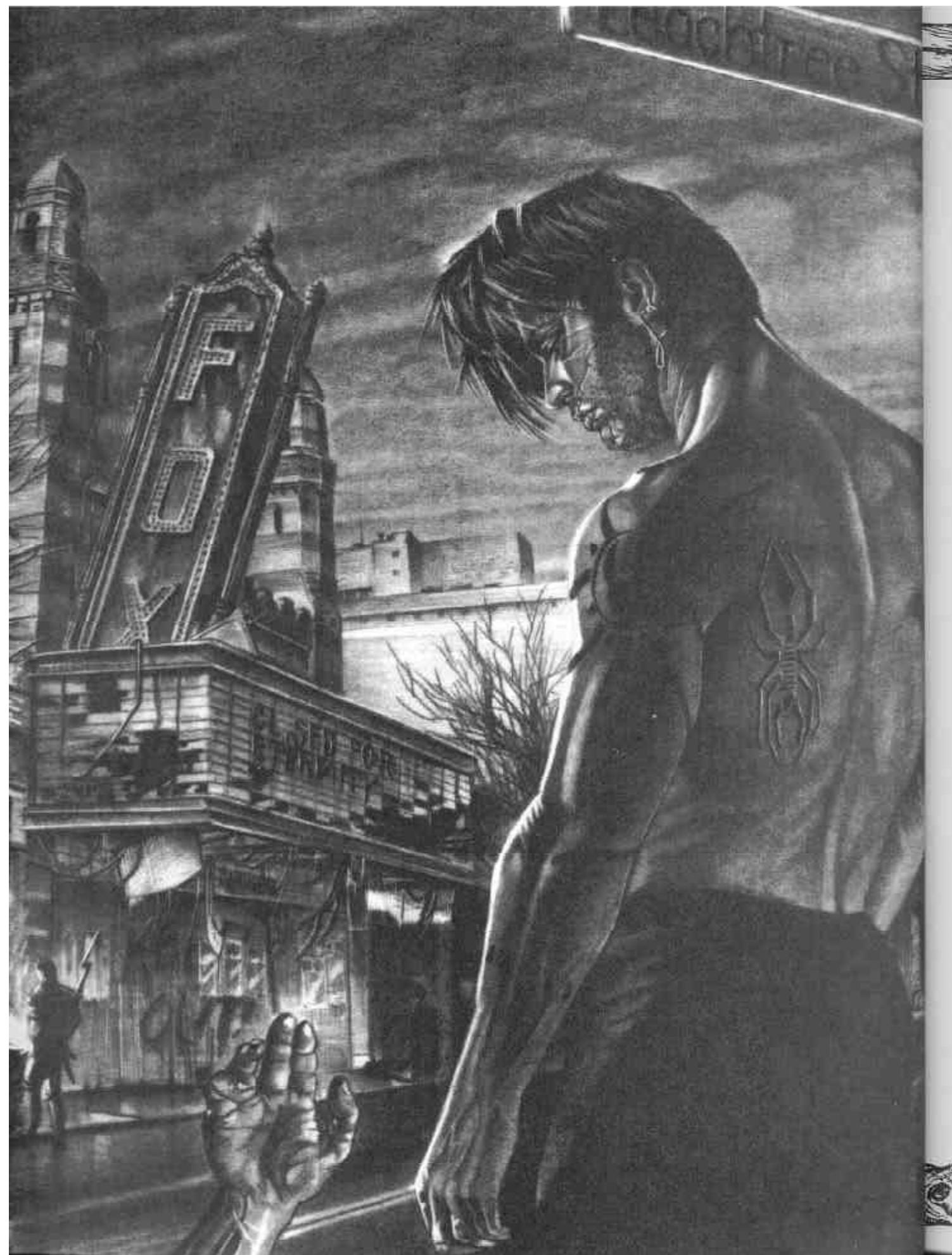
Rumors that the Railroaders have begun operating again have given some of the more conservative Hierarchy pause. They dare not work directly against them, but are trying to work behind the scenes to expose the Heretics for what they are. The presence of a war-band of wraiths from the Ivory Kingdom guzzling Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s grave site is a definite statement that the Ivory Queen will not further tolerate attacks on her people, and Stygia offers no advice on how this sticky political situation should be handled.

Some of the Hierarchy Oracles speak of a "Child of the Phoenix," a person who will come out of the fires of this age. The Phoenix's Child is supposed to lead the city into new growth or cause its ultimate destruction, and the Hierarchy (and some Renegade groups in the know) has agents everywhere searching for this mysterious person.

The Future

As Atlanta anticipates the 1996 Olympics, it prepares to receive the flood of out-of-town visitors who will undoubtedly accompany the games. It is whispered among servants of the envoys of Stygia that a Great Council of Stygia is to be called during those Olympics, that Anacrons from all over the world will gather in Atlanta to meet and discuss the state of the Shadowlands and the health of the Skinlands (especially plagues like AIDS, environmental damages, the Greenhouse Effect and especially the overpopulation problem). It is expected that emissaries from the other Dark Kingdoms will also be in attendance, and that a few representatives from other groups of supernaturals will hold non-voting membership at the council. Rumors abound that Charn has promised to be there and that all Ferrymen have sworn that they will attend this Great Council. No one is sure what effect the concentration of the powers of Death will have on a small area.





Geography

Here dead lie we because we did not choose
To live and shame the land from which we sprung
Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose;
But young men think it is, and we were young.
— "Here Dead Lie We Because We Did Not Choose",
Rudyard Kipling

The city of Atlanta has long been considered a "Gateway City" because of the number of railroads (and, in the modern age, airlines) which pass through it. The city sprawls out in all directions and encompasses many suburbs. Two perimeter highways circle it, and a major rapid-transit system services much of it. It is considered a mecca of culture, an oasis of civilization in a barren Southern cultural desert by many who have not even visited the city.

And yet, there is a side of mystery, a grand tradition of darkness that covers the city like a silken veil. The air of history, romance and tradition makes this mysterious side all the more compelling, for just beneath the genteel atmosphere is the tinge of violence, hate and insanity.

The Necropolis



Like many cities, within this beautiful array of gleaming steel and glistening glass is a city of the dead: rotted-out buildings abandoned but still standing, places under the viaducts where not even the police will go. This is the Necropolis. Centered around the old railroad depot at Five Points, the Necropolis ranges out in all directions beneath the streets and in burned-out buildings.

The Hierarchy patrols the Necropolis in all directions with beacons located to the north in Buckhead at Lenox, to the east in Decatur, south to the Hartsfield International Airport



Drawing by Brian J. Blume
Base Map by Mountain High Maps (TM). Copyright 1993 by Digital Masters, Inc.

and in Boulder Park. The Hierarchy technically claims all of the Shadowlands inside the area described by I-285, the perimeter expressway that circles Atlanta. Hierarchy patrols ride inside of tractor-trailer trucks that circle the highway and focus their attention primarily on the burning beacons. Of course, any non-Hierarchy wraith moving through the Necropolis still has an excellent chance of passing undetected by keeping to the open areas and away from dark alleys, public transportation and especially Haunts. The Hierarchy has several relic vehicles they use to patrol the Shadowlands although they avoid using these during the day except in extreme circumstances.

The lights of Atlanta are so harsh that from a distance the light reflected off the overcast skies causes the city to glow with a sickly peach radiance. The towering C & S Plaza with its glittering spire of lights looms over downtown, providing an easy reference point for wraiths using Flicker or Jump to move about the city.

Atlanta's Haunts

There are a number of haunts in Atlanta. Most of these haunts were catalogued by the Hierarchy during the 1970s. Many of them have spectral writing in them giving a number, and often wraiths are "given" specific haunts in honor of their service to the Hierarchy. On the other hand, all Haunts must be registered with the Hierarchy. Unauthorized use of new Haunts that might spring up (or Haunt-creation) can result in being entrapped or even sent to Stygia.

Downtown



The hub of the city—this is where Atlanta's incredible convention facilities begin to shine. It is also a place where city planning has been particularly successful. All the major facilities are accessible to each other. It is said you can leave your office on Peachtree Street, travel across one of the skyway bridges (there are many which join buildings together, even at heights as high as the 30th floor), take the MARTA train bound for Hartsfield International Airport, board an airplane bound for Europe and not have to actually enter outside air until you reach your final destination.

This area of town tends to "shut down" fairly quickly after dark, however. It is also the most heavily layered part of the city. Here, on viaducts, the city has been built on the remains of the city before it. Deep beneath the city, level after level down below the street, are cavernous areas formed by the viaducts. This is where the secret life of the heart of the city goes on: papers are delivered to waiting trucks at the Journal-Constitution, a small but embattled police precinct attempts to bring order to at least the civil areas, and many, many homeless people find their shelter. Not many know that there are tribes of homeless who crouch below the viaducts, only emerging in the hottest days of summer or the coldest days of winter. If you're not careful walking down between the great pillars

Haunts vs. haunts

In *Wraith*, the word *haunt* may mean two different things. When written in lowercase, it may refer to a place where wraiths often congregate. For example, wraiths might gather at a shopping mall after hours simply to chat and window-shop for tattered finery. This differs from a *Haunt* (with a capital H) in that while wraiths do gather there, there is nothing weakening the *Shroud*. There have been no murders, no great suffering that could cause the boundary between the worlds of the Quick and the Dead to weaken in a *haunt*. In a *Haunt*, however, the *Shroud* is weaker usually due to the amount of fear, pain or suffering there. It is also possible to establish a *Haunt* through the repeated use of *Arcanos*. For complete rules on this, see *Haunts*.

which hold up the world, you're bound to get lost and fall into one of these tribes' territories, the penalty for which is usually a quick excise tax of all your worldly goods. Of course, they are usually more than willing to give you a tour (and even a guide back to the street) afterward.

Wilson's Butcher Shop: Haunt • (Roof is Haunt •)

Jacoby Wilson, a rotund gentleman from Richmond who never married, used to own a butcher shop next door to Miss Harris' School of Elocution and Social Harmony on Decatur Street. The meat that he sold in the shop was as pure and perfectly trimmed as could be had in those days. He supposedly had the first icehouse and first refrigerated warehouse in Atlanta. Wilson's Butcher Shop was incredibly successful for a long time until looting during the Great Fire of 1917 discovered his grisly secret: much of what Mr. Wilson sold as veal cutlets was apparently a different sort of meat altogether. It seems that Mr. Wilson had the habit of attracting young boys in his service with promises of generous cuts of beef and, after determining that they were orphans, inviting them up on the roof where he had constructed a convenient abattoir for his special delicacy. The Atlanta Police Department at the time conducted a serious manhunt for the "Butcher of Decatur Street" to no avail. Rumor has it that Jacoby Wilson met with an untimely end at the hands of a gang of angry boys who set upon him with a shovel and a pick-axe. His body was discovered in an alley several days later. This *Haunt* is rarely occupied because of the shades of the boys slain here and of Mr. Wilson who is sometimes seen stalking about the butcher shop, his hungry maw still not sated.

Underground Atlanta

A perfect example of the layered viaduct architecture of Atlanta, Underground Atlanta reveals the former streets of the city. The entire area used to be a place for speakeasies and many other illegal activities. Since then, it has been "reformed" into a respectable money-grubbing commercial shopping complex. Although the cobblestone street and the brick walls are authentic, the gaslights have been installed recently. Still, there are a few dark corners and areas where no one will go these days.

In the Shadowlands, this is a favorite place for the Restless to come to glean the passions of the crowds. If it weren't so heavily guarded by the Hierarchy, whose center of power is the very nearby Five Points Station, it would be the ideal place to get one's supply of *Pathos*. Still, Renegades and Heretics alike often brave the patrols of Hierarchy because the place is usually so crowded that it is difficult to separate the living from the dead. Several Restless who died in the '20s have this area as their *Fetter*.

This is the place where the Hierarchy comes to relieve the burdens of the Shadowlands. They greatly enjoy skinriding here and are fond of finding a drunk person alone and leading them with whispers into the darkest parts of the Underground where they can then set about properly taking control of them.

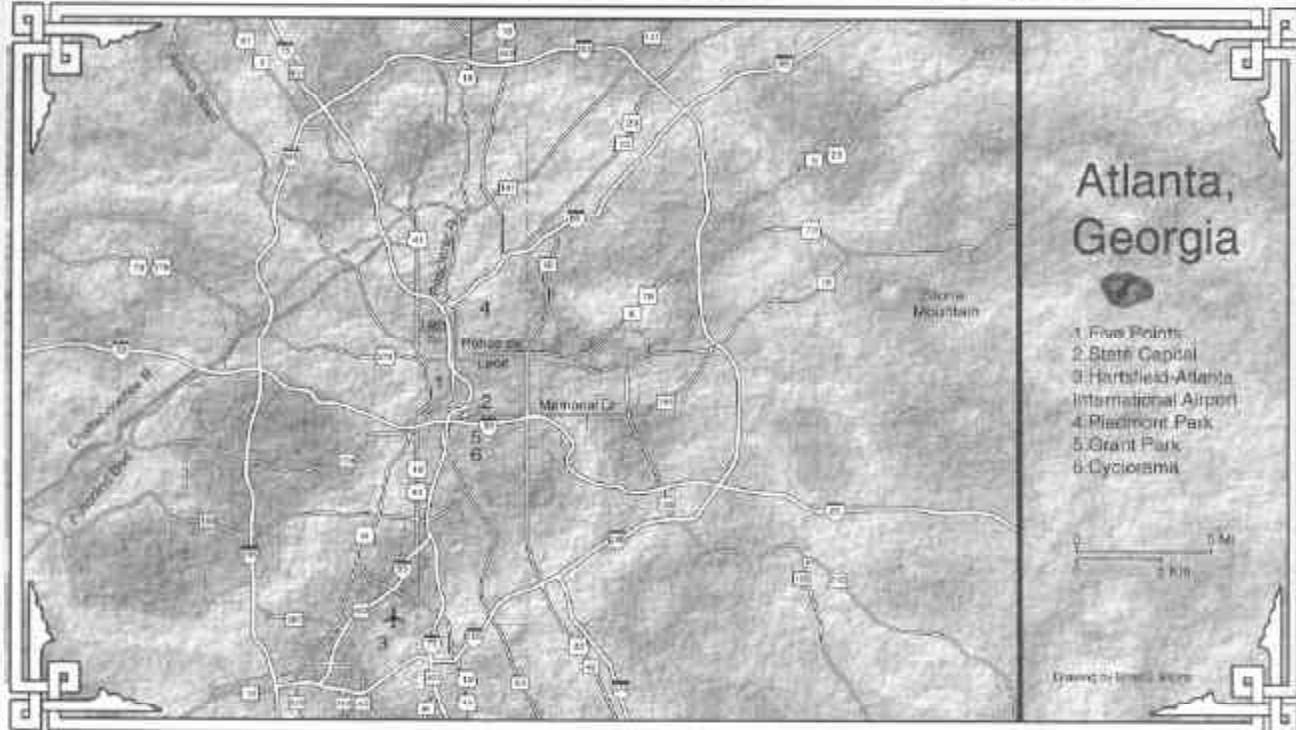
Another interesting note to Underground Atlanta is that it is claimed by the city's vampires as one of their hunting grounds. Many wraiths who frequent this area find themselves privy to the vampire's silent trysts and the delicious Passions one can glean from observing such acts. For a time, an enterprising young Hierarch named Billster charged a quarter-oboli to help wraiths find vampires who were feeding in the area. If he hasn't been shut down, he is probably still cashing in on his venture.

Not many know this, but there is yet another level to the city. Below Underground, the old steam tunnels, civil defense shelters and ruins from the Great Fire of 1917 provide an extensive network of quick and silent travel for the enterprising and non-claustrophobic.

Omni Hotel/CNN Center

Originally built as an adjunct to the Omni, a large sports arena/concert hall, the Omni Hotel and Center contains shops and restaurants and the offices of CNN, the major cable news network founded by Ted Turner. For a small fee, one can go on a tour of CNN.

Of interest to the Restless Dead is the fact that, towering above the central atrium of CNN, there is an escalator which stretches several stories, finally terminating in the ancient remains of a failed indoor amusement park, "The World of Frank and Billy Krafft," two semi-famous cartoonists in the '60s. The attractions (especially the rather extensive simulation of a pin-



ball machine where there are passengers placed within the pinball itself) are quiescent and relatively sound, even after 20 years of disuse. Although mortal security is very tight at the base of the escalator, no one ever patrols the World itself, even though several security guards have complained that they have seen the lights from the merry-go-round and the pinball machine reflected off of the flat black glass that forms CNN Center's roof. Wraiths heavily contest this area, especially Renegades who get a thrill at entering Hierarchy-controlled territory in order to have fun on the rides, and there have been a few destructive fights between rival factions (or between two separate wraiths who wanted to go first on the pinball ride). For a long time, an Artificer by the name of Billy (no one was ever sure if he was the Billy) kept the park running. He has since been taken away by the Hierarchy after he began preaching that Transcendence could be reached through riding his machines, and he has never been heard from again.

The only other interesting feature about CNN Center is that the movie theater here runs (along with first-run movies) *Gone With the Wind*, continuously. Since Mr. Turner ordered that *GWTW* be played, the Ponce de Leon Ladies Haunting Society has made a monthly pilgrimage to watch the movie for as many showings as they can stand it. For this reason, a mortal going to a late-afternoon showing might hear a couple of sniffs or sighs from the balcony, even when there seems to be no one there. God help a man if he looks like Rhett Butler.

Five Points Station

Built over the ancient railroad terminal building which was the hub of Atlanta's railroads, the Five Points MARTA station has many levels and floors reaching from street level to several stories below ground. Five Points is the Citadel for the local Hierarchy. In the Shadowlands, Five Points is incredibly well-armed and armored with regular patrols monitoring all of the entrances into the station. The nice thing about the deepest levels of the station is that light rarely penetrates that far down and, even during the day, a wraith can remain active wandering here and there.

The Hierarchy maintains several relic city vehicles it has converted into "souled" vehicles. The main Hierarchy enclave within the station is located deep beneath the station and is accessible by one set of stairs on the lowest level. What was once used as a storage warehouse underneath the station during the construction of the rail line has now been cleared out and virtually erased from the minds of those mortals who work the station. A wraith with Pandemonium or Puppetry is always on duty here to prevent mortals from penetrating into the center of the Citadel here.

Harbingers regularly make the trip between the Five Points Station and the 6th floor of the Capitol, ferrying Hierarchy agents between the Citadel and the special Haunt of the Anacrons.

Track #6 (beneath the Five Points Station) Haunt ...

When the MARTA was building the modern subway system underneath the city streets in the late 1970s, they tried several times to blast through a particularly tough section of bedrock to no avail. Several geologists were brought in to examine the stone and could find nothing wrong with it. Demolition experts from as far away as Oregon and New York were flown in to examine the unyielding wall of granite.

It was soon determined that the vein of rock was simply too strong to be demolished safely. The explosives needed to dent it would take out the rest of Tunnel #6. So the engineers changed course a little and thus created Track #6A, a short spur that simply moves around the pesky rock.

Still, even after the plans were changed, a young engineer by the name of Larsen Hewitt became obsessed with breaking that piece of bedrock down. After consulting several Freemasons (who claimed to know mystical qualities of such stonework as marble and granite), he decided to enact an ancient Masonic ritual that he had discovered in a book in the Atlanta Public Library. He drove out to South Georgia and bought a beautiful white lamb with no mark or blemish, less than a year old. Taking the lamb with him into the tunnels after hours when no one would see him, he sacrificed the poor animal and painted Masonic runes on the living rock with its blood. Larsen had, over time, accumulated enough pieces of plastique to fashion a shaped charge to match the bloody runes. He stood at the far end of Tunnel #6 and thumbed the detonator.

The entire tunnel collapsed on him, instantly killing him. Now his spirit haunts that place at the bend between track #5 and track #6A. Sometimes at night, you can see his bloody face and fingers, his surprised look, in the shadows of a passing train.

In the Shadowlands, the Nihil so created by Hewitt's ritual and destruction mean that Stygian trains (and the famed Midnight Express) usually arrive on track #6 and are immediately diverted onto track #5 or track #5B, a largely unused maintenance spur.

Train Traffic in Five Points Station

The only mortal train traffic is the MARTA train here, but several wraith trains operate out of the Five Points Station.

The Midnight Express: A ghost train that regularly travels the Shadowline, the Midnight Express arrives every night at midnight on its trek across the world. No one knows for sure how the Midnight Express appears in every major city within its time zone at exactly midnight, but it is known that the Ferrymen who run the train are knowledgeable in secret Arcanes that enable them to guide the powerful train. During the time that the train is in the station, the Hierarchy's patrols are always doubled, and many Hierarchy officials are often nearby to watch the train. Because of this, many travelers on

the Midnight Express have started to request that the train stop briefly in Decatur at the Avondale MARTA station before continuing on in to Atlanta. Since the Hierarchy cannot predict where the train will show up in these cases, there is a good chance that non-Hierarchy wraiths can escape by using the Decatur departure point. Lately, a regular sentry and a Hierarchy Harbinger has been posted at the Avondale station, set to warn the Hierarchy of any major force disembarking there.

The Hell Horse: This terrifying locomotive is not actually a train engine at all. It is some kind of powerful Spectre-creature, perhaps a lesser Malfean, that occasionally plagues the rail lines around Atlanta and especially the Five Points Station. The Hell Horse has been known to appear without warning, especially when many wraiths congregate in the area of railroad tracks in the area. The train moves with an incredible speed and always leaves the tracks in the Shadowlands burning with barrow-flame. Supposedly the Hell Horse has been the cause of a few derailments in the Atlanta area. It will often follow a mortal train and cause minor equipment failures in it. Occasionally it will materialize and scare the hell out of a mortal engineer.

During Operation: Labyrinth (see the History chapter), the Hell Horse was used to help deploy hundred of Spectres right into the midst of Hierarchy-controlled zones. It is said that the famous "Bulldog Squadron," a Circle of Hierarchy wraiths, attacked the Hell Horse directly and were last seen riding the foul thing into the Abyss itself, still plunging their darksteel swords and spears into its tough, warty hide.

The Hell Horse appears as a foul recreation of a train done in warty slimy skin instead of iron. It looks like a grim, smiling monster in the shape of a steam locomotive engine. The very appearance of this locomotive, with or without the train cars behind it, is a cause for major alarm among the Hierarchy.

State Capital

Although Atlanta didn't become the state capital of Georgia until after the Civil War (formerly it was Milledgeville, a more central location), the capital was moved to Atlanta shortly afterward. During Reconstruction, the Capitol Building was built. It is a large neoclassical building modeled on the nation's Capitol building. The large dome in the center forms a beautiful 237-foot tall rotunda inside, and is covered with 24-karat gold leaf on the outside (gold mined in Dahlonega, a North Georgia town famous for its gold-panning).

In the 1970s, office space became scarce in the Capitol building as the population of Georgia began to expand and more representatives were needed. The State approved a bond referendum to finance an additional two floors to be added to the building itself. These floors were immediately and carefully constructed so that they did not harm the main part of the building. They were "tacked on" to both sides of the mas-



sive structure and attached through walkways. In 1979, a night janitor fell asleep while smoking, causing a huge conflagration in the west wing of the Capitol building. All four floors of that wing were totally gutted by the fires. Fortunately for the Capitol building, the exterior of the wing was mostly undamaged, and the rest of the Capitol, with its historic Hall of Flags and the Science Museum of Georgia, was undamaged.

Although there were plans to immediately re-build the west wing, the matter was immediately tabled and forgotten. Now, nearly 20 years later, the west wing has been bricked up and condemned. The State keeps trying to raise money to deal with it but any proposal put before the legislature that involves destroying or altering the west wing is almost immediately and completely voted down.

Since then, the Hierarchy has taken over the west wing, and they make sure that it is never bothered. They need the west wing to keep in touch with the central government of Georgia and ensure that their interests are being looked after. They use their contacts among the vampires of the city (and there are quite a few—see the Appendix for more information) to help preserve their haunts and Fetters as much as possible. It is this insistence that old places be maintained in their old state and not even renovated for public use that causes Atlanta's inner city problem.

Still, the Hierarchy has become very powerful because of their positioning within the Georgia legislature, and many laws have been passed at their wish.

Atlanta Historical Society

This is a favorite place for the Hierarchy of Atlanta to visit and remember what times were like in the days they lived. It is also the most heavily guarded place in the Shadowlands beside the Five Points Station itself. This is because many of the Hierarchy's Fetters are found here, kept protected under a powerful security system. This is a small facility located in the downtown area; the larger Atlanta History Center is located in Buckhead. Still, the Hierarchy has seen to it that their most important items are downtown, away from the possibility of being destroyed by Renegades in the outer boundaries of the Necropolis.

SciTrek Museum (Haunt •)

SciTrek Museum is a very strange place for wraiths. It is a children's science museum filled with interesting exhibits designed to educate and entertain. Wraiths often go to the museum after hours simply to while away the hours of Restless existence. However, they avoid the place like the plague during the day—that many children in one place and many of them capable of seeing a wraith! The Hierarchy frowns on wraiths with strange visages moving through the Shadowlands of the museum for this very reason.



Still, there is something strange going on in the museum. It seems that the Shroud is slightly less, not more, here where science seems to reign. Perhaps this is because the exhibits encourage the children to wonder at, not calcify, reality. Perhaps it has something to do with the basement where not even wraiths have been able to penetrate. There are no Spectres near the museum in the Tempest. They avoid it as well.

The Hierarchy has made the museum a place that is officially forbidden, but they do not patrol the area specifically to catch those who might break this rule. Those foolish enough go with the blessings of stupidity. Wraiths who watch the museum know that from time to time, a little elderly mortal woman wearing granny-glasses and a white lab coat emerges from the basement rooms, locks the door behind her and goes out into the city. She comes back bearing many strange components and objects from supply houses and other stores and disappears again for weeks. She does not emerge for food or water or to go to her home. She does not seem to be anything special or supernatural. Indeed, she occasionally emerges to give lectures on the nature of magnetism, electricity and especially things like quantum mechanics and chaos theory.

Jack Milton, an Artificer, tells a story where he tried to penetrate the good doctor's laboratory security by Inhabiting the door and coming out the other side. He found himself caught in some kind of strange electrical field and shunted into a vacuum tube. The kindly old woman smiled like a grandmother whose favorite grandchild had just attempted to steal a cookie from the cookie jar. She took the vacuum tube outside of her lab and broke it against a wall, setting him free. She warned him (not to his face, but out loud) that he and his kind should avoid her and her lab as much as possible, that it just wasn't safe to play inside. Since then, no one has attempted to return to the good doctor's lab, and Jack refuses to talk about what he saw while he was there.

Oakland Cemetery (Haunt ..)

Before Oakland Cemetery was a cemetery, it was a burial ground for fallen Creek warriors. On top of the graves of these Pure Ones, the Oakland Cemetery was built in 1850. For 34 years, it was the only cemetery in the city. After the fall of Atlanta, the Yankees dragged the bodies of Confederate dead out of their mausoleums and replaced them with Northern dead, thus causing the terrible atmosphere of war and conflict to continue on forever within the cemetery. In the Shadowlands, Oakland has become a shadowy reflection of the city, a grisly microcosm of all of Atlanta's problems.

Drones, the Will-less spirits of the fallen, make up the spiritual population of Oakland. These Drones are mostly from the Civil War period from the Battle of Atlanta. There are hundreds of Yankee and Confederate Drones here, drawn to the cemetery by unconscious habit. Every night in Oakland, the Drones fight out their grisly re-enactment. Every night they

fight skirmish after skirmish, battle after battle, recreating the horror of the Civil War. If you stand in the Shadowlands and listen, you can hear them even when you're far away from the battle. It is dangerous to walk among the graves of Oakland at night, for you never know when a ghostly bullet will ricochet. Although they are generally very low on ammunition, a few of them have weapons enough to shoot every now and then. Usually they just engage each other with bayonets affixed.

The properly consecrated Jewish section of the cemetery offers a rather markedly peaceful zone among all the fighting, although Dragon-Sons often skinride young punks and get them to deface the Jewish graves. The warring Drones will not enter that section of the cemetery, and it is said that angelic beings are often seen floating up out of the Tempest here.

There have been times when the Hierarchy have been able to employ the Drones here in their own battles against the Spectres of the city. It is a simple matter to employ several Chanteurs to enrage the Drones and cause them to follow the Hierarchy into battle. It does not matter who they battle: they constantly fight every night. Not only do they represent the anger and the violence at the heart of the city's birth, they make up most of it. Wraiths wandering near the cemetery at night can expect to be called out and perhaps even attacked openly, depending on what they look like.

The only night that there are no battles in Oakland Cemetery is the night of August 7th (see the History chapter for the meaning of this date), when the *entire cemetery* catches fire in a strange kind of barrow-fire that destroys the very weak and useless Drones for good. Most flee temporarily, only to return to their battles once the fires clear.

The non-military residents of the cemetery positively detest the incessant wars and have taken to forming their own protective factions, taking refuge in the peaceful parts of the cemetery or even leaving altogether.

Several important Hierarchy warlords have Fetters here, some of them not even serving in the local Necropolis. Still, the Hierarchy finds it hard to guard these Fetters because of the ongoing battles. A group of well-organized Renegades could deal the Hierarchy a crushing blow if they could neutralize the threat of the warring Drones.

Strangely enough, on nice days, you can see local families come out with picnic blankets and enjoy a leisurely day contemplating the acres of stone monuments and markers. The cemetery is open from sunrise to sunset.

Grant Park

This used to be the main Citadel in the area, especially in the days of Reconstruction. Many Civil War Confederate veterans who died further afield returned to their Fetters here in Atlanta. They instantly flocked to this site, which used to be Confederate Fort K during the Battle of Atlanta. The Fort is still vaguely visible in the Tempest beneath the area, where

Spectres like to portray the battle with as much blood and gore as possible.

An eerie counterpoint to this is the Cyclorama, which shows the Battle of Atlanta in a three-dimensional painting and sculpture meant to be viewed in 360 degrees. It was created shortly after the war, and the city purchased it from a circus group that was using it as a sideshow attraction. It became an extremely popular attraction and, much to the surprise of the Hierarchy, a ready source of Memoriam for a number of zealous Renegades and Heretics who supported the South in the War of Northern Aggression. Attracted by the rich Memoriam available to them, the Greyboys moved their center of operations here. For a very short while, as the two Citadels in the city dueled over control, the Greyboy Citadel here was hard to beat in terms of military strength. Although their esteemed leader was nowhere to be found, Jackson's Hellhounds was an elite military troop that led several incursions against the Yankee Citadel of Terminus.

In the years that followed, cooler heads prevailed, and a truce was struck between the two Citadels, mostly because the Hierarchy demanded it. Still, they soon discovered that by working together, they could harvest souls taken from as far away as Chattanooga and Savannah (which had their own Citadels after a while.)

Now, Renegades who have made nearby Larsen Prison their launching point continually assault the Citadel, and the Memoriam coming from it is not as great as it once was. There has even been talk among the Centurions of the Grant Park Citadel ("Fort K" to the old-timers) to the effect that the Hierarchy should close Grant Park and consolidate their forces with Terminus Citadel. The Anacreons of Grant Park Citadel now have their offices in the west wing, 5th floor of the Capitol building, not within the Cyclorama building as was once the case.

Larsen Prison

A source of general Renegade troubles in Atlanta is Larsen Prison. Prisons always cause trouble for the Hierarchy wherever they are. Often a prison will be the Fetter for a criminal who becomes a wraith. So even if a criminal dies somewhere besides that particular prison, there is no guarantee that the criminal won't end up back at that prison because it is a Fetter of theirs.

Larsen Prison is a maximum-security federal penitentiary, so it could conceivably house everyone from drug smugglers to tax evaders to serial murderers. It is an extremely dangerous place for any wraith to go. Even the Dragon-Son Renegades avoid Larsen like the plague.

The attacks that these prison Renegades launch on the nearby Grant Park Citadel are the rowdy vandalistic sort. Fueled by their own rage against the establishment, these Ren-



egades find tremendous pleasure in combat, even though they always retreat to their prison-fortress immediately afterwards.

Larsen Prison Cell 26A (Haunt •)

Phil Harris was innocent. When he was convicted in 1929 and placed in federal prison for life to serve for a murder he didn't commit, his sanity frayed around the edges and finally began to unravel. He was placed in solitary shortly after he was discovered drawing designs in his arm with a makeshift knife. Locking Harris in solitary was an invitation for madness to him. Taking refuse, found objects and other things, he created a wall mural out of foul leavings and excrement.

For some reason, Harris was left off the special care list when he was placed in solitary. In fact, the prison feed-and-care log showed later that he had been in solitary for two weeks before someone noticed that they hadn't been bringing him food or water. Harris died in his cell, having choked on his own fingers as he was trying to bite them off and add them to his art.

To this day, no one has been able to enter cell 26A and clean the "mural" off the wall. No one will volunteer for the job, and even the prison warden will not order someone to do it. The cell has been locked and is no longer in use, and the little matter of the dead Mr. Harris has been swept under the rug by the local Good Ol' Boy network.

In the Shadowlands, one can fully appreciate the glory of this man's tortured artwork. It is said that anyone who is truly innocent of an accused crime will attract help by entering cell 26A and calling out Phil's name. It is not known whether Phil is a wraith or not. This Haunt often comes into use rather quickly whenever any of the prison guards gets enough nerve to open the door and check inside. This is usually when another guard gets skinned.

Some of the freelance Renegades in the area use Larsen Prison as a base of operations as well.

Little Five Points

See the Appendix in *Wraith: The Oblivion* for more information about this area of Atlanta.

Sweet Auburn

Although the area of Sweet Auburn is financially depressed and overrun with crime, it is a vibrant part of the Necropolis. Many wraiths have Fetters there. Due to the dilapidated conditions of much of the buildings in this district, there is a wealth of places for wraiths to dwell in relative safety, away from the prying eyes of mortals.

Traditionally, Sweet Auburn is the African-American owned-and-operated part of town. During Reconstruction,

many former slaves became affluent businessmen by getting into business in the Sweet Auburn area.

In 1980, large portions of Sweet Auburn were designated a national park in honor of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. His Center for Non-Violent Social Change is here. Adjacent to the center is Freedom Plaza where Dr. King is buried.

In the old days, Sweet Auburn was a jazz, blues and rhythm-and-blues haven. In the Shadowlands, it is still a place where wraiths can come for entertainment. Sandmen and Chanteurs have set up shop in some of the abandoned buildings and charge admission to hear their songs or see their stories.

In general, the Sweet Auburn wraiths stay out of politics, although the Hierarchy suspects that both the Dark Kingdom of Ivory and the Railroaders have secret Haunts in this part of town.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Center for Non-Violent Social Change

This is a place of peace in the Shadowlands as well as in the Living world. A general resonance of peaceful feelings, even tinged with sadness as it is, covers the place. This is one place in Atlanta that does not burn. Furthermore, it attracts the attention of many Heretic groups who claim that Freedom Plaza is holy ground. The Hierarchy believes that Dr. King was lost to Oblivion when he was struck by the assassin's bullet, but just about any other wraith (especially Heretic) will tell you that he quite surely Transcended into Heaven.

Those who meditate at Dr. King's graveside will often find themselves reconnected to that far-off intangible sense of a greater self. Note: those wraiths with the Eidolon Background may receive one Eidolon die back if they spend a scene meditating in Freedom Plaza.

Because it is considered a haven for Heretics, the Center for Non-Violent Social Change is watched heavily by the Hierarchy, but for some reason they have yet to post a continuous guard on the place.

Ebenezer Baptist Church Basement (Haunt •)

The basement of Ebenezer Baptist Church is considered the best-kept open secret in Atlanta. Among Sweet Auburn regulars, the church's basement is a haven from the Hierarchy's persecution.

Although no one can quite understand why this area is a Haunt, several wraiths who dwell in the area understand that many years ago, the pastor of the church offered his church basement as a place of refuge to anyone, living or dead, who needed it. Others whisper that it was once used for darker demonic purposes...

If the Hierarchy were to ever discover the basement, they would begin to make continual raids on the place and it would be ruined as a place of refuge.

Midtown

Midtown forms the center for the arts in the city of Atlanta. Although the boundaries of the neighborhood known as Midtown have yet to be completely defined, it is generally considered the area north of downtown and south of Piedmont Park. This area includes the Woodruff Arts Center (which is home to the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra), the Alliance Theater, the High Museum of Art and the Fox Theater.

Many wraiths cling to this area as an artistic haven and attend the symphony, theater and art showings with as much vigor as the Living.

Fox Theater

The "Fabulous Fox" was originally built for a group of Shriners in 1916. The Shriners wanted a temple where they could hold meetings and secret initiations, and they instructed the architect to make a building based on their Egyptian and Moorish influences. A grand structure was designed by architect Oliver J. Vinour, and construction began. Years later in 1929, the Shriners realized that they could not afford to pay for the huge thing and decided to install a ticket booth, hang a movie screen in the main auditorium, and sell tickets to movies. The Fox is a collection of Oriental styles: a Moorish facade, onion domes and minarets, blue-tiled goldfish pools and rooms filled with furnishings copied from the newly-revealed tomb of King Tutankhamun.

The auditorium was perhaps the most grand of all the structure's rooms. The ceiling here is a beautiful night sky with stars that actually twinkle. The balustrades and balconies above the proscenium arch make one feel that one is safely nestled within an ancient Moorish castle courtyard, protected from the desert sands from without.

In one corner of the massive structure is a huge Moller pipe organ that used to play sing-a-longs before accompanying silent movies. It is still in the theater, although rarely used.

Very shortly after the opening of the grand Fox Theater, the Depression darkened its doors. The company that owned the theater went bankrupt, and it closed except for occasional special performances for several years. Finally in the '50s, it re-opened as a movie theater with a brand new 26-speaker stereophonic system.

In the '70s, it was slated for demolition. This was not to be, as many of the Renegades in the area had the "Fabulous Fox" as their Fetter. A group of concerned citizens immediately formed and lobbied to have the theater saved as a historical edifice. They won after a tremendous fund-raising drive

to save the Fox, and now special concerts are held there as well as movies.

There is a grand balcony and a lower level. The most hotly contested seats are just before the orchestra pit.

The Secret Vault of Fox (Haunt ...)

The Fox Theater was built according to ancient Egyptian tradition. Beneath the foundation of the building, there is a series of secret rooms. Two of these rooms are the tombs of some of the most favored sons of the Shriners who built their temple for this purpose. The third and fourth rooms are sacred chambers. One of them, the Throne of Judgment, is a room whose walls are covered in gold foil. The golden light that flashes back and forth between the walls causes a sense of purity and power to reverberate throughout the room.

The final room is the Room of Sacrifice. This is where the people who built the theater came to consecrate their "temple" with blood. The blood stains are still on the floor, but otherwise it is an empty, white-washed room.

This entire area is now controlled by some of the more Heretical of the Dragon-Sons, who use this room as a means by which they can interact with their human counterparts. The Throne of Judgment room is particularly powerful. It appears virtually the same in both the Skinlands and the Shadowlands.

There is a Nihil in the Room of Sacrifice where the Dragon-Sons have the occasional conversation with Spectres. Although they have currently not formed any kind of cognitive alliance with the Spectres, they have formed a non-aggression pact that allows them to interact with them. Several Doppelgangers have visited the Dragon-Sons here to discuss matters on behalf of the dread Malfeans that all Spectres pay fealty to.

This Haunt is extremely secret, and the Dragon-Sons would do much to prevent the secret from getting out.

The Majestic Hotel

This hotel is a major wraith hang-out, even if it is not necessarily a Haunt. Completely abandoned, the hotel often refuge for many Wastrel, Hierarchy and Renegade wraiths on the sly. Even though the hotel is in a fairly visible place, it has yet to be purchased and torn down. Indeed, there are rumors that the same people who saved the Fox Theater may attempt to save the "historic" Majestic Hotel. The hotel is condemned, and one good fire could finish it off, but many of the older wraiths in the city have it as a Fetter and it will be protected as long as possible.

The Dump (Haunt ...)

Slouched ever so gently on its foundation in the heart of downtown, a large house sits in silent "genteel poverty." Many

residents consider this an eyesore and wonder why this woodrot is allowed to exist in the gleaming spires of chrome and glass of Atlanta. Only within the past decade has the reason for its continued existence come into common knowledge. Like the Fabulous Fox, this house holds a special interest for a special group, in this case, the Ponce de Leon Ladies Haunting Society. This house was the birthplace of *Gone With the Wind*.

Margaret Mitchell had affectionately called the home in which she and her husband lived, "The Dump." The Ladies revere this site because it was the home of Mrs. Mitchell while she was writing *The Book*. The Ladies were content for many years to allow the house to rest in relative obscurity, luxuriating in the control they held here. Here they roamed the plaster-strewn halls and clustered in the dust-sparkled eddies which spill from the boarded windows.

The Ladies, like many Atlantans, have heard rumors that Mrs. Mitchell had begun work upon *The Second Book* before she unfortunately stepped off a curb, was struck by a cab and dragged to her death on Peachtree Street. Her husband was said to have burned the manuscript. In recent years, the Ladies' efforts to find the manuscript have reached a fevered pitch, particularly after the publication of Alexandra Ripley's *Scarlett*. They refer to the book as "a travesty" and are all the more anxious to find the *Second Book* because of it.

Here the Ladies search for this reflection of perfection, certain of its appearance in the Shadowlands as the house slowly passes from the land of the Quick to that of the Dead. As it decays in the land of the Quick, it appears whole once more in the land of the Dead. However, as the house wanes, so does their connection to it. No longer can they promenade down the dappled halls with such majestic ease. Although the disrepair of the house brings it closer to the Shadowlands, the Ladies despair of its disappearance from the world of the Living. Fiddle-dee-dee, something had to be done, and they would do it!

Within weeks of their decision, a movement began among the Quick to save the old house. After all, a careful balance must be struck between the two worlds. The Society is curious as to the fate of Mrs. Mitchell. She has not been seen in the Underworld, and the Ladies are certain that she Transcended instantly, though other wraiths chortle at the very thought.

Buckhead

This is the "silk stocking" district in Atlanta. Packed with tiny and expensive restaurants, doctors and lawyers who live in the city frequent the high-class shops and the overpriced bars and clubs. Although some wraiths come here to vicariously experience the glamorous lifestyles of those who live here, it is usually a place that most wraiths avoid. The new malls and hotels hold little appeal for most wraiths, who do not care for the "urban blight." Why bother with such stuff when one



has the rest of the gloriously decaying Southern Gothic of Atlanta to play in? The choice is clear.

Still, the Atlanta History Center is here, as is the Governor's Mansion.

Virginia-Highland

This is Atlanta's Greenwich Village. Everywhere you look, you'll find trendy people and their trendy trend-shops: healing crystals, tie-dye cotton clothes, coffee bars, bookstores, new "old" diners and a host of ethnic eateries. This is also the heart of much of Atlanta's gay and lesbian community, although that community is certainly not limited to Virginia-Highland. Here, old Victorian homes are pampered, renovated and furnished with a cat, an espresso machine and sandalwood incense. It is where it is fashionable to be an artist but not exactly to be doing art. This is where people dressed in black and wearing sunglasses (even at night) smoke clove cigarettes and either complain about the heat or the rain.

Still, there is a gentle charm here, and many of the people who have died here in recent years have kept their nicely decorated houses and allowed other people to move into them. Just as long as they keep them nice.

Requiem (Haunt *)

Requiem is an old church deconsecrated by the Episcopalians with a high arched ceiling and a tremendous pipe organ. The entire building has been renovated, although with a fine care for historical accuracy and architectural detail. The floor was taken out and replaced with a false floor that covers up a rack of speakers that are pointed up from underneath. The entire building acts as a large reverberation box for the speakers. At night, the great stained-glass windows are illuminated from within by shimmering lights and hundreds of candles (how they got the fire code to agree with the candles is not completely understood, although it is well-known that the club carries millions of dollars of fire insurance).

Requiem has no chairs or booths. Instead, it has re-worked a line of confessionals so that they are like traditional restaurant booths. Couples sit in each side of the booth and close the doors, thus enjoying complete privacy.

Requiem is a favorite among the Wastrel wraiths who dwell in Virginia-Highland because it provides them with the trappings of death but none of the loneliness. The place is continually crowded with people who come to worship the techno music and pose among the trendy dance crowd. Many Wastrels love to sit up in the rafters and look down at the dancing crowds, occasionally materializing and giving some unwary soul a brief scare, one that the Fog usually quickly erases. The fact that some people have seen them from time to time helps to encourage Requiem's reputation as a haunted dance club.

Decatur

Founded in 1823 by Commodore Stephen Decatur, a dashing naval hero of the War of 1812, Decatur is a small village centered around the old courthouse. Decatur became a wraith when he was killed in a duel, and he occasionally returns to the Shadowlands since the courthouse is one of his Fetters. He is a high-ranking member of the Hierarchy and commands one of the iron ships that patrol the river.

The Decatur Courthouse (Level *)

Totally deserted by mortals at night, the Decatur Courthouse would be inconsequential except for the fact that this is where the Hierarchy holds its courts. The Magistrate decides the fate of wraiths brought up on charges for various crimes against the Necropolis. On any given night, there is always a great deal of Hierarchy wraiths hanging about, either involved in or arguing about one of the cases before the Magistrate.

This is also where new wraiths are issued their Seal of Citizenship after taking the oath of loyalty to Stygia. Although official seals made of Stygian metal are not available, the Hierarchy of Atlanta has begun to improvise, using relic coins and the like to designate Hierarchy members. Of course, these coins are easily counterfeited, and many Renegades have begun distributing them to wraiths (particularly Wastrel wraiths) who wish to avoid Hierarchy entanglements.

Many Renegades want to send the Decatur Courthouse straight to Oblivion because it also represents a major outpost at the outermost boundary of the Necropolis, and thus the Hierarchy's limit of control of the area around Atlanta.

Suburbs

The suburbs of Atlanta are largely the home-ground of much of the Renegade, Heretic and Wastrel wraith population. In general, any area outside of the 285 perimeter can be considered a suburb, but these days the city just keeps growing and growing. It has overflowed the boundary of 285 and now stretches in all directions.

To the east, Atlanta stretches into Stone Mountain and Tucker, two smaller cities. Stone Mountain is so named for the large granite edifice not very far from the main village. The mountain here is the largest piece of exposed granite in the world. A great bas-relief sculpture depicting the leaders of the Confederacy was carved into the side of the mountain starting in 1923 and completed (after a change of personnel and many financial troubles) in 1970. The mountain was sacred to the Cherokee Indians who frequented the area, and it served as an important lookout post in the Civil War.

For some reason, the Shadowlands of the area near Stone Mountain are littered with many foul Haunts and large areas



where Nihilis open directly to the Tempest and the Tempest bleeds over into the Shadowlands. It is as if some nexus of power is seeping its evil emanations out from nearby the great granite mound, and these energies are calling monstrous shades and spirits from all over. The Hierarchy avoids the area around Stone Mountain for this reason.

The entire southern direction, from southwest to southeast, describes a 'less-developed' area, an area in economic difficulty. Among the working poor and people trying to pull themselves up by their bootstraps are a number of communities (Vine City, College Park, West End) that are struggling just to stay afloat. It is as if the shadow of Atlanta's gleaming towers darkens the future of this hemisphere of poverty, despair and violence.

The western suburbs have a definite rural feel. This is where much of the local wilderness is for Atlanta: a man-made lake called Lake Lanier, Kennesaw Mountain (where a major battle of the Atlanta campaign was fought) and many heavily-forested areas. The forests give way to the North Georgia mountains very shortly after leaving the vicinity of Atlanta to the north. To the northeast of the city is the wealthy and affluent (and mostly white) suburb of Gwinnett County. Gwinnett is one of the fastest-growing suburbs of Atlanta, comprising Norcross (named after John Norcross, one of the first candidates for Atlanta's mayor), Lilburn, Duluth and Lawrenceville. Gwinnett prides itself on its autonomy and its ability to attract new businesses. To the utter northeast, nearly an hour away, is Athens, Georgia, the college town famous for fostering bands such as R.E.M. and the B-52's. Athens has its own small Hierarchy and claims independence from the Atlanta Necropolis, although there is certainly quite a bit of cooperation between the two.

The only other area of interest in the suburbs of Atlanta is an ancient monastery that exists outside Conyers, Georgia. This monastery is a quiet place, but there have been some rumors among the Hierarchy that a group of monks from the Society of Saint James are using the monastery as a secret home base to gather information about the wraiths in the area and eventually attack the Hierarchy Citadel. Although several patrols have been dispatched to spy on the monastery, none of them have returned. Several Hierarchy soldiers have reported a "gleaming burning light" in the area of the monastery, and this light could have something to do with the missing wraith patrols. The Hierarchy considers this place a major threat and is trying to make plans to have the place shut down or condemned.

The House of Richard Moss (Haunt)

Richard Moss was a Northern accountant for many plantation owners after the Civil War. Richard was in charge of going to each of the plantation owners and "helping" them through their monetary troubles. He organized many auctions of plantations and made a lot of money foreclosing on landowners and setting up homesteads for newly freed slaves.

When Richard Moss was an elderly man, a particularly vengeful son of a former plantation owner by the name of Cyrus Hemphill decided to take back the money that he believed Moss stole from his family.

Under an assumed name, Hemphill got a job with Moss as his household sitter and butler and took care of the bed-ridden Mr. Moss during the day. He treated Moss with great kindness, but little did the accountant realize that he was ingesting small quantities of arsenic every day in his food. As he degenerated, Hemphill abandoned the ruse of putting the poison in his food and simply force-fed him the powder as his "medicine" that he had to take every day. While Moss was in a delirious state, Hemphill got a lawyer to witness the alteration of Moss' will. Hemphill was to receive the full total of the property owned by Moss, including the property formerly owned by his family.

However, so great was the greed that Moss felt for his own money that he managed to gather enough strength to take a letter opener that Hemphill left near the bed and plunged it repeatedly in Hemphill's back. Shortly after making the attack, Moss died of a heart attack.

Now the two wraiths live in the same house. They have divided the house in two, and each of them fiercely defends his side. Though the place has been on sale for many years, no one has yet been interested in buying it. It sits beside a lonely road, and a mini-mall has been put up just down the street from it. Although these wraiths can (and sometimes do) leave the house, they rarely do. They spend a lot of time just contemplating each other. Although neither is willing to talk about it, they have both been to individual Monitors and have been told that they only have one Fetter apiece; the house they died in. Thus, these two wraiths must go through eternity together.

A Tale of Barnsley Gardens (Haunt #)

An hour north of Atlanta, nestled in the verdant mountains of North Georgia and long removed from the popular imagination, lies a monument of love and despair. Constructed in the early 1840s, Woodlands, an estate and manor house conceived by English emigre Godfrey Barnsley, became the hope of its builder for the recovery of his elegant Savannah-born wife, Julia. A beautiful but frail creature, she contracted consumption in 1838 after bearing several children. Such was Godfrey's love for his delective wife that he purchased 3,680 acres of mountainous terrain, certain of the cooler air's healthful effects upon his wife. The lone inhabitant of this land, an old Cherokee, asked what Barnsley's plans for the area were. When he replied that he intended to disturb a certain bluff, the old man told him that the place in question was sacred to his people. Godfrey laughed at this and the old man cursed him. Construction proceeded upon the area in contention.

The home in which Godfrey ensconced his Julia was a marvel indeed. Of an Italian Gothic design, Woodlands soared from the formal gardens which surrounded it and dominated the countryside. Alas, neither the cooler summers nor the splendor of the manor could revive Julia's failing health and fading spirit. A sense of loneliness pervaded her days at Woodlands; Godfrey's frequent absences due to business concerns dampened her love for Woodlands. As her condition worsened, Godfrey returned her to Savannah to be attended by her personal physician and her friends and family. During the winter of 1844, bereft at the death of her eighteen month old son and weakened irrevocably by her illness, Julia breathed her last.

Mad with grief, Godfrey immured himself in work. On a business trip to New Orleans, he attended a seance where he was told that it was quite possible to reach the spirit of his beloved wife. His eyes open to new possibilities, he returned to Woodlands. One twilight, while Godfrey walked in the boxwood parterre seeking beyond hope for what was lost, love and death merged, and Julia was there.

Godfrey returned to Woodlands in 1869 to be with his daughter and granddaughter, Addie. His fortune gone, Woodlands began to decay.

In 1871, Godfrey returned to New Orleans for one last attempt to restore his fortunes. While he was there, his daughter, saddled with the estate, remarried. Her new husband was Baron Von Schwartz, a blockade runner during the war. Happiness, however, was not to be held long at Woodlands.

Godfrey died in New Orleans in 1873. His daughter had his body shipped in a copper casket for burial in Woodlands. His personal letters reflected a happiness that he would be reunited with his wife in the next world. There would be no more conversations in the dusk at Woodlands.

After Godfrey's death, things were relatively quiet at the estate until the year after Godfrey's daughter's death. In 1906, a terrible storm hit the estate, and a funnel cloud ripped the roof from the house. Still broken by the remnants of the harsh Reconstruction, the family (now the Saylor's because of Addie's marriage) moved into the servant's wing, unable to repair their home. The main part of the manor house began to fall in on itself.

Addie claimed from time to time that she had seen Julia in the boxwood gardens and heard Godfrey push his chair away from his desk every afternoon as he used to do. She even said that she heard ghostly carpenters straining to complete her decaying mansion.

Harry, Addie's son, did not believe in the supernatural. He claimed that he would never believe in ghosts until he saw one on the front porch knocking on the door three times. On a gray rainy November afternoon in 1918, three knocks were heard at the front door. Harry opened the door, and then returned to his mother. When Addie asked who had come to see them, he replied that it was his Uncle George who lived in South America. He said that Uncle George was standing there and then faded from sight. No footsteps could be seen in the mud. A few hours later, the family received news that Uncle George had died that morning. It was said that Harry was a little more sympathetic to ghost stories after that.

The cloud that had hung for so long over the estate manifested one last time. Addie's other son, Preston, was a prize fighter and used his earnings to maintain the dwindling estate. Having a temper, Preston was prone to fights. He was accused of attempted murder and only escaped the charge by being declared mentally incompetent. This incompetence, it was said, was due to head injuries sustained in his career. He was confined to a mental institution in Milledgeville, GA. Preston, convinced that his brother was cheating him out of his inheritance, escaped from the asylum. On November 5, 1935, he came home.

Harry saw Preston in the yard, and they argued for several minutes. When Preston pulled a pistol, Harry fled into the family quarters. Preston followed, firing several times. When Harry reached his mother's room, Preston had one bullet left, and this bullet found its mark. Harry fell into his mother's arms and died. Apparently dazed, Preston wandered in the gardens and boxwoods until the police found him several hours later. Addie, in her grief, was said to have been visited by Harry the evening of his death, in the twilight of the shadows (indeed, Addie said that Harry appeared to her many times, once to warn her of the invasion of Pearl Harbor and urge her to wire President Roosevelt. She did not). Preston was charged with murder and sentenced to life in prison.



Several macabre relics of that tragic day still exist. Bullet holes can be found in a door and on the wall. The most disturbing thing, however, is on the floor. On the spot where Harry died is a stain that can be seen to this day.

After Addie Saylor's death in 1942, the estate passed through several owners. During these years, the house deteriorated quickly. Séances were held on the property, and Godfrey was said to be a humor-filled spirit who was very friendly.

In 1988, the property (now known as Barnsley Gardens) was bought by a European prince who purchased the lands sight unseen. A restoration effort began, and slowly, life flowed into a place silent for so long. The gardens, again cared for, now flourish, and a museum is housed in the family quarters. In the museum reside many pieces of furniture and personal belongings of the Barnsley family.

The prince has ordered the construction of a "rustic" cabin where he and his family may live while visiting the gardens. This large well-built structure is near the swan pond and can be seen from the Barnsley family graveyard which neighbors it. A new gentleman has arrived to protect the gift of love given so long ago and received in sorrow. The Restless Dead may still roam the boxwoods in the purple dusk, but perhaps the restoration of the property has resolved their ties to the place. In the boxwoods, a fountain can be seen where Julia spoke to Godfrey. Her face is carved on this fountain, and the water runs like tears down her silent countenance. In the quiet family graveyard can be found one last relic of the much-suffering Barnsleys. A tombstone has the family's motto carved into it—"UT ROSA SIC VITA," meaning, "life is like the rose."



The Hierarchy

An earthly kingdom cannot exist without inequality of persons. Some must be free, some serfs, some rulers, some subjects.

—Martin Luther, *Werke*, vol. XVIII



Upon arrival in the Shadowlands, most Enfants see the Hierarchy as the safest group to ally with. They certainly seem to have the most power and afford the highest degree of protection to the newly-Dead. The Hierarchy offers protection and stability in a city that is known for erupting into violence and devastation. However, the Hierarchy is also looked upon by many as the evil that has led to the present situation, and many factions resent the wraiths who are in service to the remnants of Charon's great empire.

The Hierarchy and its many citizens are often targets for revenge from the many Restless who feel that the feudalistic system that the Hierarchy subscribes to is barbaric and inhuman. There are Heretic and Renegade factions alike who want nothing less than the fall of the Hierarchy throughout the Shadowlands and Stygia and feel that the best place to start is right here on the home front.

There is a distinct lack of unity among the leaders of Atlanta's Hierarchy, a sign that the time could ripe for violent revolution. Can the characters afford to be among the Hierarchy's ranks if and when the time comes? How can anyone associate with the rulers of the city when so little is being

accomplished, when Renegades and Heretics feel they can walk the streets of the Necropolis without fear of reprisal? If the Hierarchy should fall, where will that leave those who stayed among their ranks and fed off the power leeched from those less fortunate?

On the other hand, most believe that Stygia will indeed send support should there be any actual signs of revolt. Do the characters dare to risk the Hierarchy's displeasure by siding with another group instead of showing the leaders of the Hierarchy the allegiance they feel they deserve? The punishments for betrayal are harsh and, especially in time of war, disorporation is not unthinkable.

The Hierarchy maintains that the only serious threat lies within the Tempest. The Spectres there are dangerous and almost always attack in large numbers. If for no other reason than for the protection they can provide against the minions of Oblivion, the Hierarchy maintains that no one will ever attempt to destroy what they have built.

Just the same, Governor Johnson has now started looking into the ways in which he can maintain a closer watch on the other groups that would take the city away from Charon's forces. To date, Johnson's best plan is infiltration of their Circles. For

infiltration to work well, the spies sent should be unknowns, new faces that the wraiths have not yet seen closely enough to know anything about. He is prepared to offer wealth, protection and even relic weapons to the wraiths who serve his needs.

How will the player characters react to the secret alliances that have formed in the depths of the Hierarchy's policies? Is there a place where they could possibly be truly safe in all the Shadowlands? Are there ways to circumvent the dangers by making alliances of their own, alliances with the Renegades and the Heretics as well as the Hierarchy? If so, the ground is apt to be treacherous, and few are likely to successfully manipulate the forces that are aligning for battle.

While it is certainly not wise to betray a Cult or Gang, it is near suicide to be convicted of betraying the Hierarchy. The Hierarchy has dealt with betrayal before, and they have forces that exist for no other reason than to ensure the sleeper agents and spies of the Hierarchy remain loyal. There are already stories about what has happened to betrayers of Charon's forces, and none of the stories are pleasant. From branding to enslavement to disorporation, the one certainty is that the punishers sent forth from Stygia are adept at their tasks.

The Anacreons



Power corrupts; absolute power is kind of neat.
—a button seen at PhilCon '92

Unlike most Necropoli, Atlanta is ruled by a council of Anacreons which is in turn overseen by a Governor. This is unusual, though not unique in the Shadowlands, for in most instances the Anacreons rule uncontested. Perhaps it is the strong Southern heritage of Atlanta that makes it desirable to have a single figurehead at the helm of the city. Regardless, the relationship between Governor James Johnson and the Anacreons has worked well for nearly a century, weathering a number of changes in personnel.

The Council of Anacreons is made up of representatives from each of the seven Stygian legions as well as a representative from the Hand of Fate. Mary Anne Robinson, who represents the Hand of Fate on the Council of Atlanta's Anacreons, does not vote in Council matters, but her advice and guidance is respected by all the Council. As is typical of members of the Hand, she is often called upon to resolve disputes of jurisdiction between the other Anacreons.

In recent years, the once-strong hold that the Hierarchy held upon the city of Atlanta has weakened. The increasing number of Renegades and Heretics in the city, as well as a growing movement against the feudalistic system supported by the Hierarchy, has added up to a great deal of justifiable paranoia on the part of the Anacreons and Governor Johnson.

Partly in response to this, there has been a movement in the Atlanta Hierarchy (which quickly has spread to other Necropoli and even to Stygia itself) to reconceptualize the power structure. The advent of the position of Governor was one of the first steps, as the Anacreons realized that having a single figure that people could identify as a leader could be a positive move. There were some who feared a concentration of power in a single individual, but Johnson has reassured all opponents with his fair and equitable treatment of all within his jurisdiction, save those who break the laws set down by the Anacreons. More importantly, Johnson himself was the one who suggested that they conceptualize the structure of the Hierarchy more in terms of feudalism than slavery. While the latter has associations that are patently offensive to many living in the Shadowlands today, the former conjures up images of romance as well as an ordered system of living. Johnson successfully argued that the relationship of liege to lord was more applicable to the present situation than master to slave, and with characteristic charm, he has begun transforming the image of the Hierarchy from a totalitarian military state to that of a strong but well-intentioned aristocracy, seeking to protect its subjects.

This movement, begun only in the past decade, has breathed new life into the Hierarchy which had been looking hopelessly out-of-date until recently. Johnson's public relations coup has earned him many laurels from Stygia, and he is often called upon by leaders of other Necropoli for advice.

The majority of Johnson's subjects seem content with the present situation. While independent Circles are still strong, the lack of severe restrictions allows individual wraiths to have contacts within a number of different groups. Many of the Anacreons now hold to beliefs that would have been seen as seditious a few decades ago, but which are tolerated under Johnson's watchful eye. Sue still feels strongly that there should be absolutely no slavery, claiming that Johnson's notion of feudalism is only a romanticized and sugar-coated version of the slavery she has spent her existence fighting. Andrew Stevens, who made his fortune in life as a slaver and wishes to continue his gaining wealth in the same way, has been equally upset at Johnson's reforms, stating that as the controlling power in the city, they have the right to do as they please. He often urges other Anacreons to vote with him for increased punishments and stronger enforcement of Charon's Laws.

Andrew Stevens, the Anacreon who oversees the victims of despair, spends a great deal of his time these days associating with members of the Sons of the Imperial Dragon, and a few believe that he is planning a coup to attempt to overthrow the other Anacreons. Sue has been spending most of her time in apparent solitude, but her sympathy for the Shattered Chain is rumored about the city, and many suspect a similar coup is planned from the Anacreon of the Legion of Paupers. The Anacreon of the Iron Legions, Justin Whately, is believed to remain neutral in these ploys. However, he is truly the one

behind Andrew Stevens' actions. While neither Sue nor Sarah Chandler have any solid proof of his background, both are watching Justin closely, certain that he will eventually slip up and reveal himself for the perverse wretch he is.

Sarah Chandler is hardly innocent of intrigue. The first person in Atlanta's history to be run down by a careless driver, she keeps busy with the Hearse Runners, making certain that the group is financially sound and well provided for. She is seldom seen as a threat by the other Anacreons, because she is a 'child' and because the other children she associates with are not known as Renegades. Very few people know the truth about the Renegade Hearse Riders, and those that do deny any knowledge. Sarah acts friendly enough, treating all of the other Anacreons with respect and a show of deference, at least until the time for a vote comes around again. She habitually votes against Justin Whately, and her ability to avoid contact with him is something of an ongoing joke to a few of the other leaders in town.

William Miller's racist attitudes are well known, but his position and his own personal power base within the city make it difficult for any to speak out against him. His affiliations with the Greyboys and the Sons of the Imperial Dragon are a well-kept secret, but his dislike of anyone who is not "racially pure" is as obvious as the Klan regalia he often wears. He is the most obvious thorn in Sue's side and often distracts her away from other pressing matters. The recent decrease in the Greyboys' activity is almost as frustrating to William Miller as the more obvious increase in the size of the Shattered Chain. Of all the Anacreons, he is the least liked and most often threatened. Even Mary Anne Robinson has trouble dealing with Miller, but as the Anacreon of Fate, her hands are effectively bound from any form of direct action against him.

Ambrose Walton, Anacreon of the Legion of the Grim, does not like many of the other Anacreons, but he is still able to work well with all of them. The most serious problems he has are with those wraiths who fought for the Confederacy while they lived. Many still resent that he was one of the Union soldiers, and a great number hold him responsible for the original burning of Atlanta, using him as a scapegoat for their resentment towards General Sherman. He does not hold any grudges, and his belief that Death does not change his obligations to the area he commanded have slowly won him theudging respect of Andrew Stevens and even the Ponce de Leon Ladies Haunting Society. Unlike many of the other Anacreons, he still holds to the letter of the law regarding Charon's Code. He does not tolerate those who have no respect for the laws of the Necropolis. His belief in stern punishment for crimes is one of the few reasons that the Hierarchy still holds power in the area. Sue agrees with him on almost all counts, but refuses to yield in her staunch anti-enslavement philosophy. Walton was one of the first to speak out in support of Johnson's feudalism theory, though, for he recognizes the



necessity of making a system that the Restless can support in changing times.

While the Anacreons are responsible for interpreting the laws of Charon, Governor James Johnson is responsible for enforcing those laws. Johnson does not always agree with the Anacreons and is often more lenient than they would like. Johnson is no fool and knows that for him to remain in power, he must be receptive to the changing times. This does not mean that he is easily swayed, however, and in fact his almost fanatical determination to maintain order in the face of anarchy has lead to some problems. Johnson is on Walton's side in many arguments, especially where the Greyboys are concerned. While the Governor of Atlanta understands the resentment that many of the Restless Confederate soldiers feel, he is not pleased with their continuous harping and threats to overthrow the Hierarchy. The past is in the past and should not affect the present or the future, at least as far as Johnson is concerned. Johnson's connections with Ambrose Walton and all the Anacreons assures him a strong foothold in the Hierarchy. Even Jebediah O'Rourke, despite his beliefs in the ways of the world before the Civil War, believes Governor Johnson is the best man for the job.

The Hierarchy Cohorts


The wraiths of the Hierarchy are all set in their ways, at least at first glance. Few among the Restless Dead in the Hierarchy actually wish to acknowledge the increasing problems that both the Renegades and Heretics represent. No one is more convinced of the Hierarchy's innate strength than the Hierarchy itself. Despite the increasing numbers of Heretics, there is little doubt in most of the wraiths' minds that the Hierarchy will prevail.

Governor James Johnson

James Johnson was the first military Governor of Georgia appointed at the end of the Civil War. His reputation for fairness even carried into the Underworld after he died of a stroke in the night. There was very little opposition to his taking control of the Necropolis, save for the anger of the Sons of the Imperial Dragon. His plan to reform the image of the Hierarchy without compromising any of its fundamental values has been instrumental in maintaining the Hierarchy's image and power in Atlanta and elsewhere.

Nature: Judge

Demeanor: Director

Cohort: Overlord of the Necropolis

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3



James Johnson

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Awareness 1, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Intuition 3, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Firearms 3, Leadership 5, Melee 2, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Politics 5

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 5, Notoriety 2, Status 5, Wealth 3

Passions: Control Atlanta and the surrounding area completely (Lust) 4, Reform the public image of the Hierarchy and thereby gain more support (Pride) 2

Arcanos: Argos 2, Castigate 3, Moltate 3, Usury 5

Fetters: Georgia State Capital Building, 3; Governor's Desk, 2

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 10

Shadow: The Pusher

Angst: 6

Thorns: Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Embarrass Johnson publicly (Selfishness) 3; Undermine the authority of the Hierarchy (Hate) 3

Image: Johnson is tall with grey hair and grey eyes. His face is thin, and a hooked nose hovers above the heavy mustache that frames his thin lips. He is seldom seen without his mask and chains, and normally carries his scythe when leaving his office. Johnson carries himself almost regally, surveying Atlanta as a monarch might look out over his domain. He

is very concerned about appearances and always tries to present and image of the strong but approachable ruler.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a very stern man with a powerful need for order in your city. You do not like the Renegade factions or the Heretic cults that run rampant in Atlanta, and you are starting to see a need for calling in reinforcements. You are aware that Stygia is watching Atlanta closely, and that if you are able to get the city completely under your control, a position in the Hierarchy of Stygia one day awaits you. Your latest plan is to convince newcomers to the city to infiltrate various Gangs and Cults in the hopes that you will be able to destroy them from within.

The Legion of the Grim

The Legion of the Grim is the name given to those who fall under the jurisdiction of the Smiling Lord, Overseer of the victims of violence. The Legion of the Grim is by far the most powerful of the Legions present in Atlanta. The high crime rate and average of one murder per day assures the Legion of the Grim that they will continue to have new recruits. Ambrose Walton pays Reapers well to ensure that anyone murdered in the region is brought to him. His indoctrination methods are normally very gentle, and he is always willing to make promises of rewards and benefits.

By far the best asset held by the Grim Legions is Smitty. Smitty knows everything, and anything he doesn't know he can discover. Many of the Hierarchy's more powerful members believe that Smitty is completely neutral, but the old drunkard understands that his bread is best buttered by Walton. The Anacron of the Legions of the Grim holds also the keys to his continued protection from his murderer, Robert Dallas. Dallas is kept manacled because Walton permits it and, while the man remains a Thrall in servitude to Walton, he could be freed at a whim. What only Walton, Dallas and Smitty all understand, is that Dallas has every intention of hunting down and destroying Smitty if ever he is freed.

Ambrose Walton

Ambrose Walton was a stern taskmaster in life, and little has changed along those lines since he was shot by his own troops. Besieged on all sides, fighting to hold onto Kennesaw Mountain and the surrounding lands, the Union forces were desperate for a victory. When Walton decided to charge the enemy, he made the bad mistake of riding in front of the troops to tally forces after the call to arms had been made. The first shot fired from a cannon tore Walton's body in half. Walton held no real power until the Union wraiths came south from Fort Sumter, determined even in death to have retribution for their mistreatment.



In recent years, Walton has been a great proponent of Atlanta's growth as an international trading center. He believes that increased contact between the North and South will lead to a decrease in tensions. This places him in a difficult position, since, as the Anacron supervising those who died of violence, it is in his best interest to encourage violence. However, Walton is of the opinion that violence will always exist, and that he is the best person to oversee the Legion of the Grim in this area for he has seen the horrors of violent death in countless forms. This does not mean that he encourages violence. On the contrary, he is a proponent of working together whenever possible. He does his job well, so he has not come under fire for his overly liberal interpretations...yet. It seems it is only a matter of time before someone from Stygia seeks to replace Walton with someone more likely to incite violence among his followers.

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Survivor

Cohort: Anacron for the Legions of the Grim

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intuition 2, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Firearms 4, Leadership 5, Melee 5, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Investigation 4, Linguistics 1, Medicine 2, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Artifacts 1 (darksteel dagger), Contacts 3, Status 5, Wealth 2

Passions: Wishes to make Atlanta into a city where North and South can work together, rather than being enemies (Hope) 3, Regrets having killed so many (Guilt) 4, Seeks to strengthen the Hierarchy to better protect the Restless against the agents of Oblivion

Arcanos: Embody 4, Fatalism 3, Outrage 5, Usury 4

Fetters: Kennesaw battlefield, 2; Medals (located at Atlanta Historical Society), 3

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: Martyr

Angst: 6

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Infamy 2, Shadow Familiar 4 (a hunting falcon)

Shadow Passions: Desires to take Governor's office for himself (Envy) 4, Revenge upon all things Southern (Hate) 5

Image: Ambrose Walton is a lanky man with thinning red hair shot with grey. He has a hawkish nose and a full drooping mustache. When he is angered, or when his Shadow is dominant, a huge, gaping hole appears in his chest, precisely where the cannon tore through him on the field of battle. He is always dressed in full regalia of the Union Forces; his rank then was Captain.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a shrewd man, cunning and dangerous. Never turn your back on anyone who could be an enemy, and do your best to make certain that anyone meeting you understands that you are in charge and in control of every situation. Should anyone ever accuse you of cowardice, you will do your best to destroy them then and there. You sometimes have a very hot temper, but you can normally keep it in check.

Jebediah O'Rourke

Born in 1810 in Ireland, Jebediah O'Rourke, the son of a prominent city official in Dublin, moved to the newly free Colony of Georgia when he was 22 years old. Getting work as a lawyer, Jebediah moved to the railroad town of Terminus five years later, moving his offices to the sleepy new town of Decatur once his practice was established. There he built his reputation as a smart, fair lawyer and, when it came time for court officials to be appointed, Jebediah was the first on people's lips. Jebediah was a stubborn man, however, as was discovered when he took the bench for the first time. He was known for ruling the way he thought was best, despite how others tried to sway his decision. He soon grew to be an extremely stern, somber judge whose presence alone was a deterrent to crime and swindling in Decatur. As Magistrate O'Rourke aged, it was quite clear that some unseen force was taking its toll on him. To his closest friends, Jebediah admitted that he was staying alive "out of sheer cussedness" as he called it, and that he feared what waited for him beyond the veil of death because of what he said was an ancient family curse.

Jebediah stayed alive through the Civil War, becoming well known for his longevity and tenacity and because of his fair reputation (and lack of open sympathy for the Confederate government, with whom O'Rourke had never really agreed). To the surprise of few, Jebediah was re-appointed Magistrate by the Union government that moved through after Atlanta fell.

Still, Jebediah lingered on until the Reconstruction claimed him. One night a band of hooligans that Jebediah had punished with a sharp fine and several years at a prison camp came upon Jebediah as he studied the law in his chambers at the Decatur Courthouse. Thirty-seven knife wounds finished him off in short order, and the city's press firmly believed that the slaying was a result of his ruling against the KKK. His friends worried that his "family curse" had caught up with him. Of the two, both were right.

Jebediah was slain by his grandfather, Kieran Riorche, a wraith skilled in Puppetry and vindictive as all hell. The family curse that Jebediah spoke of in life was the habit of his ancestors to use the Monitor's art of Soul Pact to bind themselves to them, thus creating a Guardian Wraith of the bloodline that followed the family wherever it went. Riorche's grandfather had made him a wraith by tormenting him in dreams using Keening. Jebediah's grandfather had given Jebediah "the treatment" as well, making him dread death so much that in the end, he was trapped in it.

Kieran was soon lost in the Fourth Great Maelstrom, and Jebediah used his notoriety to gain prestige and position in the Hierarchy. Soon, he was appointed to the post of Magistrate, one of three in the Necropolis, and he has served this post ever since. Jebediah swore that he would never cause his



grandson to become a wraith like his grandfather had done him. This still did not prevent James Rourke, his grandson, from also becoming a wraith.

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Judge

Cohort: Legions of the Grim—Magistrate

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Awareness 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intuition 3, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Firearms 3, Leadership 4, Melee 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 5, Investigation 3, Linguistics 3, Medicine 2

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 4, Eidolon 1, Status 4, Wealth 3

Passions: Carry out his duties as a Magistrate fairly (Pride) 3, Keep the laws of the Hierarchy (Duty) 5

Arcanos: Argos 2, Castigate 5, Fatalism 3, Usury 2

Fetters: Decatur Courthouse, 2; Judges' gavel now on display at the Atlanta Historical Society, 4

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 10

Shadow: The Freak

Angst: 6

Thorns: Tainted Relic, Pact of Doom (Fatalism +1)

Shadow Passions: Make his descendants live hell (Hate) 4, Oppress others to demonstrate power (Arrogance) 3

Image: Jebediah O'Rourke is a stout man, tall and heavy-set, with brown hair frosted with white, and a mustache, goatee and eyebrows that are as white as cotton. He is almost always seen in full Magistrate's regalia: blood red robes, Stygian chains of office and a dark cowl that hides his face.

Roleplaying Hints: You are an important man, and you know it. Sooner or later everyone gets in trouble, and your memory for the smallest slights is as long as your ego is swollen. Revenge comes to everyone who is willing to wait. You keep a close eye on your grandson, and know everyone who interacts with him. Whenever a Renegade associating with James Rourke is brought before you, the punishment is guaranteed to be harsh.

Smitty

Smitty came to Atlanta during the Great Depression and lived his life as a hopeless drunk. Despite his inability to stay sober, he was still considered as something of a local town figure in next to no time. Everyone knew him on sight. However, not everyone liked him. Robert Dallas decided that the old man was a child molester or worse and took it upon himself to beat Smitty regularly for many years, normally when he him-

self had been imbibing. Smitty forgave him each time. Smitty stopped being forgiving when the man poured straight vodka—a horrid waste—over his sleeping form and then ignited the liquid. Smitty died before the civil rights movement came to Atlanta, and he still sits in the alley where he died, moving only when he has to. As for Robert Dallas... well, the Hierarchy has one more Thrall than they did before Smitty got his revenge. Robert will likely remain a Thrall as long as Smitty is around. The one time the Hierarchy attempted to free the man, Smitty stopped talking.

Nature: Jester

Demeanor: Child

Cohort: The Grim Legion

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Awareness 3, Dodge 4, Intuition 4, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Stealth 5, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Investigation 4, Medicine 1, Religion 4

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 2, Eidolon 1, Memoriam 3

Passions: To taste alcohol (Lust) 3, Know all the city's secrets and thereby make himself indispensable to the Hierarchy (Curiosity) 5

Arcanos: Castigate 4, Inhabit 3, Lifeweb 2, Phantasm 1

Fetters: Majestic Diner, 2; Antique Vodka bottle in a Buckhead antique shop, 2



Willpower: 9

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Leech

Angst: 5

Thorns: Aura of Corruption 2, Tainted Relic (Everfull bottle of grain alcohol)

Shadow Passions: Escape from the pain of the Shadowlands by staying drunk (Fear) 3, Backstab and betray everyone (Hate) 5

Image: Smitty is a filth-coated old man in more layers of clothes than should be possible. He will willingly impart any of the vast amounts of knowledge about the denizens of Atlanta's Necropolis to anyone that has obol or relic liquor to offer. Smitty has about four teeth, and both of his eyes seem painted with cataracts, but he still manages to see more than most wraiths.

Roleplaying Hints: You act more intoxicated than you really are, slurring your words and often pretending to slumber. You like everyone, but you never forgive or forget a slight. You just don't let past offenses get in the way of business. You have a lot of influence, more than most wraiths realize, and you use that influence to insure that no one bothers you. Even the Heretics and Renegades know how important you are, especially the Hearse Riders, who often stop by to hear you spin tales of the past.

The Emerald Legions

The second most powerful Legion in Atlanta is the Emerald Legion, made up of those who were victims of happenstance. People die every day, and many of them die in accidents or mishaps. There is a strong belief that many of the major accidents that have occurred on the interstates and railroads around Atlanta were arranged by members of the Emerald Legion. Many of the accidents involve at least a few members of the Hearse Riders, who owe a great debt to the Emerald Legion's leader, Sarah Chandler. Of course, because the Hearse Riders are not recognized as part of the Hierarchy due to their dealings with the Quick, Sarah has to be certain her dealings are discreet. Sarah has a long-standing agreement that any of their victims who die in accidents be brought to her for possible recruitment or enthrallment. Because the Hearse Riders are very selective in how they pick their own recruits, they have no real arguments against handing their victims over to Sarah.

Omney Stanton believes fully in the Hierarchy, preferring the order of the Hierarchy to the chaos of both the Renegades and the Heretics. Many of the people who die in the subways through mishap and even through murder are brought to Sarah's attention as a result of Omney's recruitment campaign. The Emerald Legion's people are treated well, so long as they continue to bring new recruits to Sarah. She is not

harsh to those who occasionally fail to bring her new souls but continued failure starts effecting a wraith's status within the Legion. A few have tried to impress Sarah with deliberate accidents and outright murder, but Sarah normally frowns on the open activity. The one exception is the aforementioned Hearse Riders. Nancy Martin tends to avoid her responsibilities to Sarah until the last minute and so is always running late in the recruitment campaign, but she seldom fails to bring at least a few new Enfants to the Anacreon.

Sarah Chandler

Sarah was the first person to die in the city of Atlanta, run down by a carriage in the streets. She has grown in power over the years, watching her city grow and burn time after time. While she is indeed one of the Anacreons for Atlanta, she is also one of a growing faction made up entirely of children who had their lives stolen by careless or cruel adults. Sarah intends to have revenge on all careless adults, and her Shadow keep promising her the power to do it, if only she will agree to certain terms... Sarah's ties with the Hearse Riders are very well hidden, but she is one of the principle suppliers for their needs.

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Gallant

Cohort: Anacreon of the Emerald Legions

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 4, Dodge 5, Expression 2, Intuition 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Leadership 5, Stealth 4, Survival 4



Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Linguistics 2, Medicine 1, Occult 2, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 4, Memoriam 2, Status 4, Wealth 3

Passions: To help children (Love) 2; Wants to experience adulthood (Desire) 3, Rule over Atlanta to the best of her ability (Duty) 2

Arcanos: Argos 3, Castigate 4, Pandemonium 2, Puppetry 4

Fetters: Locker, now in a Milledgeville antique jewelry collection, 2; Intersection where she died, 3; Grave, 2

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 8

Shadow: Leech

Angst: 5

Thorns: Tainted Touch, Trick of Light

Shadow Passions: Kill all adults (Hate) 2, Help Renegades like the Hearse Riders to undermine authority (Rebelliousness) 3

Image: Sarah has blonde hair and green eyes. She is petite and appears remarkably fragile, until you see how she handles business. Sarah stands 4'3" in height, and is normally seen either in simple dress she died in, or in jeans and a "Casper the Friendly Ghost" T-shirt.

Roleplaying Hints: If the idiots around you choose to underestimate your abilities, who are you to disillusion them? You tend to listen more than you talk, unless you are around the children. You've been pouting for a long time, but soon the time to smile will come around. Due in part to your age at the time of your death and in part to the similarities in the way you died, you feel a special affinity to the Hearse Riders.

Nancy Martin

Nancy Martin just wanted to have fun like thousands of other young people. After she graduated from high school, she fell in with a crowd of like-minded people who lived for the moment. Nancy had a part-time job at the Circle K convenience store, though few of her other friends had jobs. They liked doing some "recreational chemistry" on the weekends, which soon grew into a full time business for several of her friends. Then one night, the place where she was crashing with some friends got busted, and before she knew what was happening, she was watching her lifeblood spill out onto the floor from a gunshot wound. Nancy left behind her parents, her younger brother and all the friends she ever had.

She didn't have much of a life, but death showed her that you have to have something to live for; not having a direction in life was what got her into trouble in the first place. Nancy has resolved to turn her life around and act as a guide to young people like herself who are without direction, who need a structure to help them make sense of their existence. The Hierarch



Nancy Martin

has immediately seized upon this talented young woman, noting her natural drive and tremendous energy. Still, Nancy is at heart a girl who wants to enjoy the world, and she's not going to let death stand in her way.

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Rebel

Cohort: Emerald Legions

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intuition 2, Streetwise 4

Skills: Firearms 1, Melee 3, Performance 1, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Medicine 2, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 2, Memoriam 1

Passions: Protect family (Love) 2, Keep Atlanta's drug scene from killing any more innocents (Hate) 5, Keep order in her life (Fear) 2

Arcanos: Argos 2, Outrage 2, Phantasm 4, Puppetry 3

Fetters: Parents, 2; House where she died, 4; Circle K where she worked, 1

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Pusher

Angst: 4

Thorns: Aum of Corruption, Freudian Slip

Shadow Passions: Experience everything "fun" in the Underworld (Lust) 4, Let people screw themselves up...after all, isn't that what the world did to you? (Apathy) 3

Image: Nancy is slightly overweight, just over 5'6" in height, and wears her short blond hair loose. She is dressed in the clothes she died in, tight black jeans and a men's dress shirt. She has eight earrings, a nose ring, and at least one ring per finger.

Roleplaying Hints: If you don't dwell on the pain, you can make the most of death. Never talk about serious subjects, unless you absolutely have to. You try too hard in most people's eyes, always forcing a smile and talking too fast about too much. The world doesn't have to be an awful place, even if it was for you. Show people that, and you will have started to make up for all the mistakes you made in life.

Ominey Stanton

During the late '50s in the early years of his life, Ominey was a wanderer, riding the rails wherever they took him and meeting many a new face along the way. Later, an old friend who had long ago surrendered the rails for a more stable environment offered him exactly the type of job that Ominey had always wanted: a conductor on a train. In this case, a subway train. No one was to blame for that little fall Ominey took, just bad luck and a rainy day. Ominey fell in front of a subway train, killed by the thing he loved most in the world. He now watches over the MARTA trains, making sure the Renegades don't try to cause trouble.

Nature: Jester

Demeanor: Bravo

Cohort: Emerald Legions

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 1, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3

Skills: Crafts 3, Drive 4, Firearms 3, Leadership 2, Melee 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Investigation 2, Linguistics 1 (Spanish), Medicine 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 4, Eidolon 3

Passions: Wants his old job back (Envy) 2; Learn more about modern trains (Curiosity) 3; Work on the Midnight Express one day (Hope) 1

Arcanos: Argos 5, Castigate 2, Embody 5, Inhabit 5

Fetters: Train he rode, 2; Old stopwatch, 1; Retired engine in a museum, 1

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 5

Shadow: The Abuser

Angst: 5

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Give up hope (Despair) 3, Destroy MARTA trains at any given opportunity (Rage) 4



Ominey Stanton

Image: Ominey Stanton is a very big man, with wide shoulders and a hard, well-muscled body. He looks just as he did in life, physically anyway. His face has changed little: he has a wide, friendly smile, a pencil-thin mustache and expressive black eyes. His dark skin, greying hair and ramrod stiff posture add a certain air of authority to his overall looks.

Roleplaying Hints: You have a job to do, and you do it well. Nothing is as important as making certain that the train run on time, even in the Shadowlands. Keep smiling—as far as you're concerned, part of your job entails making other people happy. But never take any lip from your passengers: if they give you trouble, off they go, and they can just walk the rest of the way to wherever they're going.

The Legion of Paupers

Sue leads the Legion of Paupers, those wraiths who died under mysterious circumstances, and has for over 100 years. Sue never tolerates second best, and she has made a point of ensuring that her Legion takes recruiting new Enfants as a sacred mission. The Legion of Paupers can claim anyone who died under mysterious circumstances and, as a result of their claim, are often at odds with the other factions within the Hierarchy. The Legion of the Grim lays claim to all who died violent deaths, but Sue and her Legion of Paupers may also lay claim if the victims do not know how they were murdered or by whom. Sue takes full advantage of this option whenever possible and often wins the debate by wooing the new Enfants with promises of assistance in finding their murderers. David Duvalier is a perfect example of how well Sue keeps her promises. He was informed within days of his Caul's removal that

his third fiancée was responsible for his murder. As a result of Sue's efficiency, she gathers a great deal of loyalty from those under her. The same methods work well in gathering numbers that should have rightly gone over to the other legions as well. While Sue does not condone the use of chains, she is not above marking an *Enfant* as hers. If an *Enfant* proves ineffectual or useless, Sue often resorts to disorporation. She will not surrender what is hers, despite her claims that slavery is not permitted in her Legion.

Sue

Sue was born into slavery and lived and died a slave. She was killed the second time she tried to escape, but she does not remember just what killed her. She suspects it was a bear, but is not certain. Sue was raised in the beliefs of her ancestors and defies to this day the Christian ways, arguing vehemently against them. For understandable reasons, Sue loathes the very idea of slavery, and refuses to don the chains of office. Despite all these differences of opinion, Sue realizes the need for system and structure to keep things running smoothly. She views the recent trend in favor of calling slavery "feudalism" patently offensive, insisting that change can not come by placating a few people with soothing words. Still, in spite of all her revolutionary talk, she supports the system of the Hierarchy, if not all of its principles. She looks to protect the fragile relations with the Kingdom of Ivory to assist them in growing, lest an unwise remark from one of the racists jeopardize potential ties.

Nature: Judge

Demeanor: Curmudgeon

Cohort: Anacreon of the Legions of Paupers



Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intuition 3, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Crafts 2, Leadership 2, Melee 4, Performance 1, Stealth 1, Survival 3

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Linguistics 3, Medicine 2, Occult 5

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Eidolon 4, Hierarchy Status 5, Wealth 4

Passions: Hatred of racists and slavers (Hate) 5, Wants to promote better relations with the Ivory Kingdom (Hope) 2, Hopes to reform the Hierarchy (Hope) 3

Arcanos: Argos 3, Castigate 2, Outrage 5, Pandemonium 3, Phantasm 5, Puppetry 4, Usury 2

Fetters: Chains she wore in life, 4; Tattered wedding dress, 3

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Freak

Angst: 6

Thorns: Freudian Slip, Trick of Light

Shadow Passions: Kill all white people (Hate) 3, Incite racial violence (Rage) 4, Destroy the Hierarchy (Hate) 2

Image: Sue looks as she did on the day she was married at the age of 14. Her wild mane of hair is pinned in place, and she wears a pure white dress. Her skin is ebony, her hair is black and her eyes are dark brown. Her wrists and ankles bear the marks of the chains that cut her when she was captured after running away.

Roleplaying Hints: You don't take crap from anyone. The last thing in the world you want is an easy day. There's too damned much to fix. Anyone tries to give you grief, knock them down and show them what death's all about. Also, racism in any form is likely to start you swinging your fists. You suffered enough racism in your time, and you don't take well to it, not from anyone or about any race.

David Duvalier

David kept himself busy. Between his career as a karate instructor, his time in school studying for a Masters in Computer Science, and his multiple girlfriends, he really didn't have much time for anything else. One would almost think he didn't have the time to get into trouble, until remembering his multiple girlfriends. Perhaps if he hadn't constantly used the term, "You're the only one I'll ever love." Leanne, girlfriend number three and fiancée number two, wouldn't have shot him 17 times in the crotch and 12 more times in the head. Leanne, just for the record, is spending a great deal of her time in a well-padded room, taking every pill prescribed for her by the nice doc-



tors. David Duvalier has spent most of his time as a wraith trying to glad-hand his way into a position of power.

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Cohort: Legions of Paupers

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intuition 1, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Crafts 2, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Leadership 2, Melee 3, Performance 1, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Computers 2, Medicine 1, Occult 2, Science 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 2, Status 3, Wealth 3

Passions: Find true love (Love) 3, Learn more about computer programming (Curiosity) 2, Demonstrate his prowess at Karate (Pride) 2

Arcanos: Inhabit 3, Pandemonium 2, Puppetry 3

Fetters: GA state Karate championship trophy, 3; Engagement ring (given to 3 different women), 2; Box of disks containing original programming, 1

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 5

Shadow: Director

Angst: 5

Thorns: Freudian Slip, Shadow Traits (Computer +2)

Shadow Passions: Drive off people with offensive behavior (Self-hatred) 3, Hurt potential girlfriends (Hate) 4, Erase all disks with David's programming on them (Covetousness) 3

Image: David Duvalier is the ideal tall, dark and handsome stranger. His skin is *café au lait*, his hair is wavy and black, his eyes are dark brown. His eyes show a great deal of cunning, and his winning smile almost manages to hide his cold interior. He is lean, but well-muscled, and stands 5'11" in height. He is normally dressed in a charcoal-grey three piece suit.

Roleplaying Hints: You think that no one realizes who you are up to but everyone who knows you well (and those a few and far between) is aware of your machinations and simply ignores them. Smile secretly, attempt to woo any female within passing distance, but subtly; romance them with your eyes. Put on your best 15 watt smile for all of the men you meet; they could be someone important. You are certain that the upper echelons of the Hierarchy are trying to keep you from becoming the powerful leader you were meant to become, and you've recently come up with a new plan to handle the situation. All your plan requires is a few *Enfants* to convince that you are right. The time for new blood in the Hierarchy is long past due, and with just a little careful work, you could be the city's next Governor...

The Silent Legion

Andrew Stevens rules the Silent Legion, that of the victims of despair. From time to time, he makes a valiant effort to push past his own anger and despair, but more often than not, he sits in his haunt and allows things to fall into a chaotic mess. During those times, Mark Creed often dons the mask and regalia of the Anacreon, randomly choosing sides and stirring the waters of trouble among the Anacreon and their legions. Ironically enough, he seems more capable than Stevens of actually leading the group, but only when a subject interests him. As time goes on, Creed finds more and more of the political arguments interesting and has started to wonder if Andrew Stevens already knows what he is doing, perhaps hoping to be relieved of the burden the job has become. If Andrew even knows what Creed has been up to, he shows no sign. Considering the state of affairs in the Skinlands, it is really no surprise that the Silent Legion continues to grow of its own accord; the victims of despair are more numerous than ever. Mary Harris does as she is told, but only half-heartedly. She is much more interested in discovering the truth about her children and hoping that they will find her.

Andrew Stevens

Andrew Stevens lived his life fully, content to go on forever as a member of the Southern aristocracy. His plantation was well stocked with slaves, and his stables held the finest



Andrew Stevens

horses. Still, he was never truly happy. Andrew longed to marry his childhood sweetheart, Antoinette Bertram, but she wanted nothing to do with him, having found a man in New York to marry. Antoinette met the man, Richard Prescott, while her family was traveling and never came back home. Upon hearing of the marriage, Andrew threw himself into Peachtree Creek after a heavy rain. His body was never found, and any search that might have taken place was cut short by the Civil War.

Since his demise, Stevens searched for Antoinette. While he lived, he followed her everywhere, and after her death, he searched for her in the Shadowlands. Finding her nowhere, Stevens believes that she must have instantly Transcended, such was her goodness. Since that time, he has tried to be a model citizen, to lose himself in his work rather than think of the love he lost. As a result, he is an efficient and fair Anacreon, and this gives him some solace.

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Dilettante

Cohort: Anacreon of the Silent Legions

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Expression 5, Intuition 4, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Crafts 3, Firearms 2, Leadership 5, Melee 5, Performance 2, Stealth 1, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 5, Enigmas 4, Investigation 3, Linguistics 3 (Latin, French and Portuguese), Medicine 2, Occult 3, Politics 4, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Eidolon 2, Memoriam 2, Hierarchy Status 4, Wealth 5

Passions: Loves Antoinette, even beyond death (Love) 4, Become the most successful Anacreon in Atlanta (Hope) 3

Arcanos: Argos 4, Embody 3, Lifeweb 3, Molinte 2, Puppety 4

Fetters: Antoinette's gravestone, 4; Peachtree Creek, 3

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 7

Shadow: Perfectionist

Angst: 5

Thorns: Tainted Touch, Trick of Light

Shadow Passions: Abandon hope for ever finding Antoinette (Despair) 3, Act irresponsibly in the position of Anacreon (Self-Hatred) 4

Image: Andrew is the perfect Southern gentleman. His clothes are antiquated, dating back to before the Civil War. His auburn hair is always well-styled, and his clean-shaven features are very appealing. He never shows any sign of weakness, he simply stands with quiet dignity, pondering his next move. Whenever Andrew has to leave his haunt, he dresses in full regalia for his station, chains, mask and all.

Roleplaying Hints: Never show any real emotion. You are a glad-hander and a politician. Anger is absolutely forbidden, and you always speak reasonably and passionately. You have a delicate Southern drawl, as opposed to the vulgar sounding twang of so many of the riff-raff that surround you. You are a romantic and prefer to remember the past as opposed to living in the present.

Mark Creed

Mark was paralyzed at the age of twelve when a drunk driver careened off of the road and ran through his living room wall, pinning him to the ground and breaking his neck. Amazingly, the substantial damage did not kill him, but it did leave him in the hospital for almost three years while he recovered. In the meantime, Mark amused himself by teaching himself about computers. Mark wallowed in bitterness for the rest of his life, until he finally shot himself in the head with his father's 12 gauge. Mark now lives the life he always wanted to, as a full person... even in death, as he could not in life.

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Jester

Cohort: Victims of Despair

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 5



Mark Creed

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 2, Performance 1, Stealth 4, Survival 2

Knowledges: Computers 4, Investigation 2, Science 4

Backgrounds: Artifacts 3, Contacts 2, Memoriam 2

Passions: Experience in death what he could not in life (Envy) 4, Wishes others to suffer as he did in life (Hate) 3, Wants to experience everything (Lust) 4, Learn more about computers 3

Arcanos: Argos 2, Embody 4, Outrage 3, Puppetry 4

Fetters: Parents, 2; Shotgun, 1

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 6

Shadow: Monster

Angst: 5

Thorns: Shadow Life 3, Spectre Prestige 2

Shadow Passions: Kill all irresponsible adults (Hate) 3, Punish his parents for not protecting him (Hate) 3

Image: Mark is a heavy-set man with tattoos on his arms reflecting his love of heavy metal music. His hair is dyed red, and his eyes are blue. He has a long scar running down the left side of his head, and no hair grows where the scar is. He has a bitter smile on his face, and a menacing look in his eyes.

Roleplaying Hints: Life sucked lemons, so live Death to its fullest. Everything amuses you, and the things that caused you grief in life are the very things you flaunt in the Shadowlands. For the first time in the last 12 years, you can walk and lift anything over three pounds. The Highway Men are a pretty cool group, and you've started seriously toying with joining them.

Mary Harris

Mary needed work desperately. The payments for the trailer were late, and she had no money for food, she couldn't even feed her twin boys. Perhaps if Terry, her common-law husband had stayed around after finding out she was pregnant, her debt would have come later. Mary heard about a job opening at the local bank and, putting on her best clothes, went to apply for the position. Having no money, and no loving relatives save for Terry, Mary was forced to leave the twins at home unattended. Mary got the job. When she returned to the trailer park, the entire complex was surrounded by fire trucks and police cars. While Mary was gone, her home had burned to the ground, destroyed by bad wiring and shoddy workmanship. Her sons, still young enough that Mary had not really chosen names for them, were killed in the fire. The only sound louder than Mary's anguished cries were the thunderous screams of a train coming through the area. Mary could not stand what she had done, and threw herself in front of the fast-moving train. There was little left to bury.

Terry, feeling an overwhelming level of guilt, purchased a monument to Mary and their children in the cemetery. The statue shows Mary, one child in each arm, staring toward heaven. The statue has been known to cry, especially when the local children come in the late night hours, circling the monument and calling out, "Mary, Mary, why did you kill your babies?" This little ritual has become a part of the city's legends and is performed regularly.

Nature: Critic

Demeanor: Child



Mary Harris

Cohort: Victims of Despair
 Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 1
 Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1, Appearance 5
 Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 2
 Talents: Alertness 2, Awareness 2, Empathy 4, Expression 2
 Skills: Crafts 2, Drive 1, Meditation 1, Repair 1
 Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Enigmas 1, Linguistics 1 (Spanish), Science 2
 Backgrounds: Eidolon 5, Memoriam 4, Hierarchy Status 2
 Passions: Protect and defend children (Love) 3, Improve living conditions for Atlanta's poor (Hope) 4
 Arcanos: Embody 3, Fatalism 3, Inhabit 5
 Fetters: Husband, 1; Her children's graves, 2
 Willpower: 8
 Pathos: 7
 Shadow: Monster
 Angsts: 5
 Thorns: Bad Luck, Trick of Light
 Shadow Passions: Kill those that mock her monument (Vengeance) 4, Punish all fathers who abandon their families (Hate) 5

Image: Mary Harris looks exactly as she did in life. She is a young woman, slightly too thin, with dark blond hair and brown eyes. Her eyes constantly leak tears, and her hands are bloodstained. She is 5'3" tall.

Roleplaying Hints: You are lost in the memories of your team, forever searching for what might have been. You have been searching for your children for the last 15 years, but to no avail. So, hoping that they will come to you, you wait by the monument your Terry set up in your honor. You dare not leave, as they may come while you are gone. When other wraiths come by, you eagerly answer questions or just listen as they speak of their own troubles.

The Iron Legion

The Iron Legion is comprised of those souls who died of old age belonging to the Ashen Lady. Justin Whately, the Anacreon of the Iron Legion, believes in power and money above all else. Therefore, he does his best to make certain that no one who potentially belongs in the Iron Legion dies peacefully. Justin does all he can to ensure that the elderly in Atlanta die without having resolved their earthly troubles, hoping to produce more wraiths and more Enfants that he can claim as his by right. Justin also believes in dealing out slavery as a number one source of extra income and his number one source of punishment for those of the Iron Legion who betray him. Very few of the victims of old age dare to openly defy him. Of late, Justin has been troubled by the surprising number of his subjects who have managed to reach the

Shadowlands. He fervently attempts to ensure their capture by Reapers, but his obsession with capturing each and every one of the many elderly who die each day in Atlanta has started to affect his ability to lead properly. Several of the Iron Legion's more prominent figures are still considering what to do about the situation, but there is very little doubt among them that he must be replaced. His most vocal opposition to date has been from Thomas Kershaw.

Justin Whately

Justin Whately was a fine, upstanding citizen as far as anyone was concerned, often doing volunteer work and always attending church. The good Doctor Whately was known for his generosity, his talent at wood carving and for his willingness to make housecalls to even the worst neighborhoods. What no one knows, even today, is that Justin was a pedophile. Some things never change. Justin died of a stroke at the age of 65. Most of Justin's time these days is spent making deals, exchanging knowledge or goods for money or influence. Justin is a force to be reckoned with and very unpopular with the Hearse Riders and the Shattered Chain alike.

Nature: Architect
 Demeanor: Caregiver
 Cohort: Anacreon of the Iron Legions
 Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3
 Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2
 Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5
 Talents: Alertness 4, Awareness 1, Intuition 3, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 5



Justin Whately

Skills: Crafts 3, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Leadership 4, Melee 4, Performance 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 5, Computers 3, Enigmas 2, Investigation 5, Linguistics 2, Medicine 5, Occult 4, Religion 1, Science 3

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Artifacts 2 (working pocket watch that doesn't require Pathos), Contacts 5, Memoriam 4, Hierarchy Status 5, Wealth 4

Passions: Amass as much wealth and power as possible (Greed) 5, "Love" children (Lust) 3

Arcanos: Fatalism 2, Outrage 3, Pandemonium 2, Puppetry 3

Fetters: Diary, 2; Grave, 3

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 6

Shadow: Monster

Angst: 4

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Infamy 3

Shadow Passions: Squander all wealth (Lust) 3, Abuse children (Hate) 5

Image: Justin is a charming man, short, portly and full of vigor. Justin wears clothes from the 1960's, the era when he passed away. He was obviously wealthy in life and maintains the same wealth in death, although his deals with Reapers and slavers alike have made him wealthier than he ever was in life. Justin tends to stare for great lengths of time at the pocket watch he brought over with him when he died. Justin smells faintly of ether.

Roleplaying Hints: Oh, but you are ever so friendly. You give off an aura of self-confidence, you fairly brim over with charm. Smile and smile some more! Whenever you meet a woman, kiss her hand, and always give a firm handshake to the men. If you should meet a child of either sex, pat them affectionately on the head, and if time permits, give them a hug or two. You are a smarmy bastard if ever there was one.

Thomas Kershaw

Thomas Kershaw always loved puzzles. He wanted to know how the world worked. When he saw a magician performing on a street corner one day when he was seven years old, he was fascinated. Thomas wanted to understand the craft of illusion, and he spent nearly every waking moment practicing. He was determined to become the next Houdini, and he was getting very good indeed, with a national following and several appearances on local television shows. Touring the country and performing in cocktail bars, he made a modest living. But Thomas (better known in those days as "The Magnificent Kershaw") didn't care about the money. He loved what he was doing, and that was enough. Thomas always swore he'd retire, just as soon as he'd done one more trick...but his own drive to perfect his craft prevented him from ever allowing himself to

rest. His career ended abruptly when an embolism erupted in his brain.

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Deviant

Cohort: Followers of the Iron Lady

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Awareness 3, Expression 4, Intuition 2, Streetwise 2

Skills: Crafts 2, Drive 1, Performance 4, Stealth 4, Survival 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Occult 2, Linguistics 1 (French)

Arcanos: Inhabit 4, Moliate 2, Phantasm 5, Puppetry 1

Backgrounds: Artifacts 5, Contacts 3, Eidolon 3, Memoriam 3

Passions: Continue entertaining people (Love) 5, Discover "the perfect trick" (Curiosity) 2

Fetters: Magic props: Cane, 1; Top Hat, 1; Cards, 2

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 8

Shadow: Pusher

Angst: 4

Thorns: Shadow Familiar (black rabbit), Tainted Relic (Top Hat), Trick of Light

Shadow Passions: Embarrass Kershaw publicly (Self-Hatred) 4, Abandon performing (Despair) 3



Image: Thomas is tall and lean, with slicked-back dyed black hair and a waxed mustache. His grey eyes are challenging, defiant. He always appears in a traditional prestidigitator's outfit: tuxedo, tails, white gloves and cane. When his Shadow is dominant, he also has a top hat and a black rabbit with him.

Roleplaying Hints: You are amazingly flamboyant, and determined to dazzle the Underworld with your talents. Sadly, so few seem interested in your pulling rabbits out of your hat in the Shadowlands. Never sit by idly and listen to the sounds of people arguing; the Underworld is filled with enough pain already. Instead, try to make them smile.

The Penitent Legions

William Miller rules over the Penitent Legions, made up of the victims of madness. He is a nuisance to most of the other Anacrons, but he is a growing nuisance. The number of dysfunctional families and drug abusers is on a strong upswing, and with their increase so too does the Penitent Legion continue to grow. Reaping the asylums and psychological wards as well as the many people who require, but must do without, professional care. In truth, the name is hardly a good indication of how most members of the Penitent Legion feel. There is very little true organization within the ranks of the victims of madness. Most tend to lean towards handling their own earthly affairs and dealing as little as possible with the other factions of the Hierarchy. William Miller has no trouble with that concept, as the members of his own Legion could well decide to interfere with his desires. Nataria King is one of the few who Miller knows he can trust to do as she is asked, and that is only because she greatly desires his acceptance. To Nataria, any affection is better than none. The lack of strong forces has not stopped William. The Anacron has simply started gathering favors from the Greyboys and the Sons of the Imperial Dragon. His tendency towards leniency on their behalf has led to a mutual understanding with both groups, and a strong desire to aid the Anacron of the Penitent Legion in return for continued support.

William Miller

William Miller was raised a staunch Southern Baptist and taught the importance of God, Country, and White Supremacy from the time he could talk. William tried his hand at being a minister, but found that his lust for young "colored" girls kept getting in his way. He quit the ministry before he could be caught in the act. Disgusted by his own actions, William went back to the farm and tried to set his heart into the work of tilling the fields. When his impure thoughts returned, he joined the Ku Klux Klan in an attempt to squelch his feelings. As a member of the Klan he tortured and murdered ex-slaves along with his brethren each week, and in time his desires began to fade. His career as a farmer and a member of the Klan ended

abruptly when he and his buddies picked the wrong house to assault, and William Miller met a shotgun blast at close range. Even death did not stop the unholy passion that tore through him, and Miller soon learned a few tricks that helped him along the way. In 1911, Miller became known briefly in Atlanta as "Jack the Ripper," surpassing his namesake's body count four times over and killing a total of twenty young women in violent fashions that exceeded the Whitechapel Ripper's penchant for mutilation. He has tried to curb his murderous tendencies, but has not yet succeeded. Miller has gone on a rampage in the Skinlands on several more occasions, normally satisfying himself with only one or two victims. His favorite victims are those of mixed heritage.

In recent years, Miller has risen to lead the so-called Penitent Legions. There was a great deal of debate over his soul initially, as he was claimed by the Penitent Legion as well as the Legion of the Grim. The Anacron of Fate was called in, and after a great deal of deliberation, it was ruled that he indeed belonged to the Laughing Lady. Miller has learned to let those in his "care" do as they please, and they in turn do not interfere with his administrative duties.

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Jester

Cohort: Anacron of the Penitent Legions

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Athletics 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 2, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 3



Skills: Crafts 3, Drive 1, Leadership 4, Meditation 2, Melee 5, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Linguistics 1, Medicine 2, Occult 2, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 5, Eidolon 1, Notoriety 5

Passions: Show himself to be a competent ruler (Pride) 3, Forget his past misdeeds (Guilt) 4

Arcanos: Embodiment 5, Moliate 4, Outrage 4, Puppetry 3

Fetters: Klan regalia, 1; Knives, 4; Descendants of his bastards, 3

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Parent

Angst: 5

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Tainted Relic 5 (A long black whip, woven with sharp fragments of Stygian steel. This whip does Strength + 4 damage)

Shadow Passions: Demonstrate the superiority of the white race by subjugating and sexually abusing others (Pride) 5, Remember every abuse and assault ever committed (Shame) 3

Image: William Miller looks around 25, with a blond crew cut and dark grey eyes. He is lightly freckled and heavily muscled and stands 6' 7" tall. Miller is normally dressed in farmer's clothes, but occasionally he wears the full dress uniform of his position or the full regalia of a Klansman.

Roleplaying Hints: You don't like letting anyone near you. They might see past the mask you wear at all times and see what you are really like. You seldom speak unless you have business to attend to. You enjoy the antics of the Greyboys and the Sons of the Dragon, and often entice favors from them in return for a promise of leniency.

Natatia King

Natatia was only three when her father lost his job as a result of drug addiction. By the age of five, she had grown used to the decaying apartment building provided by the state. By seven, she never even questioned what she had done anymore, she simply took the beatings her parents heaped on her. She died at the age of eight, shot by a crazed pusher who wanted the money her parents owed him for the drugs he provided. The tides have turned, and now Natatia harasses her parents or anyone else that happens to live in her building.

Natatia never understood what was going on in her short life, and even in death she searches for explanations. Of course, if a child is given no explanations, she will make up her own, and such is the case with Natatia.

While many people think Natatia is mad, she just feels that she sees things more clearly than others do. She believes she understands the workings of the world, and in a certain way she does. It is just that her view of the world is not in synch with that of most people.

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Child

Cohort: Victims of Madness

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 1, Stamina 1

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Awareness 4, Intimidation 2

Streetwise: 2

Skills: Crafts 1, Performance 2, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Medicine 1

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Eidolon 4, Memoriam 3

Passions: Understand her parents (Curiosity) 4, Find her toys (Hope) 3

Arcanos: Castigate 3, Embodiment 2, Outrage 5, Pandemium 3, Phantasm 5

Fetters: Parents, 5; Apartment where she died, 4

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 9

Shadow: Leech

Angst: 3

Thorns: Trick of the Light, Freudian Slip

Shadow Passions: Avoid Parents (Terror) 3, Kill the man who shot her (Hate) 5

Image: Natatia appears alternately as a cute little moppe with pink bows and her Sunday dress, smiling, happy and carefree, and as a gaunt, shriveled child, bloody from the endless beatings she received at the hands of her parents. She has even



down herself with the gaping wound in her chest that killed her.

Roleplaying Hints: You like people, dead ones at least. But you love playing pranks. The really good pranks even get you new playmates. You are finally having fun, and you will have fun if you have to kill every single member of the Quick that ever enters your building. Still, you do have a soft spot for children, will even play with them given a chance, and tend to hunt down those who would hurt them.

The Gaunt Legion

The Gaunt Legion, composed of those who died of pestilence, is led by Carl Hammond and, sadly, continues to grow without assistance. Carl does not agree with slavery or with punishment in general and does his best to avoid confrontation. With Sue, he is one of the most vocal opponents of the move toward "feudalism," insisting that it is deceptive and just as morally wrong, regardless of what it is called. To Carl, a normal day's work involves listening to the troubles suffered by most of his Legion and making whatever efforts he can to ease the suffering of the newest recruits. Carl is very non-political by nature and only shows up at the regular meetings of the Anacreons to avoid having someone else step in during his absence. Carl dislikes most of the Anacreons as a general rule, feeling that they are self-serving and act too much like politicians. The only exception to this rule is Mary Anne Robinson. As she is allowed no vote as the Anacreon of Fate, he will often discuss matters with her in advance and vote as she believes is right. Mary Anne returns like for like by making certain that very few people ever have a chance to cause Carl trouble.

Carl Hammond

Carl was born in Louisiana and moved to Atlanta as soon as the city developed a reputation for having a liberal attitude toward sexuality. As a gay man in the South, Carl welcomed the opportunity to live in a supportive community of accepting people. While there were a few occasions when Atlanta was less than hospitable, Carl's black belt in Shotokan took care of any potential problems. He opened the Queen Mary's Pub only a few years before the doctors discovered that he had inoperable cancer, but he died a rich man just the same as a result of the bar's popularity. The bar is now run by Carl's friend Alice Carlyle, who has opted to respect Carl's wishes and leave the bar as it is.

Carl has watched the development of viruses resistant to antibiotics with a great deal of apprehension. Always a proponent of better funding for AIDS research, Carl now faces another dilemma: as Anacreon and representative of the Skeletal Lord, it is his responsibility to reap the souls of those who die of disease. However, Carl fears that his will soon be the



Carl Hammond

most popular Legion, and he can not help but worry. Still, he has accepted his new post gracefully, and will continue to do his best to carry out his duties.

Nature: Bon Vivant

Demeanor: Gallant

Cohort: Anacreon of the Gaunt Legions

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Innovation 2, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Crafts 3, Drive 2, Leadership 2, Melee 4

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Computers 1, Medicine 2

Arcanos: Castigate 4, Keening 4, Moltate 3, Usury 2

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 5, Eidolon 3, Memorium 5

Passions: Make the transition to the Shadowlands as easy as possible (Kindness) 3, Rule fairly and honestly (Pride) 4

Fetters: Queen Mary's Pub, 5; DeKalb Medical Center, 3

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Abuser

Angst: 6

Thorns: Soul Gem

Shadow Passions: Impede medical research, 4; Destroy the Center for Disease Control, 5

Image: Carl appears as a slight but handsome youth. His hair is light blonde and falls about his head in waves of gold. He is 5'11" in height and athletically lean. His eyes are a dull grey-green, and he is nearly always smiling.

Roleplaying Hints: You had a good life, and you want to make the transition over to the afterlife as easy as possible for your friends. Always treat the newly-Dead gently; let them know that they are not alone in Death.

The Legion of Fate

Mary Anne Robinson keeps her opinions mostly to herself, but she does discuss matters with the few Anacreons she likes, including Carl, Sue and Sarah. None of the three is ever easy to get along with, but in comparison to the other Anacreons, they are positively wonderful. Mary Anne and the Legion of Fate spend most of their time watching over the city as a whole and pointing out where problems are likely to arise. Few of Fate's Legion are wrong about their assumptions.

Mary Anne Robinson

Mary Anne Robinson loved ballet as a child and had a passion for music. Both were cut short when she was killed at the intersection she now haunts. She left behind two daughters and an estranged husband who resented that her ballet school made more money than his dry wall business. She has held the position of Anacreon of Fate since her predecessor disappeared. Mary Anne likes to believe that he Transcended, and the word of many who knew him seems to support this.

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Dilettante

Cohort: Anacreon of Fate

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3



Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Awareness 2, Athletics 5, Dodge 4, Expression 1, Intuition 4

Skills: Crafts 5, Drive 3, Leadership 4, Melee 2, Performance 5, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Computers 3, Enigmas 4, Investigation 4

Arcanos: Argos 3, Keening 5, Lifeweb 3

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 4, Eidolon 4, Memoria 3, Hierarchy Status 5, Wealth 3

Passions: Continue to care for her family (Love) 2, Oversee the operation of her Ballet School (Pride) 3, Judge all wraiths fairly and honestly, 5

Fetters: Husband and children, 3; Ballet School, 5

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 9

Shadow: The Martyr

Angst: 4

Thorns: Freudian Slip, Trick of Light

Shadow Passions: Abandon the arts (Despair) 3, Judge in favor of those who support her (Greed) 4

Image: Mary Anne is slender and graceful. Her limbs are well toned, and her figure is tall and willowy. She has long black hair, normally worn in a knot, and dark brown eyes. Her features are striking, and she wears clothing that reflects her obsession with dance: long full flowing skirts and leotards primarily.

Roleplaying Hints: You are lonely. You miss your family and the children you taught. Still, yours is an important position and you will do your best to uphold the beliefs of the Ladies of Fate. Smile seldom, and try to make your point as quickly as possible. You seem a little brusque to most people, but that's only because you try so hard to hide your feelings of despair. Unbeknownst to you, several of the small children you have adopted in lieu of your own are members of the Heme Riders.

The Ponce de Leon Ladies' Haunting Society

The Haunting Society is a very small group, only three strong at this time, but they are also very influential among the older Hierarchy wraiths. The three Scarletts are well-known for their quarterly cotillions, events that bring together the elite of Atlanta's Shadowlands. The cotillions are social events on a grand scale, and a new wraith garnering an invitation to one of these outstanding events could well gain a great deal of prestige if she could carry herself with the proper dignity. These events are simply parties to some, but to many of the older wraiths, they are a chance to remember a time when life and the afterlife were easier, a time long gone. New Hie-

such wraiths are introduced to the society of the Restless, much like young belles are presented at cotillions of the Quick. Announcements of appointments to offices are also often made. The Shattered Chain have made known their dissatisfaction with such pompous affairs, and rumors spread before every ball that one faction or another plans to cause trouble. To date, nothing has occurred.

The Scarleets prefer to avoid sullying their hands with anything along the lines of politics. They have the next cotillion to prepare for, and keeping the Dump just so is a task. The biggest problem is a lack of servants. Besides, the Scarleets have much more important matters to discuss, such as how to locate that dear author, Margaret Mitchell, in the Underworld. The Ponce de Leon Ladies' Haunting Society does not condone violence and certainly has no say in matters such as religion. The worst conflict any of the Scarleets have dealt with in the last few months involved the guest list for the next cotillion.

Scarlett Cramden

Scarlett was born Myrtle Cramden in Teaneck, New Jersey. Her family moved to Atlanta when she was only three, and by the time she was 16 she had read *Gone With The Wind* 17 times. When the movie hit the silver screen, Myrtle attended the afternoon matinees everyday for the entire time the movie ran. Myrtle did more than watch the movie, she memorized every line of dialogue and all but lived the movie. She was never a beautiful woman, but Myrtle carried herself with the grace of a Southern Belle, and flirted incessantly. By the ripe old age of 22, she was married to one Brett Rutger and planning to live happily ever after. Instead, she found that marriage, like life, required work. Myrtle soon became disillusioned, growing more and more bitter with her husband, and finally suffered a nervous collapse at the age of 35. For several months, she went to a psychologist every week, popping various uppers and pretenting that all was well when indeed most assuredly was not. Finally, when she could not tolerate the thought of living with her husband any longer, Scarlett turned her husband, her house and herself in a fire that raged for over 12 hours. Before burning her husband, she made certain that he could not escape by shoving a knife through his throat.

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Cohort: The Ponce de Leon Ladies' Haunting Society

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 1, Intuition 3

Skills: Awareness 1, Crafts 2, Leadership 3, Performance 4



Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Linguistics 2, Medicine 1, Occult 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifacts 1, Contacts 4, Eidolon 3, Haunt 1, Hierarchy Status 3, Wealth 2

Passions: Jealous of the life others led (Envy) 3, Seeks to be the first to discover the manuscript to the sequel to *Gone With The Wind* (Jealousy) 4

Arcanos: Argos 1, Castigate 3, Usury 3

Fetters: The Dump, 1; Family estate in Roswell, 1

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Perfectionist

Angst: 4

Thorns: Freudian Slip

Shadow Passions: Destroy the Dump to bring it further into the Shadowlands (Jealousy) 3, Prove that Margaret Mitchell never wrote a sequel (Bitterness) 5

Image: Scarlett, like the other Scarleets, bears a powerful resemblance to Vivian Leigh. She is slightly older and a touch plumper, but otherwise looks remarkably like Scarlett O'Hara. Her clothes tend to look like tattered castoffs from the *Gone With The Wind* costume shop.

Roleplaying Hints: You are the very personification of a Southern lady, never without a smile and a flirtatious look. Never get angry, simply show your displeasure by pretending the offender no longer exists. If a newcomer shows an interest in Southern history or literature, engage them in conversation about the brilliance of Mrs. Mitchell's work.

Pansy Ledbedder

Pansy Ledbedder's real name in life was Scarlett Ledbedder. Born in 1947, Scarlett suffered from polio as a child and spent the majority of her life in a wheelchair. She immersed herself in romance novels and history books to make up for her shyness and because it was easier to read a book than to make a friend. In particular, she was fond of historical romances, chiefly among them *Gone With the Wind*. She died in 1980 after surprising the three youths who had broken into her house. Scarlett took on the name Pansy after crossing the Shroud because it was the name Margaret Mitchell had originally chosen for Scarlett in earlier drafts of *Gone With the Wind*, or so she has been told. The other Scarleets think this is silly and pretentious and continue to call her Scarlett, much to her chagrin. Since crossing the Shroud, Pansy has decided that she will try her hand at writing as a way of passing the time and paying tribute to her idol, Margaret Mitchell.

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Haunt: The Dump

Cohort: The Ponce de Leon Ladies' Haunting Society

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 1

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Awareness 3, Expression 4

Skills: Crafts 3, Leadership 1, Performance 3, Survival 4

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Linguistics 4, Medicine 3, Science 2



Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifacts 3, Contacts 4, Eidolon 3, Haunt 1, Hierarchy Status 3, Wealth 2

Passions: Spruce up the Dump without losing its faded charm (Love) 3, Write a romance of her own (Pride) 2

Arcanos: Keening 4, Lifeweb 2, Inhabit 2

Fetters: Murderers, 3; Wheelchair, 1

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: Pusher

Angst: 6

Thorns: Bad Luck, Pact of Doom (Fatalism +2)

Shadow Passions: Destroy the Dump (Hate) 3, Destroy any writing that Pansy does (Envy) 4

Image: Pansy is slender and tall with red hair and green eyes. While at a passing glance she does seem quite similar to Vivian Leigh, she is much less an imitation than the other two Scarleets. Her skin is very pale, and her smile is infectious. Her clothes are frilly, but tend to reflect more modern styles.

Roleplaying Hints: You really are having a great time as a writh. For the first time ever, you can dance at cotillions and you can live life walking on your legs. Still, you want the bastards that killed you to suffer endlessly, so you look for them. Smile, because you really do love the life you are living. You are a passionate soul and never hesitate to tell someone what you think of them. That is part of the freedom you have gained.

Scarlett Grant

Abigail Dennehy Grant was murdered by her husband while he was in a drunken rage. They had lived together as husband and wife for only three years, but in that time they had battled constantly. He demanded a wife that would obey his every whim, and she demanded that he take a leap off the closest building ledge, and then they fought. He only won about half the time. The other times, she would get in a hellion upper-cut or bring a pan down on his head. When he finally got her, she was asleep. He cheated, at least as far as Abby was concerned. Still, she loved him with all her Irish heart and still misses him today. They were briefly reunited while he made his apologies for the shabby way he'd treated her in life, and then he was taken by Oblivion. Though she lived and died before the publication of *Gone With the Wind*, Scarlett Grant read it as soon as she could obtain a relic copy of it and seized upon it as an ideal fantasy life. Upon meeting the other Scarleets, it was Scarlett Grant who proposed that they found the Ladies Haunting Society. In death, she is able to live a life she never could before, and she relishes it.

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Cohort: The Ponce de Leon Ladies' Haunting Society

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3



Scarlet Grant

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Awareness 1, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intuition 4, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Firearms 1, Leadership 4, Melee 2, Performance 2, Stealth 3, Survival 1

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Enigmas 4, Investigation 3, Linguistics 3, Medicine 2, Occult 2

Arcanos: Argos 3, Moliate 4, Outrage 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifacts 2, Contacts 4, Eidolon 5, Haunt 1, Hierarchy Status 3, Wealth 2

Passions: To defend women from abusive relationships (Duty) 3, Preserve the Dump and all other reminders of Margaret Mitchell's life (Love) 4

Fetters: Wedding ring, 2; Collection of romance novels, 4

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Monster

Angst: 6

Thorns: Shadow Life

Shadow Passions: Escape into a fantasy life and forget everything about life before the Shadowlands (Terror) 4, Attempt to "help" people who are abusive by showing them they are loved (Self-destructive Love) 2

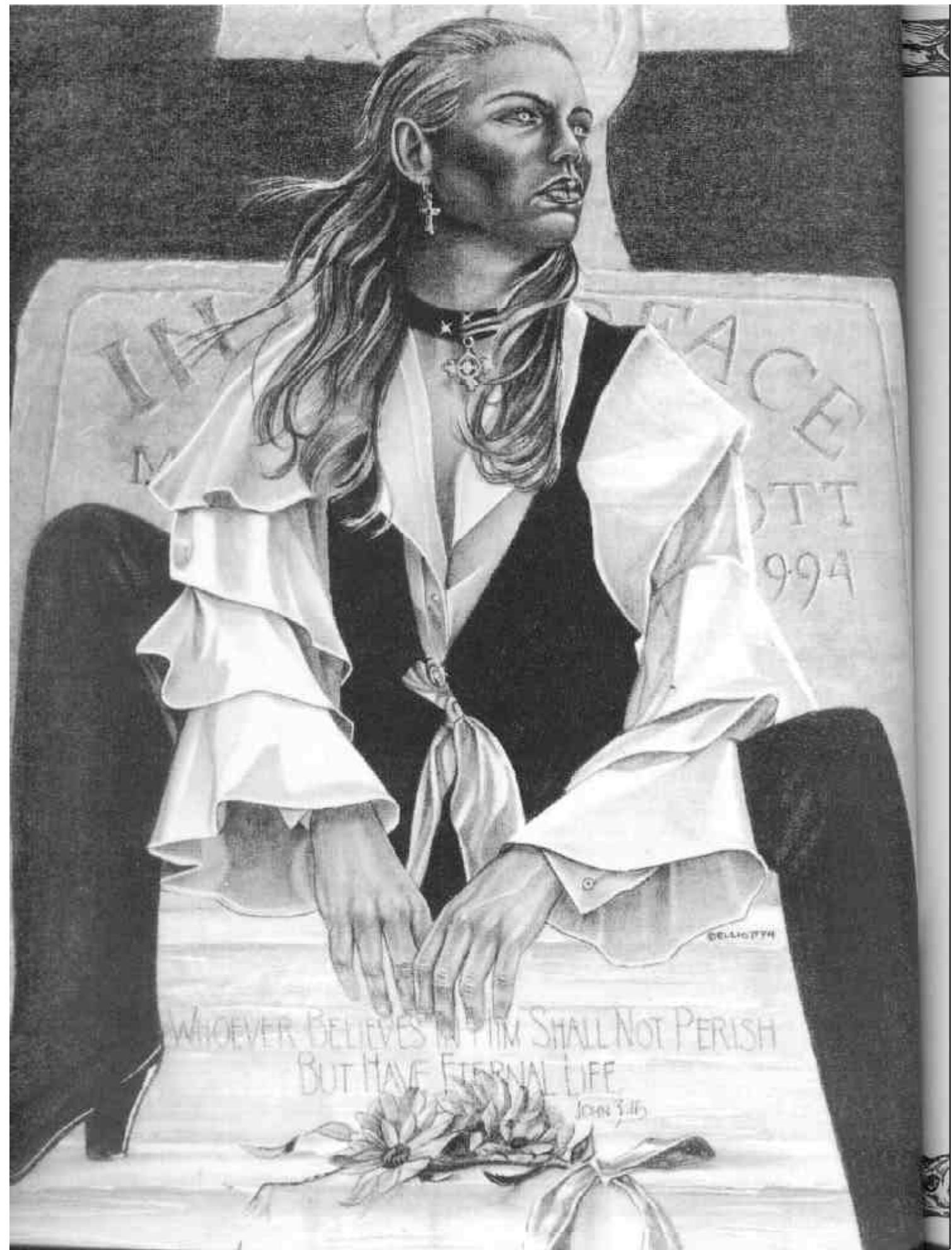
Image: Scarlett is only 5 feet tall with a very muscular physique. Her clothing is always the very finest of fashions from the pre-Civil War era, and her black hair is impeccably styled. Her brown eyes are constantly twinkling, except when she is angered, at which point they blaze.

Roleplaying Hints: You do not take guff from anyone, and you have politely reminded people of that fact on more than one occasion. Your temper is legendary in Atlanta's Shadowlands, and you use that reputation to your advantage. Never threaten, but always make clear that you are not in the mood for an argument, and if that doesn't work, smash your aggressor a good one in the head. When you are in a good mood, laugh and smile and make merry.

Mitchell's "Dump" Consumed in Flame! Ladies Haunting Society Declares Week of Mourning

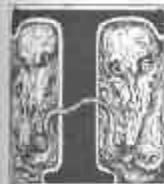
On Saturday September 17, 1994, the building known to residents of Atlanta as "the Dump" burned down. Firefighters were able to save little of the historic structure, which was once the home of Margaret Mitchell, author of *Gone With the Wind*. Rumors abound among the city's Restless Dead as to the cause of the accident. The Quick Blame arsonists, but this may be only a fog-clouded vision of what really happened.

Some blame the Renegades, stating that the Dump was the perfect target for a strike against the Hierarchy. Of all the areas claimed by the Hierarchy of Atlanta, it is one of the least well-protected. Others state that Harley Williams and Sybil Fannisen were seen leaving the scene shortly after the flames began to creep up the old structure. But most fear that it was the Ladies themselves who were responsible for the destruction of this, their most beloved Fetter. A Pardoner who spoke with Pansy shortly after the "accident" indicated that Pansy's Shadow believed that if the house burned down, the Ladies would be able to have it forever in the Shadowlands, unchanged by the ravages of time. While true, this belief led to the destruction of their common Fetter, as well as the loss of one of the most cherished symbols of Atlanta's heritage.



The Heretics:

If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.
—Voltaire, quoted by Bakunin in *God and the State*



here is an amazing number of Heretics in Atlanta, and more are showing themselves all the time. The differences in theological beliefs grow increasingly complex and lead to more factions of Heretics in the Shadowlands, perhaps even more than is usual in Atlanta, which, despite the trappings of tourism and industrialization, is still a city in the heart of the "Bible Belt."

Atlanta's Heretics seldom get along well and seldom acknowledge each other, save when there is no other recourse to fall back on. Similarly, the Hierarchy's lack of cohesion has worked very well to assist the Heretics in forwarding their goals and building a stronger network of hidden agents. To most of the Heretics, the time is not quite right to destroy the Hierarchy, but it is coming closer by the day.

The Hand of Retribution

The Reverend Peter Ashford is a powerfully charismatic man. His followers are exceedingly devout, and few would even dream of betraying the wraith or his vision. Most know too

well what happens to Ashford's enemies. Despite the Hand's desire to gather converts at any cost, they are not without their good points as well. While the meaning of the words has been twisted to some degree, the Hand of Retribution's followers are devout followers of the Bible and believe that they are doing what is best for everyone involved. Who could possibly want permanent damnation instead of salvation? The Hand tries approaching everyone they meet as carefully as they can to ensure that even the most apparently corrupted souls get a chance at retribution. They honestly do not want to hurt anyone, and only do so in the most dire situations. Many rumors abound about the evils of the Hand, but most are only rumors with little basis in fact.

What few people hear about is the surprisingly large numbers of Heretics in this group that suffer very little from Oblivion's taint. Few understand that the Hand protects its own with the same ferocity a mother bear uses to protect her young. As intimidated as the Hierarchy is by these Heretics, the Hand is equally terrified of the Hierarchy. Many of the Hierarchy's most prestigious leaders are living lies and enslaving Restless souls. The Hierarchy believes in imprisoning everyone who disagrees with them and never hesitates to use torture and branding to make their points known, and the



Heretics believe that they must fight fire with fire. They do not brand their enemies, for that would be "using the Mark of the Beast" in the eyes of Peter Ashford.

The Hand of Retribution does not attempt to convert members of other Cults, accepting instead that the foolish Cult members have gone over to worshipping false prophets. The only exception comes from other Cults that have similar beliefs to the Hand. Those are the ones who are simply misguided in the way they worship, not in what they worship.

While the Hand prefers to avoid physical confrontation, they are not beyond using violence against their enemies. As is often the case with Heretic Cults, the Hand is fully capable of reinterpreting and intentionally misquoting a single sentence of the Bible to make their point known: where one week the argument might be to "turn the other cheek," the week after that the argument might just as easily be "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." There is no solid guideline, and the deciding voice is normally that of the Reverend Peter Ashford.

The Hand believes that sinners are meant to be punished—all sinners, especially the Restless Dead. Many of the Hand's followers are well-hidden in the Hierarchy's ranks, and a few even work to insinuate themselves in the ranks of the Renegades. The most dangerous aspect of the Hand is their solid belief that those who speak blasphemy against them must be punished severely and the understanding that enough pain can cause even strict nonbelievers to convert. They are a dangerous faction, as lethal and sinister as the Inquisition at its worst.

The Reverend Peter Ashford is a hard man to serve under. He expects the same unswerving loyalty from his followers that he expects from himself. There is no doubt that Ashford believes his own doctrines, for the tests he has designed to prove the loyalty of his followers are all tests he willingly takes himself.

However, the Hand's doctrines are dangerous at best and require much from the followers. The members of the cult are expected to work vigorously to convert new members and are often pursued by the Hierarchy for attempting to spread the "Truth of Almighty God." The members of this cult are not permitted to remain silent when they see a person doing wrong. They are instead forced to confront the wrong-doer with a list of the sins they have seen and an explanation of what truly lies beyond the cold harsh realms of Purgatory.

Player characters interested in joining with the Hand will face constant scorn for voicing unpleasant views of the Underworld, and worse fates could easily wait around the corner. More than a few members of the cult have been captured and forced into Thralldom, and once captured, they are seldom in the city long enough for any rescue attempts to be made. The Hand also believes that the Knick-Knack Man is back in town and prepared to torture them all for daring to voice their opinions. This knowledge does not actually cause the members of

the Hand much fear, because most of them are also learned in the ways of brainwashing and worse and are confident the will not be taken down by Hierarchy torture.

Players who join with the Hand of Retribution will quickly learn the business of torture and condemnation, provided they survive their indoctrination into the ranks of the Hand. The skills are necessary, because the first level of membership in the Hand requires that new "recruits" be actively sought, captured and converted to the true faith. To be sure, there are rewards for joining the Hand, but would the characters be willing to make the necessary sacrifices? Ashford is a harsh taskmaster, but fair in his own right. Advancement within the ranks is easily achieved. There are those that say the advancement comes swiftly because of the number of cult members that now return from recruiting attempts, but there is no proof to ban the rumors, only hearsay. The only real certainty involving the Hand of Retribution is that Peter Ashford does not forgive betrayal. Those few who have attempted to sell out the Hand for the rewards offered by the Hierarchy have ended up disappearing within days. Are the characters willing to face the risk from both Peter Ashford and from the enemies he has made? Would they dare risk finding out more about his plans and methods if the Hierarchy offered a rich reward?

The Reverend Peter Ashford

The Reverend started his career as a minister when he was only ten years old, following the evangelical circuit through all of the South. Tent revivals always were his preferred method and he still handles tent revivals today. The Reverend died in a tent fire, deliberately set by an angry father to punish him for failing to cure a young girl of her partial paralysis with the power of his faith. While the Reverend spends much of his time in Atlanta, he still wanders to other places from time to time in search of his murderer.

Ironically, Peter Ashford truly found religion after his death. He spent several weeks in a state of near-shock after his caul was removed, pondering the significance of the Shadowlands and the lack of any sign that Heaven or Hell was anywhere to be found. Eventually he drew the conclusion that the Underworld of the wraiths was nothing more than Purgatory, and that he must convert others to the proper way of thinking. He has decided that his destiny is to lead the misguided wretches around him to Heaven, no matter what the cost in souls.

Nature: Critic

Demeanor: Fanatic

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 4, Expression 4, Intuition 5, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Leadership 5, Performance 5, Stealth 3, Survival 4



Reverend Peter Ashford

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 5, Computers 1, Enigmas 4, Investigation 3, Linguistics 2, Medicine 3, Occult 2, Religion 3, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Eidolon 4, Haunt 3, Memoriam 2, Notoriety 3, Heretic Status 5, Relics 2 (A Tent and Bible), Wealth 3

Passions: Devoutly religious (Faith) 5, Feels for the heathens (Pity) 2

Arcanos: Castigate 5, Fatalism 4, Keening 3, Outrage 2, Usury 2

Fetters: Hidden bank account, 1; Bible, 2; Gold Ring, 1

Shadow: The Freak

Angst: 4

Thorns: Bad Luck, Trick of Light

Shadow Passions: To corrupt the innocent (Lust) 3, Undermine faith (Vengeance) 3

Image: The Reverend Peter is a short, plump man with a receding hairline, pale skin and three chins. He wears round spectacles and carries with him a leather-bound copy of the Holy Bible. His expression normally shows kindness and friendship when it comes to his followers, but his face reveals only righteous indignation when dealing with what he refers to as the heathens and unwashed masses."

Roleplaying Hints: You try to convince the heathens to convert, but so few are willing to listen. Most refuse to accept that Transcendence is a real possibility for them, not just an abstract concept. Those that will listen you treat with care, not wanting to scare them away. The foolish Restless Dead that refuse your offers of salvation are either ignored if they are too well known or "converted" against their will. You are

not above using the Hierarchy's own doctrine against them. You've discovered over time that the best way to gather new converts is to catch them before they know everything about how the Underworld's society works.

The Greyboys

Since the end of the Civil War, gatherings of wraiths have gone under the name of the Greyboys. However, the group has changed repeatedly in the last century, often switching from a Heretic Cult to a Renegade Gang. At present, Captain James Rourke, the "Greymaster," rules the group as a Heretic Cult.

When Rourke learned of the Hierarchy and their influence over the lives of the Living, he became enraged for a time and later he became sullen and brooding. Finally, after several years of running with the Greyboys as a Renegade Gang, he started a conversion over to his new philosophy: the Hierarchy belongs strictly to control the souls of the Restless Dead, and in so doing, they have even barred the gates of Heaven. Every individual interpretation of what Heaven is has been barred from entry by the armies of Stygia, and so the Restless are locked forever in Purgatory. Purgatory is not where souls belong. The individual's mind will free the soul to its proper destination given the opportunity to do so. While once the "Grey" in Greyboys stood for the pallor of their uniforms and the shifty nature of their loyalties, it now reflects the pallor of life in the bleak Shadowlands.

There can be no quarter given. The battle must come to pass, and the Hierarchy must be defeated at all costs. The problem is getting enough weapons to manage their goal. Archibald Stane is one of Rourke's henchmen and, along with the Greymaster, he works primarily on schemes to destroy the Hierarchy and gain weapons. As with many of the Cults, the Greyboys desperately wish to convert others to their beliefs. But they do not believe that more members to their Cult is the only answer. The Greyboys welcome converts, but do not care if a few refuse their offers.

A surprising number of Heretics and Renegades agree with the basic doctrines of the Greyboys, and many have offered to assist them when the time comes to assault the Hierarchy. Just how much of the assistance offered is a sham is not known at this time. The Greyboys hold all other Heretics as weak and confused, certainly not capable of seeing just how dangerous the Hierarchy is in reality. They do not advertise their commitment to destroy Stygia, but they do express their curiosity over the fact that no one else realizes what is so painfully obvious to them.

Some of the older Greyboys disagree with what Rourke has done, claiming that his interference in their politics has led to nothing but trouble. While many of the older wraiths are very racist in their beliefs, there has been talk of joining with members of the Shattered Chain and taking control from

the upstart "Greymaster." Surely the Chain can be made to see reason...

The Greyboys are a dangerous Cult indeed, at least in the eyes of the Hierarchy. But they are also a powerful Cult, and one that believes in several ideas that are worthwhile in the eyes of many among the Restless Dead. They are also actively seeking new recruits. Joining with the Greyboys would allow certain benefits to the characters, not the least of which is a certainty that they will gain protection and weapons with which to fight against the Hierarchy.

Should the players decide to join with the Greyboys, they will soon discover just how deadly a force the Heretics have become. Active capture of Hierarchy weapons is already taking place, and the Greymaster's military tactics have led to several grand schemes that could well lead to the disruption of Atlanta's Hierarchy and the possible fall of the Anacrons. The power void left by their fall could lead to a war of epic proportions or to a new coalition of Heretical powers.

Some say that the Greyboys have plans to see that the entire city is consumed by barrow-flame in a riot of purging fire. Is this true? How can they be stopped? Should they be stopped? Should the players warn others, and if they do, what will happen if the Hierarchy finds out about the Greyboys plans? Are the Greyboys in the right?

Captain James Rourke "the Greymaster"

James Rourke, like Jebediah O'Rourke, suffers from a family curse. James planned to live his life as best he could, working hard for a living and raising the unexpected family that developed when he got his girlfriend pregnant. James opted to do the "honorable" thing and marry her, and together they had a fine young son named Kirk. By the time their son was born, however, James was already in advanced training as a Green Beret and preparing to enter the jungles of Viet Nam. By their son's first birthday, James was in his second tour of duty, and the time in the jungles had definitely had a negative affect on him. The loving, romantic boy that had married his sweetheart was replaced by a cold, calculating killing machine. James had grown extremely cautious and bordered on paranoid. That did not save him from a bullet from tearing the majority of his head away from his shoulders. James spent a few timeless eternities fighting against the nightmares his own twisted psyche created in his mind and in the Tempest before returning to Atlanta. There he found his wife had been forced into a life of prostitution in order to support herself and their child. At that moment, all that was good and decent in James Rourke died, replaced by the cold empty depths of despair. As time went on, James learned of the Hierarchy and the factions that fight against the rulers of Charon's Underworld. He decided to create his own faction, one that would lead the city to greatness. He and his Greyboys have been trying to destroy the Hierarchy for over twenty years, but to date they have met with little



Captain James O'Rourke

success. All of that may soon change, now that his son, Kirk, is coming of age. The Greymaster has plans for his son. He is simply waiting for the right time...

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Bravo

Cohort: The Greyboys

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 4, Awareness 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Craft 2, Drive 3, Firearms 5, Leadership 5, Melee 4, Stealth 4, Survival (Jungle) 4, Demolitions 3

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Investigation 2, Linguistics 3, Medicine 1

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Artifacts 1 (Stygian Sword), Contacts 4, Haunt 2, Memoriam 1, Status 4

Passions: Wishes to rule Atlanta (Greed) 4, Hated the Hierarchy and Jebediah O'Rourke, his grandfather (Hate) 3

Arcanos: Lifeweb 2, Moliate 5, Outrage 2, Puppetry 5

Fetters: Wife, 1; Son, 1

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Director

Angst: 6

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Bad Luck, Freudian Slip

Shadow Passions: Incite people to perish in service to the Greyboys (Hate) 5

Image: The Greymaster lives up to his nickname with ease, dressing completely in grey—the better to move undetected through the Shadowlands. He is lean and hard from his time in Viet Nam, and his face is sharply angled. When around the other Greyboys, James is fairly relaxed and easygoing. When surrounded by strangers, his face becomes as hard as granite, and his eyes tend to rove constantly. His hair is red, as is the shaggy beard he grew in Nam.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a man with a mission, and that mission is the utter destruction of the Hierarchy. The rumors you've heard state that it was the Hierarchy that forced the hands of the Quick into a bloody battle with the Vietnamese. That battle led to your death, and you do not feel very forgiving about being killed before your time. Explain passionately to anyone that asks just why you hate the Hierarchy, using your own grandfather as an example of what qualities the Hierarchy looks for in a leader.

Archibald Stane

Archibald Stane died a few days after he crossed into Cambodia by way of Viet Nam. Archie had the misfortune of being the point man in his platoon, and discovered the hard way that tripwires don't always lead to mines that kill quickly. The tree-painted bamboo spikes that tore through his body did not kill him, but the diseases that entered his body with the spikes most certainly did. Archie Stane remembered how valiantly James Rourke tried to save him, carrying his larger frame for hours on end, trying to reach the safe zone where the choppers could land. He slipped away into Death's embrace only moments before bullets tore his would-be savior apart. Upon returning to the Atlanta Necropolis with Rourke, he discov-



Archibald Stane

ered that his family was gone. He has searched endlessly for his wife and their twin girls, but to no avail. Until he can locate them, he works alongside the Greymaster, paying back a debt to the one man who cared enough to try saving his worthless hide.

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Conformer

Cohort: The Greyboys

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Athletics 3, Awareness 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Craft 3, Drive 2, Firearms 3, Leadership 1, Melee 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Linguistics 3, Medicine 2

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 2, Eidolon 3, Haunt 2, Mentor 2

Passions: Must find missing family (Love) 4, Racist, hates Asians (Hate) 3,

Arcanos: Argos 4, Outrage 3, Usury 1

Fetters: House in Atlanta where he once lived, 1; Dog tags, 2

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 5

Shadow: The Parent

Angst: 3

Thorns: Bad Luck, Shadow Life

Shadow Passions: Undermine Rourke's authority (Envy) 3

Image: Archie Stane is a blocky man with brown hair in a military buzz-cut and a serious case of acne. Archie wears the standard grey "uniform" of a Greyboy. Archie seems imminently bored with everything that goes on around him, unless he is listening to James Rourke, in which case he looks mildly interested.

Roleplaying Hints: There are only two things that matter anymore: Captain Rourke and your family. You do whatever Rourke asks of you, unless it goes against your code of ethics. These days, very little goes against your nature.

Church of Unholy Ecstasy

Denzil Taylor leads the most influential of several different Cults that follow the path to "Hell." Denzil and his followers are creatures that really can perform miracles, or so they would have everyone else believe. Many of the sacrifices made at Denzil's altar are nothing but showmanship. The souls that mysteriously disappear are shunted into the coffers of the Church of Unholy Ecstasy. The numbers sacrificed to date are small but growing as Denzil rewards his loyal followers with new toys and Relics given to him in exchange for the souls he

delivers. Denzil does not tolerate betrayal, nor does he tolerate questions that are too close to the truth. Anyone who discovers what the Followers of Unholy Ecstasy are up to is hunted and destroyed at the first opportunity.

While it is not recommended that player characters join with Denzil Taylor or his Church, there is always a chance that they will consider him a viable option. Denzil serves only his masters, and he will gladly take the players aboard as members of the Cult. But will he carry them to his masters as another sacrifice, or will he teach them the ways of demonic servitude? The Church is not known for its humanitarian efforts, and any character's Angst would likely grow higher and higher as they performed the rites of this Church.

Denzil Taylor

Denzil toyed with the occult for a long time, and finally decided that playing the part of the "demonic stranger" would be a great way to get women, drugs and money. His illicit charm lured a great many people onto the "dark paths." The one thing that he never counted on was running across a woman who really was a Satanist and perfectly willing to prove it by sacrificing him to her dark masters. Upon reaching the Underworld, Denzil decided that the time had come to put his practices to use again, this time for real. This may well be Hell, and he intends to be on the winning side of the battle.

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Jester

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5



Denzil Taylor

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Awareness 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Expression 3, Intuition 3, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Craft 4, Drive 2, Firearms 3, Leadership 4, Melee 1, Performance 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Enigmas 2, Investigation 4, Linguistics 2, Medicine 3, Occult 5, Religion 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifacts 2 (an ornate sacrificed dagger and a medallion), Contacts 3, Eidolon 1, Heretic Status 4, Wealth 3

Passions: Waiting for summons by demonic lords (Faith) 1, Seeks out "earthly pleasures" (Lust) 2, Fears for his soul (Terror) 4

Arcanos: Argos 4, Castigate 4, Pandemonium 5

Fetters: Sacrificial Altar, 3; The collected works of Anne Vey, 1

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Parent

Angst: 5

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Dark Allies 3, Infamy 1, Shadow Trait (+1 Manipulation)

Shadow Passions: Show everyone that Denzil's powers are all a sham (Self-Hatred), 3; Make Denzil look like a fool (Insecurity), 2

Image: Denzil is clean cut with short brown hair and hazel eyes. He stands 6'3" in height and is very good shape. He normally wears a white robe with black trim and hood, and a mask that is completely featureless and made of Stygian silver. He almost never leaves his Haunt, but when he does, he is dressed in the finest yuppie clothes he can find.

Roleplaying Hints: Never let them see that you are a bastard. Always treat the newcomers well, and promise them everything they could want. You are everyone's best friend, and you never have anything bad to say about anyone. When it comes to your competition in the Heretics, simply smile and shake your head. Let everyone understand through your silence that the other Heretics are all just children trying to play in a grown-up's world. Perhaps if you can gather enough followers and enough souls, you can exchange them for your freedom from this nightmarish afterlife.

Followers of Samedi

Raphael Benouvre follows the doctrines given to him by his master, the Baron Samedi. Samedi expects loyalty and receives that loyalty from his servant. Raphael is a sly charismatic man who works diligently to increase the power of his Cult and just as diligently to ensure that the Shattered Chain is strong enough to resist any attempts to cause them harm. Every member of his Cult is also a member of the Shattered Chain, the Renegade gang, though the same cannot be said in

severe. Followers of Samedi would almost qualify as a Renegade Gang in and of themselves, but the careful rituals they perform and the unusual powers they are alleged to develop have qualified them as one of the most dangerous Cults in Atlanta's Shadowlands. They believe that their rites bring them closer to Transcendence. Ironically enough, they have done absolutely nothing to break the Code of Charon: they have simply announced that they exist. Even Raphael Benouvre follows the laws presented by the Hierarchy, only moving astray from the laws when the problem of white supremacy rears its ugly head. While not in total agreement with everything that the Shattered Chain does, The Followers of Samedi agree completely that the supremacists of the Dragon-Sons must be stopped and destroyed.

There are a few members of this Cult intent on completely taking over the Shattered Chain, believing that they know what is best and how to bring the Sons of the Imperial Dragon to their knees. To date, the only thing that has stopped the more radical faction is the commanding presence of Raphael Benouvre. A few members of the Cult believe that Raphael has led the Cult for too long, growing weak and confused, and that perhaps the time has come for a stronger leader to step in and take his place.

Raphael Benouvre is a force to be reckoned with, or at least that is the belief held by most who have met him. He has made no secret of his Cult activities, and he has obeyed every law of the Stygian Hierarchy, paying his dues and serving the interests of the Hierarchy as if he believed in the rules devoutly. In truth, the Followers of Samedi believe that they serve the great Loa, Baron Samedi, the master of the Restless Dead. There are allegations that the Loa works directly through a radical group of vampires that devoutly follow the powerful Loa's wishes and are from time to time filled with the Loa's power and spirit alike. Still, Raphael has yet to meet any of the Walking Dead who serve Samedi as there are none of that bloodline currently in Atlanta.

There is little danger of interference from the Hierarchy. Raphael has seen to that by officially supporting the actions of the ruling powers in the Necropolis. But their affiliations with the Shattered Chain have made enemies of the Sons of the Imperial Dragons and many of the Greyboys as well. No member of the Followers of Samedi has ever acted in unison with the Chain in an assault against the Hierarchy, but there are constant skirmishes with the white supremacists in Atlanta's Shadowlands. Surprisingly, a number of the Followers of Samedi are Caucasian, Hispanic and Oriental.

In the long run, the Followers of Samedi can offer little to the players, save a relative safety from the Hierarchy that few others could hope to match among the Heretics. There is always the possibility that the Hierarchy would like to find the truth of this matter and could recruit the player characters. The risks seem lighter than with infiltrating some of the other Cults and Gangs, but there is still a real element of danger.

Benouvre is not known for his tolerance of traitors, and if even a part of the rumors about his amazing powers is true, the characters would indeed be walking a razor's edge when spying on the charismatic leader of the Followers.

Raphael Benouvre

Raphael came to the United States from Haiti in the late 1700s aboard a slave-ship bound for Southern plantations. He escaped several times, only to be captured and returned. It was at this point that he recalled some of the strange tales he had heard as a child. He was already familiar with the basic tenets of voodoo and quickly learned how to contact entities. He became particularly attracted to the one calling himself Baron Samedi and over the course of a decade distinguished himself for unwavering devotion and loyalty to the Baron. When the Civil War broke out, Raphael ran fast and hard to gain his freedom and fight against the South. He gladly joined the battle to fight against those who had been his captors for so many years. When he came back to Atlanta with Sherman's troops, he was shot and killed on his first day of combat. Since then, Raphael has gained in power and prestige, listening to the voice of Baron Samedi and advising all who were willing to listen. Rumors persist that Raphael can control the Restless Dead and disposes of his enemies by devouring their Corpus. No one has confirmed any of the rumors, and in fact Raphael may well be the one spreading them to increase his reputation.

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Gallant

Cohort: Followers of Samedi

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5



Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Awareness 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 5
Skills: Craft 3, Drive 2, Firearms 3, Leadership 3, Melee 3, Performance 2
Knowledges: Computers 2, Investigation 2, Linguistics 4, Medicine 3, Occult 5, Religion 5, Science 2
Backgrounds: Allies 3, Eidolon 1, Mentor 4, Heretic Status 2, Wealth 3
Passions: To learn more about voodoo (Curiosity) 2, Desires revenge upon those who enslaved him (Hatred) 2
Arcanos: Castigate 3, Keening 3, Outrage 2, Puppetry 3
Fetters: Chains that bound him in life, 2; Chalice he used in his devotions, 3
Willpower: 7
Pathos: 7
Shadow: The Abuser
Angst: 4

Thorns: Dark Allies 5, Death's Sigil, Pact of Doom (+1 Outrage)

Shadow Passions: To destroy anything relating to the Confederacy (Hate) 3; To weaken others faith in Samedi (Bitterness) 2

Image: Raphael has short black hair and dark brown skin. He is amazingly lean, but his body is athletic and well-muscled. His back beats the scars of several beatings, and he still has bloody marks where he was shot to death during the Civil War. He wears the uniform of a Union Soldier with pride.

Roleplaying Hints: You smile a great deal, and you frown just as often. Though you try not to let it show, you bear a great resentment to the Caucasians that held you as a slave for almost a hundred years. Also, you know things that no one else knows, and that adds a certain smugness to your attitude. When you find a wraith interested in the occult, do your best to gather information through questions and make them understand that Samedi can offer them power beyond what they now know.

The Life on Mars Coalition

The Lifers, as they call themselves, believe that life in the Skinlands was only a test, an accidental burp in the cosmos that everyone must endure. There surely must be something more, something that the Hierarchy is trying to hide. The truth is out there, but it must be sought. Generally ignored and unpopular in life, the Life on Mars Coalition has become something of a phenomenon in the Shadowlands. Their numbers are growing rapidly, and the arguments that they have developed to prove their point about life on other planets are filled with facts and figures that are amazingly accurate. While for

the most part a quiet group of Heretics, they have nonetheless managed to gather more power than any other Cult running in the Necropolis. They claim this is because they speak on the truth, but there are others who simply point out that their belief that all races and sexes are equal has done much to increase their popularity. Nor are these statements simply propaganda. The Lifers do believe in equality of the sexes and races, as fervently as they believe in the truths recited on syndicated sci-fi shows everywhere. There are claims from some of the members of the Cult that the Void leads to the truth, but that no one can find the truth until they have prepared themselves for a perfect existence by removing their biases and expanding their minds to conceive of a perfect world of harmony and the occasional adventure.

Bartholomew Myron Bentley and Abdul II Habib are the current leaders or "Admirals" of the Lifers, and they take their posts much more seriously than they ever dreamed they would when they founded the Cult. The initial purpose of the Lifers was simply to stop the preposterous level of racism running rampant in the Necropolis, but as time went on, they became more and more convinced that the answer to all of the Restless' problems lay in the stars. There simply has to be a better answer to the problems faced by everyone in the Underworld than following the doctrines of a crusty old wraith who died a long time ago, and that is the truth that the Life on Mars Coalition preaches.

The fate of Gene Roddenberry, creator of Star Trek, has yet to be discovered. As he is one of their greatest idols, the Lifers would like very much to find him. He has not been seen in the Shadowlands, giving rise to speculation that he Transcended instantly. Some wraiths make jokes about Roddenberry being "beamed up," but the Lifers believe that he has found his way to the truth they seek.

The Hierarchy has yet to take the Lifers and their quest for the stars seriously. But a few members of the Hierarchy have noticed that many members of the various Cohorts seem perfectly willing to be seen talking with members of the Cult. Several have even been overheard using lines from the Coalition's Doctrine, such as "To Boldly Go Where No Wraith Has Gone Before." While there has been little done about this Cult in the past, the Hierarchy is beginning to take notice of the Life on Mars Coalition and is starting to wonder if the gatherings that take place in the name of the Lifers are a threat to their power.

While the Coalition is a Heretical Cult, they are more relaxed about the philosophies they express than most of the others. That is not necessarily a good thing. The Hierarchy has noticed that the Cult is gaining a great deal of influence, and some of the other cults have taken to watching the Lifers as well. The Church of Unholy Ecstasy, the Greyboys and the Hand of Retribution all have reasons for disliking the Lifers, and the primary reason in every case is that the Coalition has started pulling recruits from their own groups.

If the players opt to join this group, they could find themselves in a holy war that matches the ferocity of the original Crusades. The Coalition has very little influence, but they are perceived as extremely powerful. The Reverend Peter Ashford, leader of the Hand of Retribution, is convinced that the misguided sheep of the Life on Mars Coalition must be destroyed or taught the error of their ways. However, every person he has sent so far has failed to come back into the fold. The ex-members of the Hand are still seen around town from time to time, but are careful not to get too close to the members of the Hand with whom they once associated.

The Reverend Ashford is convinced that the Life on Mars Coalition is dealing in deviltry and is planning to fight fire with fire. He is not above using brainwashing techniques and vicious counter-assaults on his enemies and the lost souls who have been driven away from him. If the player characters are members of the Lifers, they could be chosen as perfect targets simply because, to the Reverend's way of thinking, the Coalition could not have completely "twisted their poor souls beyond repair" as yet.

The Greyboys do not condone the escapist mentality of the Coalition and intend to shackle them into servitude given half a chance. The problem, as far as the Greyboys are concerned, is that the leaders of the Life on Mars Coalition are all just children, and they are convinced that a few years of hard labor would make men out of the whole Cult.

To Denzil Taylor and his Church of Unholy Ecstasy, the Lifers are perfect examples of the sort of wreaths that desperately need to be corrupted. The Lifers need a good example of the benefits of decadence, and Denzil is just the man to help them learn a few lessons. Denzil aims at being more passive in his assault and is working with the mages whom he serves to find the best means of corrupting the young fools. The first move is planned by simply throwing a few attractive women into the group in the hopes of leading the Coalition astray. Any player characters who are female and attractive could possibly be recruited for the activity or destroyed if they were linked at as a potential obstacle to the Church's goals.

Then there is the Hierarchy. The Hierarchy's plans are hideously straightforward, and their goal is the eradication of the entire Cult. The Coalition is still new and should prove to be enough to stop with a proper show of force. The rumors still persist that a Legion is coming from Stygia, prepared to set these upstarts the error of their ways.

Any way you look at the picture, the Life on Mars Coalition has hard times ahead, unless someone with the technical or military know-how comes along to aid them in their time of need.

Abdul II Habib

Abdul had the misfortune of being both a scrawny boy and something of a nerd in addition to being born in a foreign



Abdul II Habib

land. Abdul's family moved to Georgia when he was only four years old, and until the age of 17, he did his best to make friends and create a life for himself. His father owned a small shoe repair store next to a video arcade. On many afternoons, he would attend play games at the arcade while waiting for his father's store to close. As time progressed, he made a few friends and learned the glories of "Star Trek" and "Battlestar Galactica." Both Abdul and his best friend, Arnold Weinstein, loved to watch the reruns on television and discuss the finer nuances of life well beyond this planet, a life filled with brave new worlds and girls in short skirts. When the Iran Hostage Crisis reared its ugly head in the late '70s, Abdul had the misfortune to walk over to Arnold's house by himself. A large gathering of good old boys decided to explain with their fists, knives, and boots that America was meant for Americans and beat Abdul to death, screaming their outrage that his people would dare hold Americans hostage in their own embassy. They never bothered to learn that Abdul and his family were from Turkey.

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Ben Vivant

Cohort: Life on Mars Coalition

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Awareness 3, Dodge 2, Expression 2, Intuition 2

Skills: Leadership 3, Performance 3, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Knowledges: Linguistics 2, Medicine 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifacts 1 (Communicator), Eidolon 3, Memoriam 1, Relics 1 (Trekkie Regalia)

Passions: Devout in his beliefs (Faith) 4, Family (Love) 4

Arcanos: Embody 5, Fatalism 2, Inhabit 2, Lifeweb 4

Fetters: Family, 2

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 5

Shadow: The Martyr

Angst: 3

Thorns: Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Harred of an "America" that never accepted him (Hate) 4

Image: Abdul is lanky and tall with black hair and brown eyes. He normally wears a Star Trek outfit circa 1968, complete with a plastic phaser and a functioning communicator.

Roleplaying Hints: You believe that there is life on other planets, and you believe that someday the aliens will come down and teach the foolish Earthlings the errors of their ways. You have no doubt that the aliens bear a strong resemblance to E.T. and are peace-loving creatures. Explain the truth to the world. You are friendly and soft-spoken, but passionate about the simple truth that there is life on Mars, and elsewhere beyond the stars.

Bartholomew Myron Bentley

Bart ate, lived, slept and breathed for science fiction literature, movies and RPGs. He collected every gaming magazine, every movie magazine and every video release that came out. His parents thought that buying him a computer would help, but they were sadly mistaken. Bart simply discovered the wonders of computer bulletin boards and continued in a life filled with solitude and fantasies. The only time he ever stopped playing on the computer was when his friends showed up for the weekend gaming sessions. Bart was attending his first convention when there was a disastrous mishap involving an elevator, a number of rare collectable trading cards and a snapping cable.

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Jester

Cohort: Life on Mars Coalition

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 1, Intimidation 2

Skills: Craft 3, Drive 2, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Computers 5, Investigation 2, Linguistics 3, Medicine 2, Science 4

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Eidolon 2, Memoriam 1



Bartholomew Myron Bentley

Passions: Devout in his beliefs (Faith) 3, Insatiable curiosity about outer space (Curiosity) 5

Arcanos: Argos 1, Castigate 1, Inhabit 4

Fetters: Battered TV set, 2; TRS 80 computer, 4; Issue #1 (first printing, of course!) of Frank Miller's "Dark Knight" series, 3

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Abuser

Angst: 3

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Trick of the Light

Shadow Passions: Avoid other people (Fear) 2; Avoid dealing with the real world completely (Fear) 5

Image: Bart is a very large boy, almost 340 pounds large. He wears blue jeans, and a "Beam Me Up Scotty" T-shirt. His thin blond hair is almost white, and his eyes are blue behind his thick glasses. He is nearly always seen wearing an impossibly long multicolored scarf.

Roleplaying Notes: You have known all your life that there was something beyond the visible. Your years of devotion to "In Search Of..." taught you that much. But now, a whole new world has been opened up to you, one in which the things you once dreamed about are real. Your love of the world beyond mere surface reality has been rewarded well in the Underworld, and you want nothing more than to share the sense of wonder and magic with others.

Caroline Martin

Caroline grew up in rural South Carolina and was admitted to Georgia State in the fall of 1984 as a Computer Science/English double major. She hoped to go on to pursue an advanced degree and eventually become a writer, but that was not meant to be. A quiet girl, Caroline had fallen in love with science fiction and fantasy novels during a long stay in the hospital when she was seven. After quickly consuming every book set in Oz or Narnia, all the Triffids books and all the Susan Cooper books, she moved on to "grown-up" books. Upon arriving at college, she was delighted and surprised to find so many people who shared her love of these books. She was also saddened to see how many of them were bitter, reclusive individuals. She felt that if only someone could show them how, these people would be much happier and saner individuals. She tried to be perfect as an example to her newfound friends, asking Dean's List every term and quickly becoming secretary to the Science Fiction Club and Literary Society. She was a good listener and soon became the confidante of most of her social circle. Still, she always felt she could do more, and she pushed herself to the limit trying to help others. Caroline was ushered to the hospital during first-term finals her junior year, suffering from extreme malnutrition. Later diagnosed with anorexia, Caroline was consumed in a downward spiral of always trying to do more. She died over Spring Break, two months short of graduating with High Honors.

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Martyr

Cohort: Life on Mars Coalition

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2



Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Awareness 2, Empathy 4, Expression 2, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Crafts 2, Etiquette 2, Meditation 1

Knowledges: Computer 3, Enigmas 1, Medicine 2, Science 3

Backgrounds: Eidolon 4, Memoriam 1, Heretic Status 1

Passions: To protect "her" boys (Love) 3, To make people happier (Joy) 2

Arcanos: Fatalism 2, Phantasm 3, Lifeweb 4

Fetters: First edition printing of Wells' *The Time Machine*, 2; Autographed copy of *Dune*, 1

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 8

Shadow: The Perfectionist

Angst: 5

Thorns: Freudian Slip

Shadow Passions: Forget everything real and escape to the world of books (Fear) 4; Shatter people's self-esteem (Hated) 3

Image: A very thin girl, Caroline seems to exude enthusiasm for life. Long sandy brown hair frames a small face with dark sea-green eyes. She wears a royal blue T-shirt that quotes Shakespeare's *The Tempest*: "Now I will believe that there are unicorns."

Roleplaying Hints: People need to learn that escapism isn't the perfect solution to their problems. Sure, you love to get away as much as the next person, but it's become your mission in life to help people learn to deal with the present as well as they do with the distant past and far future. You are the only one who can help them now, and you will do anything to keep your friends in the Life on Mars Coalition from throwing their existences away.

Seekers of Paradise

Clemson Dewberry is the local leader of the Seekers of Paradise, but there are plenty more branches of the Seekers out there, working the Midnight Express and keeping the byways safe for travelers in the Shadowlands. The Seekers' philosophy is a simple one: they believe that the way to Paradise is still out there somewhere, simply lost or deliberately hidden by the Hierarchy.

This philosophy does not stop them from continuing to work for the Hierarchy. Instead, it increases their enthusiasm for the job they perform. The longer they work the rails, the better their chances of rediscovering the route to Transcendence and all the pleasures that await them. Because a surprising number of the founding members are old hands at the railways, the Seekers have gained a great respect for the simple

belief in freedom above all else. No member of the Seekers can tolerate the idea of anyone being bound in manacles or imprisoned for crimes. They are not fanatical about their secondary goal, but most of the Seekers will do their best to free any wraith from the bonds of slavery. This policy has made them very popular with the Shattered Chain and very bothersome to the Hierarchy as a whole. The Seekers will gladly assist stowaways on the Midnight Express, but only if no attempts at duplicity come from the aid. Any actions taken against the Seekers of Paradise are likely to result in serious harm to the protagonist. The Seekers are known to use a variation of Morse code in communicating with one another, often tapping their hammers against the rails and sending messages from one part of the country to another. The Seekers do not actively seek new recruits and never disobey the rules of the Hierarchy when the Hierarchy is present. They see no need to make a bad situation worse or to enrage their employers and allow the Hierarchy to understand their true goals.

Joel Chandler Harris is a member of the Seekers of Paradise, but he is not known to travel the rails. He claims that he will only do so when his name has been cleared of all the false implications that so many have applied to him. While the Seekers acknowledge his position within their society, he is considered more as a mascot than as a full member of the Cult. Harris' continued tales of Uncle Remus are often passed along the rails, and considered fine art by the wraiths who hear them.

The Seekers are a branch of the Railroaders that survived the attempts of the Greyboys to bring them down. They are very secretive, and they do not flaunt their beliefs to anyone. Should the player characters become involved with the Seekers, they will find that their lives have changed and not necessarily for the better. Of all the Heretic factions located in the Necropolis of Atlanta, the Seekers of Paradise take the most dangerous risks. Working on the Hierarchy's rail systems and working to free the enslaved Thralls placed on those rails whenever they can is only one of their tasks.

The Seekers also work to find the lost path to Transcendence, a path they are certain existed before Charon and his Hierarchy hid it away. They are located in other areas as well, but Atlanta, being one of the most frequented stops for the Midnight express and other Hierarchy trains, is a stronghold for the Seekers. The fact that the Railroaders were hunted and destroyed here in the past has done nothing to make them calmer in the face of danger. The Seekers are very cautious about who they will allow to work with them and very swift when the time comes for retribution. On three separate occasions, the Hierarchy has sent spies among them in the hopes of learning the truth about the Seekers. None were ever seen again.

There are allegations that the Heretical travelers have secrets all their own that allow them to spot infiltrators. All that is known for certain is that no one to date has managed to successfully hide the truth from the broken remnants of the

Railroaders. However, once accepted into the ranks of the Heretics, there is little they will not do to ensure a player character's safety. The darker secret about the Seekers is that no one from the Cult has ever been captured intact. Any attempts to question this strange group of Heretics always end with the Cult member's disorporation.

Are the characters up to the risks involved in spying on this Cult? Are they strong enough to actually join with the Seekers of Paradise? Just what sorts of tests are required of potential members, and why is it that no one who has failed the tests is ever heard from again?

Clemson Dewberry

Clemson Dewberry rode the rails for most of his life, normally working at shoveling coal to keep the massive steam engines hot enough to pull their heavy loads. When he was not working on the line, Clem made a little side money as a bare-fisted boxer. Clem only lost twice, both times to the same man: John Henry. Since his death, Clem has traveled the United States, often on the spectral trains that still cross the country from time to time. He believes very strongly that every person should have the chance to pursue Transcendence independently of any interference from the Hierarchy, and he has made it his mission in life to save any and all people he can from their grasp. Along the way, he has realized that in helping others, he is growing closer to Transcendence. The doctrine he preaches is one of acceptance of others and tolerance of differing belief structures.

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Visionary



Cohort: Seekers of Paradise
Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 2
Talents: Athletics 4, Awareness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Expression 2, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Craft 2, Leadership 3, Melee 4, Survival 3
Knowledges: Religion 4, Science 1
Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 3, Eidolon 4, Haunt 2, Status 2

Passions: Sad about loss of so many Railroaders (Despair) 1, longs to travel freely (Envy) 3, Longs to help everyone escape the Hierarchy (Pity) 5.

Arcanos: Argos 5, Embody 3, Outrage 3, Usury 2
Fetters: Train stations at Hartford, CT, 1; Chicago, IL, 1; Philadelphia, PA, 1 and New York City, 1.

Willpower: 7
Pathos: 6
Shadow: The Director
Angst: 3

Thorns: Bad Luck, Freudian Slip
Shadow Passions: Seeks to destroy himself in a futile battle against the Hierarchy (Self-Hatred), 3; Wants to undermine people's faith in themselves (Bitterness) 2

Image: Clem is a hulking giant of a man. His hands are large enough to wrap around the average man's head with little or no effort, and his arms are as wide as most men's thighs. He has shaggy black hair shot with grey and a large sunburned bald spot on top of his head. Clem dresses to this day in the clothes he died in, the uniform of a train engineer. Clem's face is heavily scarred, and his nose was broken easily a dozen times in life if his death-image is any indication. Despite his intimidating size, Clem has kind eyes and an open, friendly face.

Roleplaying Hints: You love to tell tales, and you love to travel. You never hesitate to give a lift to other wraiths, so long as they are willing to do their share of the work. Most important of all, you search for Transcendence, certain that it is possible if only you can overcome certain aspects and compulsions within yourself. If others question your motives, you take no offense, content to know that you are right and that you have only to find the right rail. Just the same, you don't take well to the rowdies that try to give you grief, and you explain very clearly that they can leave your train immediately. You normally explain this with the aid of the 12 pound sledge hammer you once used to drive spikes into the ground.

joel Chandler Harris

Joel Chandler Harris became best known for his stories, some of the first ever published in the United States to be written by an African-American. Joel's works included the *Tales of Uncle Remus*, relating the stories of Brer Rabbit, Brer Bear



Joel Chandler Harris

and Brer Fox. While many made light of his achievements, there were some who looked at him as a hero, and many who were repulsed by what he accomplished. For some, the resentment came because of the "bad light" in which he portrayed blacks; for others simply because he "didn't know his place" and was trying to enter the "white man's world." Joel Chandler Harris died in 1908, but his works live on, and he continues to write, even to this day, in the Shadowlands. His love of storytelling has led to some extraordinary friendships cutting across various boundaries of politics and beliefs, like the Hearse Riders. The resident storytellers at his old home Wren's Nest frequently attract his attention, and he likes to listen in and make certain the place is being cared for.

Nature: Visionary
Demeanor: Loner
Cohort: Seekers of Paradise
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 3
Talents: Alertness 2, Awareness 3, Expression 5, Intuition 2
Skills: Craft 4, Drive 1, Performance 4
Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Enigmas 3, Investigation 2, Linguistics 1, Medicine 1, Religion 4
Backgrounds: Allies 3, Eidolon 2, Haunt 2, Memoriam 4, Notoriety 3

Passions: Believes he is misunderstood (Despair) 3, Deeply religious (Faith) 4, Fears he may have betrayed his people (Guilt) 4, Love of writing (Love) 2
Arcanos: Fatalism 2, Inhabit 3, Keening 4, Phantasm 4

Fetters: Original manuscript of his work, 3; Wren's Nest (old home), 3

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 6

Shadow: Parent

Angst: 6

Thorns: Bad Luck, Freudian Slip

Shadow Passions: To depict people in the worst, most demeaning way possible (Rage) 3; Foster interracial resentment and tension (Revenge) 2

Image: Joel Chandler Harris appears much like his legendary character, Uncle Remus. He wears overalls, a flannel shirt and little else. He is round, grey-bearded and always smiling. These days, the smile seems faint in his eyes.

Roleplaying Hints: You are quiet and introspective, made bitter by the accusations that you betrayed your race with tales that were simply meant to amuse and delight. As time has gone on, your dreams have become darker and your Shadow is coming close to winning the long battle for dominance. You get along well with the Hearse Riders, and you love to tell a tale or two.

The Burning

The Burning is a Heretic Cult dedicated to keeping the Spectral Hellfires of Oblivion at bay. Most of the Renegades and Hierarchy wraiths are in agreement that this Cult is up to something far more sinister than what they claim. The Burning believes that feeding Thralls to the Oblivion is the best way to keep the flames from rising again to devour the unprepared. To this end they have captured many Entants and even a few members of the Hierarchy and other groups and fed them to Oblivion by way of three secret Nihil concealed from everyone but the wraiths of the Burning. These Nihil are all located in buildings that are now occupied but are on the sites of previous fires in the city. One is believed to be located where the old Winecoff Hotel caught ablaze in the late '20s and killed 280 people. It seems curious to most that of the 280 dead, not a single one has ever appeared in the Shadowlands. Equally as important as the sacrifices the Burning calls for is that they are also recruiting actively among the wraiths of Atlanta.

The Burning states plainly that they exist to keep the Spectral Fires of Oblivion away from the city. That is a lie. While many members of this fanatical Cult claim that they are doing the Shadowlands a favor, the founders and main members of the Cult are all but consumed by their own Shadows and seek only to sacrifice others in a vain attempt to save their own souls. Their penchant for grabbing whoever they can and throwing the souls into Oblivion's path is legendary, and their fanaticism is second to none. The standard policy involving "recruits" is to grab the unwary off the street and sacrifice them immediately. No one in the city likes the Burn-

ing or believes that the Burning is doing anything but bringing Doomsday closer with their actions.

Still, the Burning is a powerful Cult, and their offer to aid characters in their drive towards "staving off Oblivion's fearful power" can prove to be very tempting, especially if the characters have something to offer in exchange for "salvation." Learning the truth about the Cult is a hard task. There are always those willing to state their opinions, but few can actually prove the allegations. The Hierarchy would very likely reward anyone who could not only offer hard evidence about what the Burning is really up to, but the form the award takes could well depend on what that evidence is.

The best way to learn about the Burning is to join with them, at least until their secrets are revealed. If the Hierarchy would willingly pay for information about the Burning's crimes, how much more would they pay to know where the Burning's Haunts are located? Is the risk worth the reward? Can the characters learn the truth before they are fed to Oblivion or converted by the fanatical Cult's leaders?

Harley Williams

Harley was born in Atlanta and one of the first to volunteer for the Navy when the Second World War came to American shores. Filled with patriotism, Harley was prepared to die fighting against the Nazis and the Japanese alike. He was soon on his way to the Pacific. Harley was one of the first military personnel to see the devastation and ruin at Hiroshima not long after the A-bomb was dropped. He was amazed by the sheer power of the explosion and thought nothing of the hot flashes he felt for months afterwards. Later, Harley was assigned to a ship off the Bikini Atoll, where he was again given the great privilege of viewing not one but seven nuclear tests. When his teeth fell out, Harley started making a connection to the nuclear explosions, but was soon told by the military doctors that treated him that there was no way the loss of hair and teeth was a result of the tests. He decided that the military knew best. Harley came down with colon cancer in 1964 and died less than a year later. By then he no longer had doubts of the cause. Too many of his friends from the military had died in similar ways. Harley's unholy rage at this great betrayal by his own country led him to an existence tormented by rage and hatred.

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Survivor

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0 (2)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 2, Leadership 4, Melee 3, Performance 4, Stealth 4, Survival 3



Harley Williams

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Computers 2, Linguistics 3, Medicine 3, Occult 1, Science 3

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 1, Memoriam 1, Notoriety 1, Heretic Status 2

Passions: Hatred of American government (Hate) 3, Hatred of those who have never suffered (Envy) 4, Remorseful for what has done (Guilt) 4

Arcanos: Moliate 4, Outrage 4, Pandemonium 2, Puppety 4

Fetters: Bikini Atoll Beach, 1; Hiroshima, 1; Childhood home, 2

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 7

Shadow: Parent

Angst: 5

Thorns: Dark Allies 3, Death's Sigil, Tainted Touch

Shadow Passions: Kill all those related to the nuclear and defense industries in any way (Hatred) 4

Image: Harley has long dark hair normally pulled up in a ponytail and a beard and mustache. His eyes are very pale green, and his skin is darkly tanned. He is lean and athletic and wears denim jacket and jeans. All that everyone normally sees is Harley's false face, the face he never had. In truth, without his powers to shape plasma, Harley is burned and thin with no hair or teeth and blisters that have erupted and crusted over concealing his once handsome features.

Roleplaying Hints: You believe the only way to freedom is through the purification of sins. The best purification you know of is fire. There are many out there who suffer under the

burden of false hope and false love, and you must do your best to convince them of their errors. Show them the way, let them know that the Hellfire burns the sins away and releases the soul to Transcendence. Smile, let everyone know that you are their friend.

Sibyl Jannisen

Sibyl tried acid a few too many times in her life and started tuning into strange realities in her own mind. By the time her parents had her put away, Sibyl was talking forever about the things that live in the night and about the great worm that would devour everything before the century was over. One night, when the moon was full and the dogs all around town were howling with a peculiar ferocity, Sibyl calmly waited until everyone around her was asleep and all the patients in the "special home" were secured, and then she ran her head into the wall repeatedly until she cracked her skull. No one knows quite why she killed herself, and Sibyl's only response to anyone that asks is simply, "It was time." As a member of the Burning, Sibyl believes that the only way to stave off the attack of the great worm in her visions is by keeping it sated with the souls of unbelievers.

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Caregiver

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 1, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2

Skills: Craft 2, Drive 1, Melee 2, Performance 1, Stealth 3



Sibyl Jannisen

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Enigmas 2, Investigation 2, Linguistics 1, Medicine 2, Occult 1, Science 1

Arcanos: Fatalism 3, Pandemonium 5, Usury 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifacts 1, Contacts 1, Haunt 1,

Passions: Wants people to listen to her (Frustration) 2, Fears the coming of the great worm (Terror) 5

Fetters: Asylum, 2; Grave, 1

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 5

Shadow: Freak

Angst: 8

Thorns: Devil's Dare, Tainted Touch

Shadow Passions: Frighten everyone into obeying you (Vengeance) 4

Image: Sibyl appears to be in her mid 40's with black hair that is turning grey in several areas. Her eyes are blue, and she has no eyebrows... a victim of early electrolysis. Sibyl is almost painfully average. With the exception of her eyebrows, there is nothing remarkable about her. She stands 5' 6" in height, and looks to weigh somewhere around 125 pounds.

Roleplaying Hints: Smile a lot, and calmly explain that the great fire is coming again. If any of those pesky Hierarchy types show themselves, run like hell. Explain about how simply plucking the right people out of the Skinlands and feeding them to the Oblivion will help stop the next fiery Maelstrom, and also make certain that the ones you chose to let join you can understand the importance of Oblivion in the great scheme of things. Perhaps it would help if you actually knew what Oblivion wants, but you don't really mind making it up as you go.

George Newsome

George hated being the smallest kid and the smartest kid, but that never stopped him from being an overachiever. It just made him pick strange things to be very good at. George was one of the first to design personal computers and one of the first in the nation to start hacking into mainframes around the country. Still, money and brains weren't doing George much good along the lines of finding a lifemate, so he decided to try something a little different. His flirtations with the occult were half-hearted at best. In spite of his desire for power, he wanted desperately to be liked. Torn between a need to control and a need for acceptance, he took to reading "occult" texts by candlelight before bed. When the black candles tipped over onto his dusty desk and lit the stack of junk mail that had accumulated there, George died in a fiery riot as his Little Five Points loft went up in flames.

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Loner

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3



Talents: Awareness 2, Alertness 1, Dodge 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 1, Firearms 2, Repair 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Computer 4, Occult 3, Science 3

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Eidolon 4

Passions: To learn more about the Dark Arts (Curiosity) 2, Become powerful enough that he'll never have to be afraid again (Greed) 3

Arcanos: Embody 3, Outrage 3, Usury 4

Fetters: Computer company, 2; First computer he ever built (now his brother's), 2

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Freak

Angst: 6

Thorns: Dark Allies 1, Shadow Call

Shadow Passions: To torture all those who didn't respect you in life (Vengeance) 3, To find the perfect woman and force her to love you (Lust) 2

Image: George is a short, thin man with a receding hairline and a set of Coke bottle lenses perched on his nose. George wears the typical clothes of a CPA, right down to the pocket protector. If anyone ever saw him without a shirt, they'd immediately notice the strange symbols he carved into his own flesh.

Roleplaying Hints: Oh, you hate everyone. How dare they be better looking or taller or happier than you! Still, you'll do almost anything to win friends and influence the Restless Dead. You sigh a lot, and you pout better than most.

Enrique Donato

Enrique was born in Colombia and came to the United States as soon as he was able. He worked hard, often taking three jobs at a time to save up his money with plans to bring the rest of his family to the States and maybe even to open a restaurant. Unfortunately for Enrique, in order to save money, he had to cut corners wherever possible. That meant living in Sweet Auburn. Enrique was murdered for the money in his pocket. Enrique quickly adapted to life as a wraith, eventually even moving up in the Hierarchy's ranks. It was only after he had achieved a modicum of success that he was approached by the leaders of the Burning and asked to work as a spy. After debating with them for some time, Enrique finally agreed. He then promptly told Governor Jim about his arrangement, and now he makes money from both sides for letting secrets out at the right times.

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Child

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 3, Leadership 1, Melee 3, Stealth 3, Survival (Urban) 2

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Linguistics 1, Medicine 1, Occult 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifacts 1 (soulfire pistol), Contacts 2, Memoriam 2, Notoriety 1

Passions: Wants revenge against his murderers (Hate) 1, Protect family (Love) 2, Gain wealth (Lust) 3

Arcanos: Outrage 4, Pandemonium 5, Phantasm 3

Fetters: Waller, 2; Wife (Deanna), 3

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 8



Shadow: The Perfectionist

Angst: 5

Thorns: Dark Allies 1, Shadow Call

Shadow Passions: To betray any and all possible friends and allies (Hate) 4

Image: Enrique is a handsome Latino, with long curly hair and a winning smile. He is seen in Underground Atlanta almost all the time and seldom anywhere outside. Enrique dresses sharply, normally in a three piece suit and sometimes even in a tuxedo. He smiles seldomly, and he is always in the company of the more prestigious wraiths in the Hierarchy.

Roleplaying Hints: You don't walk, you glide. You don't talk, you purr. You are now what you always wanted to be: rich, popular and well respected. Never let anything get in your way. Destroy anyone who poses a true threat.



The Renegades

I have always strenuously supported the right of every man to his opinion, however different that opinion might be to mine. He who denies to another this right, makes a slave of himself to his present opinion, because he precludes himself the right of changing it.

— Thomas Paine, *The Age of Reason*



Atlanta's Renegades represent a wide range of opinions and views loosely united for one purpose: to combat the oppressive strictures of the Hierarchy. Most of Atlanta's Renegades have only recently passed the Shroud and have little or no desire to work for or with any of Charon's minions. While several of the factions have existed for a century or more, very few of the original founders are still around. Most of the original leaders have long since been captured or destroyed by the Hierarchy.

While the state of racial relations in the Skinlands improves, however, the Shadowlands remain tense. Atlanta has suffered from racial strife in one form or another since the earliest days of its settlement by Europeans, but it was hoped that this would come under control with the advent of civil rights legislation. Unfortunately, racism in the Shadowlands is a very real problem, and one of the main reasons that the Renegades have not banded together to topple the Hierarchy.

The Renegades in Atlanta's Necropolis are not all opposed to the Hierarchy. Many of them are simply set in their ways and wish to express their views without fear of retribution. Perhaps one of the greatest faults that the Renegades suffer

from is a lack of unified vision. If the groups could work together, they could very possibly wrest control from the Hierarchy and found a powerful state where individual freedom was not only an ideal, but a reality. However, the Renegades fight among themselves at least as often as they fight together against the Hierarchy. The Shattered Chain and the Sons of the Imperial Dragon are diametrically opposed in their views, while the Hearse Riders refuse to acknowledge the rights of anyone to stop them in their quest to end violence against children and to stop the practice of driving under the influence of intoxicants.

The Hearse Riders

The size of this Renegade Gang keeps growing, much to the chagrin of the Hierarchy. While it is true they do little to hinder the Hierarchy, and true also that they often hunt down other Renegades and Heretics, the Hearse Riders seem determined to break Charon's greatest Law: they continue to interfere in the affairs of the Quick.

There are two primary ways that the Hearse Riders cause accidents. The first way (arguably more fun) is to possess de-



linquent drivers by using Puppetry. Of course, Michelle and those who are able to drive are also fond of the straight physical damage method, in which they steer their artifact vehicles into the Skullduds. Embodiment just long enough to cause other cars to swerve uncontrollably in a vain effort to avoid hitting them (see also page 214 in *Wraith: The Oblivion*). Despite the best efforts of the Hierarchy, this group of Renegades continues to break the *Decrum Mortum* and continue to escape justice. No one ever sees who is behind the wheels of the vehicles, and the only thing ever stuck out from a window of the massive hearses is the muzzle of an automatic weapon. Additionally, the Hearse Riders have made a point of harassing the Anacreon of the Iron Legions, for reason that none have been able to fathom. On several occasions, Justin Whately has narrowly missed being run down by one of the Hearse Riders' vehicles.

The Hearse

Michelle Alm found an old dilapidated Hearse in the junkyard one day, and began fixing it up. Upon further investigation, she discovered that with only minimal repairs, the Hearse was able to function perfectly well in the Shadowlands... without requiring fuel! In fact, by investing Paroxysms into the vehicle it becomes far easier to cast the Shroud to materialize momentarily.

The Hearse is a level 5 Artificer with the ability to materialize both car and occupants briefly in the Skullduds. With each investment of 5 Paroxysms, the car may materialize for up to 10 seconds. Thanks to the Fog, few people recall having seen a car materialize from or dissipate into nothing.

The worst effect that the Hearse Riders have had on the Shadowlands is the growing popularity with which their appearances are met. Many of the wraiths have been known to openly cheer when the Hearse Riders tear down the streets of the Necropolis, and on one occasion, the Renegades even disrupted one of the Scarlets' Cotillions, this time while trying to run down Justin Whately.

There is a great deal of speculation on the identities of the Hearse Riders, and a substantial reward has been offered by the Hierarchy for information leading to their capture. If anyone knows the truth about their identities, they have yet to claim the bounty. Some among the Hierarchy allege that the Hearse Riders are actually Spectres, prepared to destroy anyone who gets in their way, but to date no proof has come forth. The only certainty is that the Hearse Riders have a passionate hatred for anyone in the Skullduds that drives in poorly as they themselves do in the Shadowlands. There have been no major conflicts between the Hearse Riders and any other group in the Necropolis thus far, but this may change...

Joel Chandler Harris of the Seekers of Paradise is perhaps the only adult who shares any confidences with the Hearse

riders. He knows their identities and often spins new stories in them. While some may dislike being "looked after" by him, not like him and his company. Their friendships might jeopardize both groups if they were discovered.

Despite the dedication that all of the Hearse Riders feel towards one another, there are still tensions within the Gang. Michelle Alan is looked upon by all of the Hearse Riders as the ultimate authority inside the Gang, but she has a tendency to be too rough with her reprimands. Hank Moody lives up to his surname and often causes grief for Michelle by sniping constantly at everything she says. Hank also seems to think a good deal less of Bobby Redmond and several of the younger children in the Gang, simply because they often have trouble reaching the pedals or seeing over the steering wheel. Bobby tolerates the jibes and insults good naturedly, but only because Mai Ling Pu has pointed out that the insults are only words, and they must all depend on each other if they hope to survive. In comparison to most of the Gangs, and even in comparison to the Hierarchy, they are a very unified group.

Just as with the Burning, many people want to know who the Hearse Riders are, and the Hierarchy wants them stopped. The Riders have caused monumental damage, especially with their continuous hunts for reckless drivers in the Skinlands. While many may cheer them on in their outrageous antics, they are still a very real threat to the laws of Charon.

The Hearse Riders do not forgive easily. They continuously battle with wraiths that they have created themselves. Did one of the player characters die in an automobile collision? If so, there is always the chance that the Hearse Riders manipulated their death. Did a character abuse children or deal in illegal weapons? Deal drugs to children or sexually molest them? If so, they are a target.

The Hearse Riders are as militant as any Renegade gang in the Necropolis and more vicious than many. Despite their ruth, they are dangerous foes. But if a character died as a child, they could well be recruited into the Riders, sworn to secrecy and allowed their chance to avenge themselves against their killers. If the players' Circle is filled with children and adults alike, there is a real chance for a schism within the group—one that could end or begin in confrontation with the Hearse Riders.

The Hearse Riders comprise one of the most dangerous Gangs in the city, and one that few wraiths are willing to do anything about. The Riders are seldom seen outside of the vehicles that they control, which are often seen charging through the Shadowlands, and worse still, occasionally entering the Sunlands. There is a strong belief that at least a few members of the Hierarchy are not only aware of who the Hearse Riders are, but are aiding them in their mad plans for retribution from beyond the grave.



Michelle Alan

Michelle was killed by a drunkard trying to beat a red light in his Ford pick-up. He missed the light, instead managing only to hit the school bus full of children on their way back from an all-day field trip. Michelle was killed instantly, as were all of the other children on the bus. The bus driver was maimed for life, and the driver of the pick-up walked away with minor bruises. Michelle and several other wraiths have banded together to ensure that as few children as possible die at the hands of stupid adults. Michelle is the oldest of the group and their unofficial leader.

Nature: Fanatic
Demeanor: Fanatic
Cohort: Hearse Riders
Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 1
Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 2
Talents: Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 5
Skills: Drive 3, Leadership 2, Melee 2, Stealth 3, Urban Survival 4
Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Investigation 2, Medicine 2
Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifact 3 (see sidebar), Renegade Status 3
Passions: Wants to experience more of life (Hope) 3, Seeks revenge for her death (Hate) 5
Arcanost: Argos 2, Inhabit 5, Usury 2

Fetters: '78 Ford Pickup, 2; Intersection where she was killed, 3

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 9

Shadow: The Director

Angst: 4

Thorns: Freudian Slip

Shadow Passions: Punish anyone who drinks alcohol to excess (Hate) 4, Work to make Atlanta safe instead of enjoying her afterlife (Self-Hatred) 2

Image: Michelle looks like she did in life, a 13 year old girl with braces, freckles and red hair. She is tall for her age and fairly thin as she died during that "awkward stage." She dresses in the same clothes she died in, shorts and an Atlanta Braves T-shirt.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a very nice girl, but you are driven by a deep hatred for the man that killed you and your friends and by the need to prevent as many such incidents as you can. When you are "off duty," you like to watch the Braves play and read a good book or three. You like to converse and discuss the age old mystery of boys, provided that none of them are around. When you are on duty, it is all strictly business. You and your Circle drive the streets in your various vehicles and watch for the foolish to cross your path. Your success rate is only around 50-50, and that's just not good enough. Lately you've taken to actively recruiting the young victims of vehicular homicide, sexual crimes and child abuse as well. To hell with the Hierarchy—you and yours have a mission.

Bobby Redmond

Bobby lived his life the best he could, despite his parents always arguing and his big sister always calling him names. He loved them, and they loved him, and they couldn't have been prouder when his Little League team won the state division. Bobby never got to find out if they'd make it to the nationals, because five drunk teens in a battered Camaro chose that sleepy afternoon to go out joyriding. He was hit while crossing the street to his house on the way home from baseball practice.

Nature: Judge

Demeanor: Jester

Cohort: Hearse Riders

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 1

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 2

Skills: Drive 4, Leadership 2, Melee 4, Survival 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Computer 2, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 1, Memoriam 3



Passions: Save other children (Duty) 3, Demonstrate his ability at baseball (Pride) 4

Arcanos: Argos 2, Embody 5, Lifeweb 1

Fetters: Family, 3; Catcher's mitt, 2

Shadow: The Freak

Angst: 5

Thorns: Bad Luck, Trick of Light

Shadow Passions: Kill his murderers (Hate) 5, Show that he is better than other kids (Envy) 3

Image: Bobby Redmond looks around eight years of age, with wide innocent eyes and a pudgy body. He always carries a baseball bat, and he knows how to use it. As in life, his knees are perpetually scraped up, and his hair is a wild, curly mess.

Roleplaying Hints: Never suffer a drunk to live, and never pass up a chance to play ball. You had major league plans, and they were stolen from you. Now you get to pay them all back. Every grown-up that drinks is your enemy, and they will all perish. Your driving passion for baseball is well known, and you have been trying to start a Little League in the Shadowlands, with limited success.

Hank Moody

Hank grew up in the worst part of the city and was already running with a gang and selling handguns at the age of twelve when he was arrested. He was released into the care of foster parents and ran away almost immediately. When he returned to his neighborhood, he was spotted by one of his own gang members and shot on sight. The general belief was that he had turned rats and could not be allowed to live. Hank was killed by a fellow gang member that shot him with a gun purchased from Hank the previous week for \$20. The gang only learned later that he had refused to talk to the police. Hank has turned over from some of his darker habits, content to try to prevent the deaths of other children. He was a fool in life and wants to prevent the same sort of mess from exploding in anyone else's life.

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Bravo

Cohort: Hearse Riders

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Drive 3, Firearms 2, Melee 3, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Medicine 1, Law 1, Investigation 1

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Artifacts 2 (357 Magnum, inksteel knife), Eidolon 4



Passions: Save other kids from violence (Hope) 4, Keep guns off the streets (Remorse) 3

Arcanos: Argos 2, Usury 5

Fetters: Parents, 2; Gun that killed him, 4

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 6

Angst: 3

Shadow: Parent

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Infamy 2

Shadow Passions: Encourage violence (Hate) 4, Alienate people (Self-Hatred) 2

Image: Hank is lean and dark, with clothes that are obviously hand-me-downs. He almost never smiles, and he carries himself with a cocky arrogance that belongs on someone much older than 11 years. His hair is a braided mass of dreadlocks, and his left ear is pierced in seven places. He is never seen without his reflective mirror-shades.

Roleplaying Hints: Living was tough, and you made tough decisions. But it's never too late to make up for your mistakes. You still sneer at most people, but you don't mean it any more. You just want to see peace and happiness in your old neighborhood. You want to see an end to the bloodshed and you will, even if you have to kill a few hundred people before they get the hint.

Mai Ling Pu

Mai Ling Pu was born to a family newly emigrated from China. She grew up with two older brothers in a noisy, loving household along Buford Highway while her parents ran a small Asian grocery store. Her teachers reported that she was a bright and inquisitive student with a love for puzzles, but she could get as giggly as any other child. Unfortunately, the family's joy was cut short when Mai Ling was murdered in an attempt by a youth gang to rob her parents' store. The gunman aimed for her father but, unfortunately for Mai Ling, had lousy aim. Unsatisfied with simply killing the poor child, one of the members then stole her only prized possession: a small white jade amulet that had been in her family for literally centuries. She died 17 years ago and was one of the founders of the Hearse Riders. Her innocent features conceal a mind that has long since adapted to thinking and acting like an adult.

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Gallant

Cohort: Hearse Riders

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 1

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Awareness 1, Expression 3, Intuition 2

Skills: Drive 3, Performance 2, Stealth 5, Survival 1

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Occult 1



Mai Ling Pu

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Memoriam 3
Passions: Wants retribution against killers (Despair) 4, Protect children from violence (Duty) 2, Make the city a safer place (Duty) 2, Find her jade amulet (Hope) 2
Arcanos: Inhabit 5, Outrage 2, Puppetry 2
Fetters: Jade Amulet, 4; Family, 2; Store where she died, 1
Willpower: 8
Pathos: 7
Shadow: The Leech
Angst: 5
Thorns: Death's Sigil, Freudian Slip
Shadow Passions: Kill those who murdered her (Hate) 4, Keep the city wild and exciting (Joy) 4

Image: Mai Ling Pu is a lovely nine year old Chinese girl. She is small and fine-boned with long black hair and dark eyes. She wears a flower-printed dress and black Mary Janes. The expression of extreme concentration on her face makes her look disconcertingly older.

Roleplaying Hints: You keep to yourself around adults, understanding very well that they all look at you as a cute little girl. When the grown-ups are away, however, you are an endless stream of bad jokes and rampant energy. You never get angry, you simply get even.

The Sons of the Imperial Dragon

The Dragon-Sons are as militant and dangerous as any Renegades, but they hold a surprising amount of influence in the Necropolis. The Dragon-Sons are preparing for all-out war, and they are actively recruiting as well. The possibility exists that they will unite with the Greyboys, and should that happen, they will actually outnumber the Hierarchy forces in the city. War is almost a certainty in the near-future. Will the characters join with them? Will they attempt to infiltrate the Renegade Gang and learn the dark secrets behind their sudden resurgence? If so, do they dare report their findings to the Hierarchy, knowing that the Hierarchy might fall anyway? If so, what will the impact be on the Skinlands and Shadowlands alike?

The Dragon-Sons have been running through the Necropolis of Atlanta for almost a century, screaming their protests against the emancipation of slaves as if the decision was reached only a week ago. They are, without a doubt, the largest faction of Renegades in the city, and worse still, they have connections with some of the city's Heretics as well. Tensions have been building in Atlanta's Shadowlands as old racial arguments are once again being brought to light. The Dragon-Sons and the Shattered Chain have made it perfectly clear that they do not like each other, and the Hierarchy is divided on what they should do about the situation. Most of the Hierarchy calls for neutrality in the matter, but there are a few who would eagerly join forces on one side or the other.

The flawed logic of the Dragon-Sons is partially a product of ignorance and partially a product of anger. Most of the Sons of the Imperial Dragon resent losing the Civil War, even if they were not alive when the war was fought. Many were raised to believe that they are naturally superior to the "lesser races," that is to say any race that is not white. Many others were the victims of violent crimes perpetrated by members of other races and hold a strong resentment well beyond the time they died. Most, however, simply made the unconscious decision to find a focus for their hatred and chose to join with other hate-mongers.

The Dragon-Sons are a violent Gang, ready for war at any time, and always looking for an excuse to fight. While once they directed their anger against the Hierarchy, they normally prefer to battle against the Shattered Chain and anyone who is not "pure" in their eyes. They run the gamut from mildly annoying to violently dangerous, depending entirely on their mood from day to day. One thing is certain, they love to stir up trouble and cause fear in their enemies.

The Sons are seldom in trouble with the Hierarchy these days, with the exception of Sue, and are often rewarded in small ways by many of the Anacreons. One of their favorite tactics is to capture a writh, manacle their victim, and drag him through the streets, screaming slogans of racial purity and

promising to rid the Shadowlands of all the inferior races. Like their living counterparts in the Skinlands, most of the Sons of the Imperial Dragon wear white hoods and gowns over their faces to hide their identity. While the Hierarchy has caused them no trouble for several years, there is no benefit to being open about their identities. There is no guarantee that the Hierarchy will continue to avoid confrontation indefinitely.

For reasons they do not understand, the Dragon-Sons have gained the enmity of the Hearse Riders. To date, three members of the Gang have been destroyed by whoever is driving the death wagons. Of late there have been several serious arguments within the ranks of the Dragon-Sons, almost all of them calling for the downfall of the Hierarchy. There is some belief that members of the fanatical Greyboys have been attempting to use the Sons of the Imperial Dragon for their own purposes.

Another serious problem has arisen in the form of Keith Forsythe, who continuously calls for justice against one of the leaders of the Shattered Chain, Jude Henderson, whom he claims murdered him in cold blood. Keith Forsythe seems determined to try to convert the Renegade Gang into a Heretical Cult, and he has had some success. A substantial portion of the Sons of the Imperial Dragon are now also calling themselves Heaven's Warriors and seem intent on bring the full power of the Shattered Chain down on the Dragon-Sons with their continually escalating violence. But while Forsythe's faction certainly is zealous in their belief, they seem to have little interest in achieving Transcendence. For this reason, they have gained the enmity of a number of true Heretics in the area for presuming to call themselves something that they are not. There is little doubt that something will have to be done about Forsythe and his growing faction. The question remains as to just how to handle the problem without causing a complete breakdown in the Gang's strength.

Albert Watts

Albert always tried to do the "politically correct" thing: he recycled his trash, he made donations to the homeless shelter, he even marched in Cobb County to protest the unfairness of the county's "anti-gay" referendum. His primary reason for being politically correct was simply because that was what his wife, Ellie, expected of him. In truth, he really didn't care one way or the other. Albert and his wife attended the company's Christmas party together in 1988. On the way there, he told him she was pregnant. He was very happy. Albert learned that he had been promoted, and that he, his wife and their three children would soon be moving to Arizona where he would be placed as district manager in charge of computer operations. He was very happy. On the way home from the party, they met four youths who attempted to rob him and assault his wife. Albert made the mistake of trying to fight back and even managed to break the first hood's nose before being shot repeatedly with a .22 caliber hand gun in the stomach.



ach. The four thugs ran off without his wallet or his wife, and all it cost Albert was his life. He died on the way to the hospital, his wife crying beside him. Albert was murdered on what should have been the happiest day of his life. All of his professed political correctness was shattered. Albert didn't care that the youths were fried on one street drug or another, didn't care that they were only teasing about his wife to make him pay up a little faster. All he cared about was the color of their skin. The memories are still vague, but Albert is almost certain the men that killed him were Hispanic. Albert joined the Sons of the Imperial Dragon as soon as he was approached.

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Judge

Cohort: The Sons of the Imperial Dragon

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intuition 2

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 1, Leadership 2, Melee 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Computer 3, Investigation 2, Linguistics 3, Medicine 1, Science 2

Arcanes: Argos 2, Embodiment 3, Outrage 2, Usury 2

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Eidskorn 2, Memoriam 2

Passions: Protect his family (Love) 4, Fear of Violence (Terror) 2

Fetters: Wife and children, 3; Gold pocketwatch, 2

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Martyr

Angst: 6

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Shadow Call

Shadow Passions: Kill all "street punks" (Vengeance) 4, Kill his family to "save" them from violence (Love) 3

Image: Albert Watts wears the clothing of a young urban professional. He looks around 32 years old, and he is 5'10" in height. His body is in fair physical condition with a little too much padding from the time he spent sitting behind his desk six days a week. He has curly brown hair and hazel eyes. He does not smile.

Roleplaying Hints: You were fairly wishy-washy in life, but no more. You've decided to become a take-charge kind of guy, and if the only thing you can take charge of is the destruction of low-life scum, hey, that's okay. If the people you meet are white, or Asian, deal with them civilly. If they are any other color, they are scum.

Keith Forsythe

Keith lived the first 20 years of his life in Cobb County, Georgia, proud to be a member of a society that had a very small crime rate and prouder still that he had no blacks as his neighbors. Like generations of his family before him, Keith was a proud member of the KKK. Unfortunately for Keith, he was caught in an attempt to blow up a church in Mobile, Alabama, and sentenced to 25 years at the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta. Also unfortunate for Keith, he shared a cell with Jude "Pit Bull" Henderson. Jude didn't like being called a "rigger" constantly and showed his dissatisfaction by breaking several laws and most of the bones in Keith's body, including his spine in three places and his skull in four. Since his untimely de-



mise, Keith has spread the doctrine of white supremacy and pointed out on numerous occasions that the "mark of Cain" can be seen in the color of a black man's skin.

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Bravo

Cohort: Heaven's Warriors/ Sons of the Imperial Dragon

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 1, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 3, Firearms 4, Leadership 2, Melee 3, Performance 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Enigmas 1, Investigation 3

Areanos: Argos 3, Inhabit 3, Usury 3, Puppetry 5

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifacts 3 (darksteel Stygian class), Contacts 1, Renegade Status 4

Passions: Keep the city safe from blacks (Love) 3, Educate people about the evil inherent in those bearing the "mark of Cain" (Pity) 5

Fetters: Church in Mobile, 2; Family home, 1

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 5

Shadow: Pusher

Angst: 5

Thorns: Spectre Prestige 3, Tainted Touch

Shadow Passions: Kill all "politically correct" people (Hate) 5, Use force if necessary to convince other wraiths to follow him (Arrogance) 3

Image: Keith Forsythe stands 5'10" tall, and is well muscled with the start of a serious beer gut. Keith has short-cropped brown hair in the style prevalent in the early '50s and dresses in blue jeans, T-shirts and a good pair of motorcycle boots. His wide mouth is normally set in a cocky grin, and his green eyes are constantly looking for something that no one else seems able to see.

Roleplaying Hints: You know that you are right, and nothing will separate you from your powerful conviction that blacks are the servants of the Devil. You have no hesitation to vigorously explain your point of view to your friends or your foes. Your militant attitude has made numerous enemies, and you are starting to get paranoid. Worse still, the Pit Bull is gathering a group of friends too, and the time might come when you and the boys have to show these upstarts the error of their ways. You need recruits, and you need them yesterday, because the idea of facing Pit Bull Henderson on even terms scares the sin out of you.



Thad Weidermann

Thad Weidermann

Thad had it all. He had the best girl in school wrapped round his finger, he had straight A's in school, he was the captain of the football team, and he was damn good looking, if he did say so himself. That was all during his junior year in high school. During his senior year, things changed. Thad was placed as the captain of the football team by a hot shot transferring from another school. The coach would not listen to any arguments, citing that Thad had failed to show for the first three practices. Thad had to accept that, but he did so with an appalling lack of grace. Thad took special offense to the fact that the replacement captain was black and, with a group of friends, burned a cross in the family's yard.

Nothing like this had happened in Sandy Springs for years, so people still got scared. Thad made the mistake of telling his girlfriend about what he had done, and his girlfriend told his friends shortly after breaking up with Thad. It took a little convincing, but Thad won her back after he agreed to confess to the crime. It would have to wait until the end of the year, however, because he had his future as a football hero to think about. Word got around about Thad's activities, and soon he and the new captain of the football team settled their differences after school. Thad lost. Perhaps that would have been the end of the matter, but towards the end of the year, Thad lost something else to the new captain: the football scholarship he was certain was his. Thad celebrated by getting ripped on vodka and trying to firebomb the captain's house. Unfortunately for Thad, fire and alcohol prove an explosive combination, even

more so than alcohol and driving. Thad managed to run himself off the road while preparing to throw his homemade explosive and smashed into a tree, holding the bottle of Stoley's complete with a burning wick. The makeshift Molotov cocktail exploded before Thad could toss it at the house. Thad died screaming as the fire devoured his body.

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Bravo

Cohort: Sons of the Imperial Dragon

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4

Skills: Drive 1, Firearms 2, Melee 2

Knowledges: Medicine 2, Science 1

Arcanos: Outrage 5, Puppetry 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Eidolon 1, Mentor 2, Memoriam 3, Notoriety 1, Wealth 1

Passions: Blame others for all his shortcomings (Hate) 4, Demonstrate his physical prowess (Pride) 4, Find a girl who'll love and accept him (Love) 2

Fetters: Football helmet 3, Grave 2

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Freak

Angst: 4

Thorns: Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Drive away anyone who might help him (Jealousy) 3, Abandon athletics (Despair) 4

Image: Thad is a very handsome young man in his late teens. He stands 6'4" tall, with blond hair and blue eyes. His teeth are perfect and his body is well muscled from years of playing football. He normally wears a smile, but the smile seldom reaches his eyes if anyone of color is around.

Roleplaying Hints: You blame everyone but yourself for your flaws. The only reason you joined the Dragon-Sons is because they accept you and your skewed view of the events that led to your death. You are filled with hate and ready to burst at the seams. You spend your time conversing eagerly on the sins of blacks and the evil ways in which they conspired to destroy your life. When not preaching, you try to woo your girlfriend from beyond the grave. Lately she's been very jumpy whenever you show up. You are hoping she kills herself soon so you can be together again. It might happen faster if your Shadow wasn't so determined to stop you from destroying her.

The Shattered Chain

Arthur Carpenter and the other founding members of the Shattered Chain are considered extremely dangerous by the Hierarchy. The feeling is decidedly mutual. The Shattered Chain does not wish to see the end of the Hierarchy. They simply wish to see an end to the use of slavery. However, if the Hierarchy is unwilling to listen to reason (as has been the case thus far), the Shattered Chain will bring them down. The very real threat of forced labor as another wraith's property is an assault against the basic belief that all of the Chain's members hold as a simple truth: no one has the right to own another sentient being. The Hierarchy is unwilling to surrender its right to use enslavement as a form of punishment, and the Shattered Chain is willing to accept nothing less than emancipation before they will surrender in their battle. The battle will continue endlessly so long as neither group is willing to yield in their opinions, and no change of heart is expected from either side.

The Shattered Chain holds forth the Declaration of Independence as their credo and expects understanding for their dilemma. But the Hierarchy was established long before the creation of the United States, and cannot be expected to easily surrender their primary form of non-lethal punishment. While many among the Hierarchy agree with the basic concepts presented by the Shattered Chain, few are willing to do so in public. Despite the fairly calm political waters at the moment in the Necropolis, there is still a very real fear that the Hierarchy would refuse protection to any who openly condone the actions of a group of Renegades. Worse still, because a good number of the Chain's leaders were originally slaves, treated poorly in some cases and well enough in others, many of the Shattered Chain's members suffer from a racial bias that is almost as strong as the prejudice presented by the Sons of the Imperial Dragon. Though the resentment normally does not surface in front of white members of the Chain, it is still there, and there is still a long-burning anger in many of the speeches presented by the Gang's rulers. Some members of the Hierarchy have no hesitation to make their dislike of the Dragon-Sons known as well.

The Shattered Chain also has strong opinions about several Renegade and Heretic factions. The Sons of the Imperial Dragon are a constant reminder of how slowly the changes in the Skinlands affect the Restless Dead. The gradual increase in racial tolerance that has become prevalent in the realm of the Quick is still lacking throughout much of the Shadowlands. The constant reminders that many whites believe themselves to be superior is a flame the burns brightly for the Shattered Chain. The same problem is even more prevalent among the older wraiths, and some hope that the future will hold more tolerance and understanding than the present could ever hope to manage.

The worst problem faced by the Shattered Chain comes in the form of the risks they constantly take to remove the bonds that hold many of the Thralls in captivity. While their intentions are good, their methods are often violent and deadly. Many members of the Chain once belonged to Cry for Justice, a militant Gang of black supremacists who decided to fight fire with fire. Despite Sue's best delaying tactics, the Hierarchy called in forces from Stygia to deal with the problem, and the Stygians captured and enslaved a large portion of the Gang. Those members of Cry for Justice that were caught were never heard from again. Several members of the Hierarchy have been destroyed by the Chain as an act of retribution, and there is no end in sight to the brutality. The Shattered Chain has taken to deciding the fate of its victims by simply using a mob mentality to handle the situation. More often than not, the Hierarchy's members who are found guilty of trafficking in slaves are torn to pieces on the spot.

The Burning is cited to be at least as vile as the Hierarchy by members of the Chain. Many of those captured by members of the Burning have never been seen again, and there is little doubt among the Chain's members that the victims are either enslaved or destroyed outright.

There is little doubt that many of the Chain's oldest members also support the activities of the agents of the Ivory Queen. Most of the Chain's eldest members can still remember a time when they were alive and paid homage to the gods of their homeland instead of paying homage to the God of the Christians. For some, the simple fact that they never reached "Heaven" is enough to disprove the existence of any such place, and the only answer they can find for their being stuck in the Shadowlands is the belief that they turned away from the true faith and worshipped the false god of their former masters. No one in the Chain actively speaks of the Ivory Queen, but many openly defy everything the Hierarchy stands for, swearing that they would never condone the foolish beliefs in a dead God or the missing Charon.

There are several schisms within the Shattered Chain, not the least of which is the problem of race. Many of the members of Cry for Justice have made plain their dislike of anyone who is white, including the ones within their own Gang. These militants not only cause grief for the Sons of the Imperial Dragon, they have also been the cause of numerous fights within the Gang's own ranks.

Arthur Carpenter and Jude Henderson have had to deal with several violent outbreaks within the Gang, often caused by the man who calls himself Uncle Remus. Uncle Remus is a relative newcomer to the Shattered Chain, but has quickly started gaining influence with the more violent members of the Gang. Little is known about the man, save that he has a passionate hatred of Joel Chandler Harris.

The Shattered Chain started as a retaliatory strike in the Underworld, a defiant slap at the hands of the Hierarchy for even considering slavery as a legitimate way to handle trouble.

shakers. While the leaders of the Shattered Chain are mostly African-Americans, there are also numerous Caucasian, Asian and Native Americans within the ranks. The only true prerequisite for being a member of the Chain is a desire to see all Thralls released and to find a better way to rule the Necropolis. Slavery in any form is an outrage to the Shattered Chain and unacceptable in their eyes. Many agree with the sentiment in private, but are afraid of Hierarchy retribution if they were to agree publicly. Several members of the Shattered Chain also gather information for spies working for the Ivory Queen. The Ivory Queen's influence in the Necropolis has been subtle, but many of the older wraiths believe that the increasing strength of groups like the Shattered Chain can be attributed directly to the powers of the Matriarch of Africa's Deathrealm.

Can the players afford to be seen with the Chain if the Dragon-Sons are so obviously growing in power? Can they afford to be seen with the Dragon-Sons if the rumors of a coup led by the Chain are true? Even avoiding the most blatant warrior mentalities in the Shattered Chain, there is still a great deal of risk in joining with the Renegade Gang. The Shattered Chain is notorious for assaulting the Reapers and releasing the Drones of the Hierarchy into the streets. As members of the Chain, the players would be obligated to move with the Shattered Chain in these dangerous missions. There are rumors that the Hierarchy has brought in a special assault team from Stygia, wraiths experienced in the ways of torture and specialized in learning the truth at any cost. If these rumors are true, how long before players in the Shattered Chain are captured and tortured, or worse, found guilty by simple association with a member of the Chain that has fallen before the Stygian inquisitor known only as the Knick-Knack Man?



Arthur Carpenter

Arthur Carpenter was born a free black man and believed that he would die one. He was wrong. He worked for several years as a mill worker and blacksmith and helped establish the Underground Railroad after being asked for assistance by Harriet Tubman. Arthur was proud of the work he'd accomplished and glad to assist others in escaping a life of slavery. William Christian Calloway brought an end to his freedom, kidnapping Arthur and his family, wife Abigail and two daughters Sarah and Marianne, and forcing Arthur into slavery. When Arthur attempted to prove his freed status, Carpenter destroyed his papers and beat him severely. Arthur was locked in a small cell in the attic of Carpenter's huge plantation house and forced to listen as another man raped his wife and children. Arthur was devastated, and cried tears of frustrated rage, screaming that he would kill Carpenter if it was the last thing he ever did. Carpenter took the threat seriously, and buried Arthur alive.

Arthur was one of the founding members of the Shattered Chain. When Arthur first arrived in the Shadowlands, a Reaper named Theodore Hammer shackled him and prepared to sell him to the highest bidder. Enraged beyond all endurance, Arthur literally strangled the man with the chain that linked his arms together. Then Arthur ran, fleeing into the Tempest. When he later escaped the Tempest's hideous pull, he had been freed of the shackles that held him. To this day he has never told anyone how he managed to escape their hold. The Calloway Plantation has become the primary Haunt for the Shattered Chain, and Arthur still works at freeing the enslaved wraiths taken by the Hierarchy and others. Arthur's wife and children were gone when he returned to the Calloway plantation, but he still searches for them. In the meantime, not only did he keep his promise to kill William Calloway, he's managed to tear a few pieces of Calloway's wraith away from their rightful owner in order to forge weapons for himself. The rest of Calloway's Corpus lies manacled to the wall in the attic where both Arthur and Calloway died.

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Gallant

Cohort: The Shattered Chain

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Awareness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Expression 3, Intuition 3, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Crafts 4, Leadership 5, Melee 3, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Law 1, Science 2

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 4, Eidolon 2, Renegade Status 4

Passions: Find family (Despair) 4, Revenge for the death of his wife and children (Hate) 3, Free all those enslaved by the Hierarchy (Hope) 4

Arcanos: Argos 3, Castigate 3, Inhabit 5

Fetters: Plantation house, 1; Underground Railroad safe house in north Georgia, 3

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 8

Shadow: The Pusher

Angst: 5

Thorns: Dark Allies 2 Shadow Call

Shadow Passions: Enslave those who enslaved others (Hate) 5, Abandon family (Despair) 2

Image: Arthur Carpenter is a short man with a mask apparently made of ivory and a set of manacles that he wears around his shoulders and wrapped around his waist. The manacles are not connected to his body. Carpenter's features are sharp and angular, and his eyes burn with almost psychotic hunger. His hair is completely white, his skin is dark brown, and his body is covered with old scars.

Roleplaying Hints: Race is no longer an issue to you. What matters is freedom. You and the rest of the Shattered Chains work diligently to free all of the Thralls, and you've had a great deal of success. The Shattered Chain is the largest faction of the Renegades, and as one of the founders, you are a man in a position of power. You carry yourself with a certain authority, but you try not to let yourself become too self-important. You act much humbler than you feel.

Jude "Pit Bull" Henderson

Jude Henderson started life on a small farm in a shanty town in southern Georgia, and would have been content to stay there, if not for the troubles that came to his home town in the form of racist rednecks. Times were tough in the South, and the Ku Klux Klan believed that the men in the shanty town were taking jobs away from fine Southern gentlemen who needed to support their families. When Jude was only 10, the men in hooded robes came late at night, burning the homes and trying to drive the people of the shanty town away. They murdered Jude's mother and father, along with some 30 others. Jude ran into the night, orphaned and bitter. Some years later, after eking out a living at various menial tasks, Jude began working as a wrestler for a traveling fair. When the fair came to Atlanta, Jude met a dozen challengers in the ring, besting them all and making a pitance for his efforts. The last man to challenge him in the ring attempted to use brass knuckles to make clear his dissatisfaction with losing. Jude broke his neck in the resulting conflict and was consumed with guilt as a result. The man was drunk and not really responsible for his actions. Jude was sentenced to life imprisonment for first degree murder. He left behind his wife, Amelia and their three-year old son Walter. While in the Federal Penitentiary, Jude met with Keith Forsythe, a militant racist determined to get under his skin. Remembering his past and the death of his family at the hands of the same sort, Jude lost control and killed the man. Jude was later killed for his trouble by one of the



guards at the penitentiary, a friend of Forsythe's, who knifed him in the stomach and left him to die. Jude joined the Shattered Chain at his first opportunity and has been one of their strongest advocates ever since.

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Bravo

Cohort: Shattered Chain

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 4

Skills: Crafts 3, Drive 2, Leadership 3, Melee 4, Survival 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 1, Occult 1

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 2, Eidolon 2

Passions: Make amends for having killed someone (Guilt) 4, To exist in comfort in the Shadowlands as he never did in life (Greed) 2, Protect his wife and son (Love) 3

Arcanos: Argos 3, Fatalism 2, Inhabit 4, Keening 2, Pupperty 4

Fetters: Family, 2; Federal Penitentiary, 3

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: Freak

Angst: 5

Thorns: Death's Sigil, Infamy 4, Tainted Touch

Shadow Passions: Kill whenever necessary to demonstrate your power (Arrogance) 3; Kill all racists (Hate) 4

Image: Jude is a big man, standing almost six and a half feet in height and weighing in at 374 pounds, without a spare ounce of fat on his Corpus. Jude is very much an idealized version of the way he looked in life. He is bald, and wears antiquated prison garb along with the spiked collar that earned him his nickname.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a listener, always hearing what others say and seldom voicing your own opinions. You tend to brood, crossing your arms and staring intensely at whoever is speaking. Never volunteer information, but if someone asks, tell them what you know. Your hatred of Caucasians is strong, but can be overlooked if the individuals in question agree with you that equality is a two way street. You are not unreasonable, just scarred by your past.

Independent Renegades

There are a number of Renegades in Atlanta's Necropolis who do not belong to any one Circle, preferring instead to remain independent. The only thing these individuals share in common is contempt for the oppressive strictures of the Hierarchy. Their unique perspective on the society of Atlanta's Shadowlands makes them ideal as guides for wraiths who are new to the area...if the characters can tolerate their sometimes abrasive personalities. Randolph and the Deacon are both very knowledgeable about the area and can provide newcomers with an interesting, if somewhat slanted, view of Atlanta's Restless Dead.

Rockin' Randolph Slay

Randolph planned his whole life around being a radio disc jockey, practicing and making his connections in the world of rock and roll. Unfortunately, his Uncle Sam had different ideas, and Randolph was drafted into the U.S. Army and shipped away to Korea. On his third day in the field, Randolph stepped on a land mine. What came back from the 'Nam was a pale reflection of the man who left. His legs were gone, his left arm ended in a stump, and worst of all, he was deafened. Bitter and frustrated, Randolph soon turned to drugs as a form of escape. He died from a drug overdose less than a year after his return to Atlanta. Upon learning about wraith society, Randolph decided to use his natural talents to better what he saw as a bad situation. It took some work, and it certainly took some time, but Randolph now runs a radio station in the Underworld. Randolph plays his music and chats with other Restless Dead on WBON, Radio—Atlanta's only Restless 24 hour a day rock station. Randolph's acidic remarks about the Hierarchy have put a price on his head, but he's managed so far to avoid being captured.

Randolph Slay is the only member of Radio Free Stygia presently in the Atlanta area. While his comments are often taken as anti-Hierarchy propaganda—which is just what he in-



tended—he is considered mostly harmless by the Hierarchy at large. Rockin' Randolph plays a great variety of music and is always open to requests when he can be found. He is not fond of established governments of any sort and, while he associates on a personal level with several groups of Renegades and Heretics, he does not truly promote the beliefs of any group. Randolph is also used as a message board by many of the various Gangs in town and has a long list of messages at any given time.

Randolph does not believe in staying quiet, and he seldom tells the whole truth over the radio. More often than not, Randolph will give a list of clues instead of the actual location for a fight or a meeting. The Hierarchy often sends a patrol to stop a riot that is actually taking place in another part of the

The radio station from which Randolph broadcasts is a wonder of Stygian technology and modern telecommunications. Somehow it manages to send out a frequency which is easily picked up by relic radios for miles around. Many people have speculated that Randolph is secretly a member of the Burning, and that he fuel his station from the raw Corpus of destroyed wraiths.

While certainly a more interesting story, this is unfortunately untrue. In the late '80s, a college radio station burned to the ground in downtown Atlanta, causing a great deal of equipment to pass across the Shroud to the Shadowlands. With some covert help from a former Hierarchy Artificer and a soulfire crystal the size of a keg, Randolph began his broadcasts. Treat the radio station as a Level 2 Haunt.



city, simply because the clues are beyond their ability to comprehend. Randolph is one of the few Renegades regularly invited to the Cotillions held by the Ponce de Leon Ladies Haunting Society. To date, no one is certain if he has ever actually shown up at the event. Most people only know Randolph by his voice.

Nature: Judge

Demeanor: Jester

Cohort: Independent Renegade

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Awareness 2, Athletics 1, Expression 4, Intuition 3

Skills: Performance 5, Stealth 3, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Investigation 2, Linguistics 3, Science 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Eidolon 3, Notoriety 2

Passions: Undermine the authority of the Hierarchy (Bit-terness) 3, Achieve fame in the Underworld that he never did in life (Greed) 4

Arcanos: Inhabit 2, Keening 2, Lifeweb 4

Fetters: High School class ring lost in Korea, 2; Box of 45* records in the basement of a downtown apartment building, 5

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 8

Shadow: Freak

Angst: 6

Thorns: Dark Allies 2, Pact of Doom

Shadow Passions: Incite violence (Rage) 4, Gain power over others (Envy) 3

Image: Rockin' Randolph is a thin man, almost completely wasted away. He still bears needle-marks from his years as a heroin addict. Randolph always keeps up with the latest fashions, and this year he's been exceptionally Gothic, with black and silver being the only colors he bothers to wear. Randolph has thick, wire-frame glasses and short hair slicked back in the style so popular in the 50's.

Roleplaying Hints: You are merciless in your criticisms, but you are always "on" and therefore ready to dazzle anyone you meet with your savage good humor. Be nice, be friendly, but let everyone know that Death would be a better state of mind without the Hierarchy in the way.

The Deacon

No one knows where he came from — he tells the story differently every time. Trailer parks, dumpsters, soup kitchens, Midtown apartments, Waffle Houses, and the corridors of the Omni blended together into one colorful tapestry of a life well-lived. The man himself was equally colorful: an enormous redneck transvestite whose poetry, screamed at 80 decibels over a backbeat produced by a metal rod clanging against a metal shell, garnered widespread attention. Anti-drug laws, government corruption, racism, overpriced beer: no societal peccadillo escaped his watchful eye and scathing tongue.

He died in a car crash while on tour with a local blues band. Too mean for Oblivion and too good for Transcendence, he rose, kicking and screaming into the Shadowlands. Thanks to the Deacon's sharp wit, Atlanta's Hierarchs are starting to reacquaint themselves with ulcers.

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Deviant

Circle: Independent Renegade

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Awareness 1, Brawl 2, Empathy 1, Expression 4, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 1, Leadership 3, Melee 2, Performance 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Law 1, Linguistics 1, Occult 3, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 3, Eidolon 3, Memoriam 4, Notoriety 1, Renegade Status 2

Passions: Flout authority (Duty) 4, Protect counterculture kids (Love) 2, Shock people (Joy) 2, Keep punk poets alive (Pride) 2

Arcanos: Argos 1, Keening 3, Moliate 3, Outrage 3, Pandemonium 2

Fetters: Just about every stage in every pre-1992 club in Atlanta, 2; Various bizarre fetishist paraphernalia, 3

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 10

Angst: 4

Shadow: The Freak

Thorns: Freudian Slip

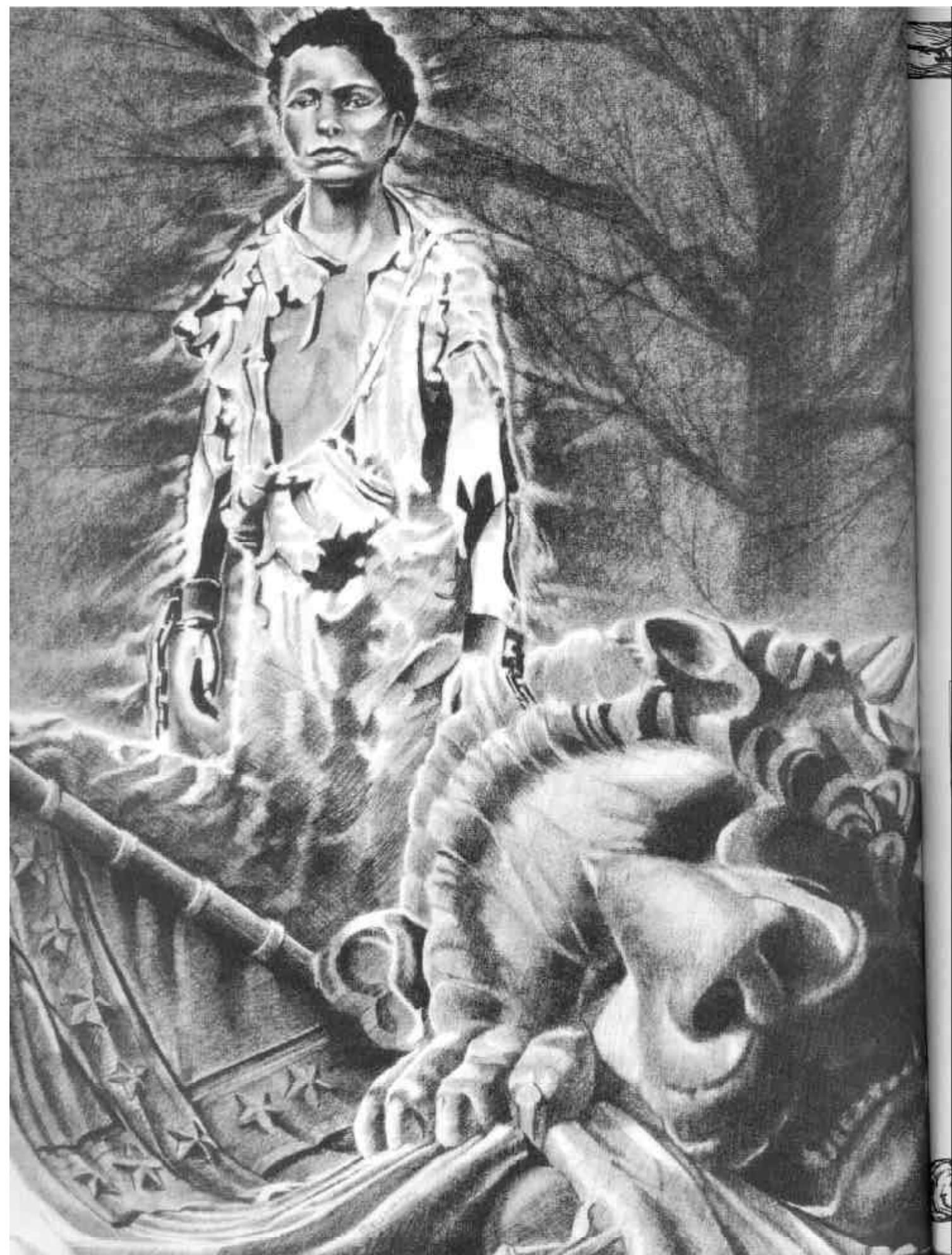
Shadow Passions: Keep other poets from success (Jealousy) 3, Repeach self about sexuality (Disgust) 2, Ridicule and debase others (Contempt) 2

Image: The Deacon appears much as he did in life: a burly, ruddy, red-bearded 300-pound man whose expansive beer gut is barely contained by the floral-print dresses, bustiers and assorted items of women's lingerie he customarily wears. Occa-



sionally he sports latex breasts or even odder items. With Moliate, the possibilities beggar the imagination.

Roleplaying Notes: LOUD! You like to be the center of attention and have little trouble maintaining that state. To hell with death! To hell with the lowdown, yellow-balled, spineless, brain-suckin', shit-eatin', creativity-evisceratin', Spectre-afterbirth-chewin', boil-on-a-roach's butt Hierarchs who try to keep you from expressing the fragile splendor of your inner child. You seek out and "imbibe" emotional situations with gusto (hell, there's no goddamn beer in the afterlife—you gotta guzzle somethin'!).



The Outsiders

A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's, then to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

—Shakespeare, *As You Like It* IV.i.21



here are wraiths in the city that do not fit comfortably into the existing factions. These Outsiders offer both hope of acceptance without conditions and greater challenges than most of the more formal factions in the city. Outsiders are independent, less likely to follow any set guidelines and less likely to conform. For this reason they can be dangerous, as they are unpredictable and often motivated only by their own selfish desires with no set rules of conduct that they are obligated to obey.

As a general rule, the Outsiders all attempt to avoid confrontation with any of the major powers in the Necropolis. They tend only to follow their own goals, and to deal with the Hierarchy only when necessary. None of the Outsiders desires acceptance within the ranks of the Hierarchy or any other power, save as a means to an end. Politically speaking, they are neutral in all conflicts between the Heretics, the Renegades and the Hierarchy. Minions of the various other Dark Kingdoms are all fully capable of dealing with their "hosts," but in most cases will avoid any sort of confrontation with any organized group. There is no love lost between these strangers and the Stygian forces. If forced to choose sides, they will covertly

aid the Renegades, but they normally remain completely neutral. None of these servants of other Deathrealms knows about the existence of their counterparts in the city. All are very cautious about maintaining a false front before everyone they see.

The Dark Kingdoms



*From the pain come the dream
From the dream come the vision
From the vision come the people
And from the people come the power
From this power come the change*

—Peter Gabriel, "Fourteen Black Paintings"

The Dark Kingdoms each have their representatives in the Necropolis, hidden away in some cases, and walking in plain sight in others. There is a great danger for anyone who sides with the Dark Kingdoms, a danger that the Hierarchy will take note of them and use them as examples, scapegoats or even tools in the constant battle for new territories. Do the

characters dare risk working against the Hierarchy on so grand a scale? Or do they have plans for the meeting set to take place in less than a decade? There is an uneasy truce between the Hierarchy and all the other Deathrealms. In all honesty, Stygia doesn't really understand the motivations of their companion realms in the Tempest, and as a result, they assume the worst. In most instances, the other realms merely want the chance to Reap those of their people who have died far from home...but this is not always the case. If the characters decide to join with the foreign rulers, how will the characters deal with day-to-day survival in a city likely to view them as traitors and turncoats?

Below are representatives and wraiths acting on behalf of the Dark Kingdoms of Jade, Ivory and Obsidian, but this certainly does not represent all the other cultural afterlives. Most wraiths in Europe and America, in the grand tradition of the West, clump all other cultures into a few broad groupings, turning a blind eye to the variations within cultures and peoples. The Restless of India, the Caribbean, Polynesia, Australia and countless other areas do not maintain an active presence in Atlanta...at least not yet. But with the coming of the Olympics in 1996, the Necropolis of Atlanta will no doubt experience some degree of culture shock as they encounter representatives of the other Dark Kingdoms.

The Jade Empire

In every encounter there is the opportunity for enlightenment.

—Ninja wisdom

It is possible that someone among the Troupe will want to represent the Jade Empire. And in truth, the Empire's influence in Atlanta's Necropolis is somewhat greater than most realize. The influx of Asian peoples into Atlanta is increasing, and it is possible that there are a few who have made arrangements before their demise to represent the Jade Emperor. One of the prerequisites in this case would be having a Fetter located in the Skinlands of the Jade Empire, and there are few who honestly qualify.

There is always a possibility that anyone of Asian descent could be recruited by the Hierarchy to keep a vigilant eye on any potential minions of the Jade Empire, in which case there comes a question of allegiance with the Hierarchy or the following of time-honored tradition within the family. Death is not likely to change the cultural beliefs an individual was raised with, and honor is a very strong tie in the typical Asian code of ethics. Would the character chose to betray the family's honor for wealth? If so, what would the repercussion be? Even if the character actually does represent the Jade Emperor, what is the mission that she must follow? Does she simply observe, or is she there to create a fighting force for the Jade Empire? Could she dare trust the rest of her Cohort with her secret?



Tobias Hillmont

Tobias Hillmont

Tobias Hillmont never existed, but Jack Sinclair most certainly did. Jack died while fighting against the nation's enemies in Korea. He died a slow gangrenous death after having his arms blown into so much bloody confetti by friendly fire. Jack, who had always been a staunch supporter of the United States, took his death at their hands very personally. The Jade Emperor asked if he would like a chance to revenge himself by working against them, and Jack was very pleased with the understanding he and Jade Emperor came to. Jack came back to the United States, to Atlanta in particular, to observe and report back to the Jade Emperor personally. Jack took on the name Tobias Hillmont and invented a fake background to explain his presence in Atlanta. In order to help his new spy, the Emperor shaped and reformed Jack into who he is today. He trained vigorously in various Eastern arts and Arcanos before journeying to Atlanta, and he maintains contact with the Jade Emperor.

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Cohort: The Jade Empire

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Empathy 5, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 3, Firearms 2, Leadership 3, Melee 4, Performance 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Computers 3, Enigmas 4, Investigation 4, Linguistics 3, Medicine 2, Occult 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Artifacts 4 (telephone that allows him to contact his superiors in the Jade Empire, darksteel batana), Contacts 3, Eidolon 2, Hierarchy Status 4, Wealth 3

Passions: Get information on Stygia for the Jade Emperor (Vengeance) 5, Increase his standing with the Hierarchy (Bit-terness) 4

Arcanos: Argos 5, Castigate 2, Fatalism 3, Lifeweb 3, Outrage 4, Usury 4

Fetters Guri still buried in a Korean jungle, 3; House where he grew up in Marietta, 4; American flag that used to be outside his house, 2

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 10

Shadow: The Pusher

Angst: 4

Thorns: Shadow Relic, Soul Gem

Shadow Passions: Kill all Westerners (Hate) 4, Blow Jack's cover to the Hierarchy (Self-hatred) 5

Image: Tobias Hillmont is a distinguished gentleman, standing 6' 2" tall, and normally dressed in the height of Victorian fashion. His top hat and cane are trademarks that identify him to almost every wraith in the city, and his close personal friendship with Governor Jim Jones has made him very popular at cotillions and less formal events. He has been seen several times with members of the Restless accused of being with the Heretics, but he's never been accused of any crimes.

Roleplaying Hints: Speak with a sophisticated, well-cultured British accent. You are always a perfect gentleman to the ladies and a dear friend to all the men. When with the Hierarchy, eagerly discuss the best ways to rid the Shadowlands of the Renegades and Heretics. Use the same basic plan with the other groups as well: always agree with what they are saying, only disagreeing when you feel they would get hurt by following through with certain plans. You really don't care what any of them think. They are all going to be crushed by the weight of their own stupidity. You just never let them see that you feel that way.

The Dark Kingdom of Ivory

One three centuries removed

*From the scenes his fathers loved,
Spice grove, cinnamon tree,*

What is Africa to me?

—Courtney Cullen, "Heritage"

There are many in the city who claim that they serve the Ivory Queen, but how many of the claims are true? A player might want to represent the Ivory Kingdom, but is there anyone who can be trusted on this mission? The Shattered Chain



has many members who claim affiliation with the Queen, but surely they cannot all be on the up-and-up. How can anyone tell the difference? Perhaps a character might be recruited by the Ivory Kingdom to search out impostors and end their miserable existence, or perhaps the time has finally come to call for open war against the Hierarchy. How will the characters react if the call to arms is sounded?

The risks are great, and the rewards could be as little as a polite thank you or as much as Governorship of an entire Citadel. With no certainty as to who is trustworthy, who will the characters follow in the raging debates about how best to deal with the Hierarchy?

In recent years, there has been a great deal of debate over the role of Ivory Queen Reapers in Atlanta. Initially, her ambassadors claimed all of African heritage as their right. Many jumped at the chance to escape the Hierarchy and the oppression of the Stygian system. They hoped that a life in the land of their people would be different, but as yet, none have returned with credible tales of the Dark Continent. But much to the surprise of the Ivory Queen's Reapers, a large percentage of the "African-Americans" did not want to go to an African Underworld. They had lived in America all their lives, and in many cases, their parents and grandparents for several generations had lived and died on American soil. They knew little of their distant African heritage and told their startled Reapers that they would prefer to remain in the land of their birth. At present, the local representative is Sharah Abdeldaim, a native of Atlanta. Sharah understands the delicate racial balance in the city as well as her African heritage, and it was for this reason that she was chosen to represent the Ivory Kingdom in Atlanta.

Sharah Abdeldaim

Sharah was born in the Atlanta of the 1960s, a time of both turmoil and change for the black community. Her father was very active in the civil rights movement, and her mother encouraged her to learn more about her heritage, culture and history. Sharah was a bright girl and seized upon the culture of her ancestors. Admitted to Georgia State in the late seventies, she was the center of several political groups on campus as well as distinguishing herself as a dancer. She became known throughout the school as a champion of civil rights as well. She was arrested repeatedly at demonstrations, which only served to prove to her the corruptness and inherent racism of the American judicial system. She contemplated law school, but decided to do something where she felt she could make more of an immediate difference. In the mid-80s, Sharah opened up a dance studio in Sweet Auburn where she taught the dances of West Africa as well as modern jazz and hip-hop. Her studio became a central meeting point for anyone interested in learning more about African culture, and soon she added language classes and workshops on crafts. Her business thrived, until one December afternoon during Kwanzaa. Sharah



Sharah Abdeldaim

was walking home after a particularly exhausting day at the studio, organizing volunteers to protest at a local business that refused to recognize Kwanzaa as a "legitimate" holiday. Unfortunately, word of her planned demonstration had reached the company, and she was attacked by four men. They insisted later that they had "just planned to beat her up a bit," but Sharah pulled a revolver from her purse. In the ensuing struggle, she was shot with her own gun.

Upon crossing the Shroud, Sharah was immediately seized by a representative of the Ivory Queen, who had foreseen her accident with Fatalism. Her passion for her heritage combined with her ability to lead people made her the perfect candidate to represent the Ivory Queen officially in the city, he told her. She agreed without hesitation. In recent years, she has learned to work toward her own goals without coming into conflict with the Hierarchy too often. She states that just knowing that there is a place for her across the Tempest makes working with the Hierarchy almost tolerable.

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Rebel

Cohort: Ivory Queen

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Athletics 4, Awareness 3, Expression 3, Streetwise 1

Skills: Crafts 3, Firearms 2, Leadership 5, Performance 5

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Law 2, Linguistics 3, Politics 4

Arcanos: Castigate 4, Embody 2, Fatalism 4, Keening 2, Puppetry 3

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 3, Eidolon 4, Status (Ivory Kingdom) 4

Passions: Promote African culture (Love) 5, Keep peace between Stygia and the Ivory Queen (Hope) 3, Revenge for her death (Vengeance) 3

Fetters: Dance studio, 4; Police record, 1; Ivory necklace passed down through her family, 2; Mother, 2

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 9

Shadow: Perfectionist

Angst: 5

Thorns: Trick of the Light, Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Kill all white businessmen (Hate) 4, incite violence, (Hate) 5

Image: Sharah appears as a willowy woman in her late twenties with her dark hair braided into cornrows and finished off with beads. She usually ties her hair back into a scarf as well. Sharah tends to wear comfortable, loose-fitting clothing appropriate for dancing, and her expression appears open and approachable.

Roleplaying Notes: Atlanta is a hell of a big city, but if anyone can keep track of it, it's you. You've learned in your years on this side of the Shroud when to shut up and play along with the Establishment, to buy you time to do what you need to. There are too many people who need your help to find their way to where they belong, and if you go down because of a technicality, that doesn't help anyone.

The Obsidian Kingdom

*I am an only child, born of the wild
Riddled to spend my time defending my land*
—Indigo Girls, "Chickenman"

There is a strong resurgence of Native American pride in the United States, and that is likely to be at least partially the work of the Kingdom of Obsidian. The rift between the realms of the Quick and the Dead were caused in large part by the coming of the Europeans, and the suffering that has occurred both in this world and in the Underworld has resulted in a strong resentment of the Hierarchy and its interference. But in the Shadowlands around Atlanta, that anger has led to powerful forces of Spectres that wish to see the end of the Hierarchy's power and the re-emergence of a unified Obsidian Kingdom. So strong is the power of the barrow-flames that the city literally burns from time to time as a result. The prophecies of old tell that a Child of the Phoenix is due to save or destroy the city. Will that child come from among the bitter, broken remnants of the once great Obsidian Kingdom? If so, is one of the characters the prophesied Messiah of change? Or could it be that this child is all a hoax, and that the chosen one among the players is but a pawn in a darker, more sinister plot?

The Obsidian Kingdom once had a strong grip on all of Georgia, but that changed when the Europeans came, bringing with them new diseases and weapons that could kill from a great distance. While many of the Creek Indians tried to reach an accord with the settlers, their plans always fell through. Eventually the Creek Indians were forced to leave the land, driven away by the foreigners that took and took without care. In later years, the Cherokee Indians came to the area, driven from their previous home and trying in vain to find a new place away from the invaders. As with the Creek before them, they soon found that the white men were unwilling to co-exist. Bitterness and anger fueled arguments between the two races that could not easily be settled. As time passed, the Cherokee were also driven away from what is now Atlanta, forced to move on in search of yet another new home. The past is written in blood and decayed flesh, and nothing can change what has already come to pass. In the Shadowlands, a small outpost of what was once the Obsidian Kingdom continues to hold on to what is rightfully theirs, not in the Necropolis itself but in a large Domain to the north of the city, at the Etowah Burial Mounds.

Elaine Running Deer

Elaine was Kinfolk to the Garou in life, but knew very little about them. Her grandfather, Howls-In-Battle, was a proud member of the Ukteta Garou and slain by the invading Fianna when Elaine was only 12 years old. Elaine's parents were killed as well, but she survived and hid in the woods, coming out only when the Europeans were asleep. Her family's bodies were left to rot after anything of apparent value was stolen from their corpses. One item that was overlooked by the invaders was a simple necklace of rough stones around her grandfather's neck. The necklace was a powerful fetish that allowed Howls-In-Battle to speak with the Dead, and Elaine used the necklace the same way once she finally figured out how it worked. From beyond the grave, her ancestors taught Elaine the ways of her people and helped her locate others of the tribe that had been scattered in the combat. With the aid of their Dead, the Cherokee performed powerful rituals to establish a new haven for those of the lost Obsidian Kingdom at the site now known as the Etowah Burial Mounds. The effort was monumental, but successful in the long run. Elaine lived another 30 years, often hiding from the European settlers, before being shot in the back by a man who claimed she was poaching on his property. Though married at the time of her death, Elaine had never managed to become a mother. No one was left to tell her tale.

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Caregiver

Cohort: The Cherokee Tribunal of the Dead

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3



Elaine Running Deer

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Awareness 4, Athletics 3, Intimidation 2

Skills: Crafts 5 (Skin Tanning, Weaving, Pottery, Jewelry), Leadership 3, Melee 1, Performance 3, Stealth 2, Survival 4

Knowledges: Linguistics 3, Medicine 3, Occult 4

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Artifacts 3 (Medicine bag, two darksteel skinning knives), Eidolon 2, Mentor 3

Passions: Forgive for the ignorant savages that stole the Land (Pity) 4, Protect Heritage (Pride) 3

Arcanos: Argos 2, Castigate 4, Keening 4, Usury 1

Fetters: Burial mounds north of Atlanta, 4; Caron Fetish, 5

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Monster

Angst: 5

Thorns: Trick of Light

Shadow Passions: Destroy those who have no respect for the Earth (Hate) 5, Encourage destruction of the land (Hate) 2

Image: Elaine is a heavy-set woman in her 40s with long black hair, salted grey in areas. Her eyes are dark brown, and her skin is weathered. She normally dresses in the traditional clothes of the Pure Ones.

Roleplaying Hints: Although you have a great deal of bitterness over the tragic events that shaped your life, you do not automatically assume that everyone who is not Native American is bad. No one is permitted into the Holding without first proving themselves worthy, but you often stay away

from the Holding to assist anyone in need. The time for war is long over, and you were never a warrior in the first place.

The Others



here are some in Atlanta who are neither agents of the other Dark Kingdoms nor supporters of any of the Stygian factions. These wraiths have their own goals, their own ideals. The Hierarchy is too constrictive, the Heretics ignore everyday concerns in pursuit of an elusive notion of Transcendence, and the Renegades are often so wrapped up in their own personal crusades that they see little else. These wraiths make their way through the Shadowlands on their own and in many cases would provide excellent guides for newcomers to the area.

Stephen Banner

Some people just attract the wrong types of fans. Stephen Banner was the type to do just that. Banner wrote only four science fiction novels before his life was ended by a young man who was certain that everything Banner had written was real and the only way to stop the aliens from coming to earth was to kill the man summoning them with his writings and his thoughts. Banner died while dining out with his fiancée, shot six times in the back of the head. Since then, he's been learning all he can about the Underworld, and writing his next novel, a ghost story. He's in Atlanta to do research. Chanc-



Stephen Banner

lets who know something else might be sought out by Banner as guides, and those who are new to the city might find him an agreeable companion to discover the city with.

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Loner

Cohort: Independent Renegade

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 1, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Intimidation 2

Skills: Crafts 5, Drive 4, Melee 4, Survival 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Computer 3, Investigation 4, Linguistics 1, Medicine 1, Occult 2, Science 2

Backgrounds: Memoriam 3, Notoriety 1, Wealth 3

Passions: Finish his manuscripts (Love) 5, Inspire others to write (Hope) 2, Learn about the Shadowlands to be better able to write about it (Curiosity) 4

Arcanos: Argus 3, Inhabit 3, Pandemonium 4, Phantasm 2

Fetters: Unfinished manuscript, 3; Copy of his first novel, 2; Janet Walters, fiancée

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Perfectionist

Angst: 4

Thorns: Bad Luck, Shadow Life

Shadow Passions: Frighten people through his stories (Glee) 3; Stop trying to write; you are dead after all. (Despair) 3

Image: Stephen Barner is a large, somewhat unkempt man, normally seen in a black leather jacket and pegged blue jeans. His grey hair frames a face that seems made for brooding, which is exactly what he does best. His hands are constantly fidgeting, and he paces rapidly, even when he is going nowhere.

Roleplaying Hints: Look around, see everything there is to see, and remember that you are here only to find the truth behind the lies that everyone presents. Be friendly if someone speaks to you, but if they get obnoxious, just walk away. You don't want to get involved, you just want to see what's what and who's who.

Nick Stardust

Born Nicholas Goldberg in 1919, Nick grew up in a very strict Orthodox Jewish household, where it was discovered that he had a truly rich and resonant voice as a cantor in the family's private worship services. He studied voice as a child in elementary school and later on in high school. He studied the Torah with the men of the temple and listened to them argue points of dogma when he was supposed to be learning Hebrew, always thinking instead of the next time he could sing.

He started out singing on street corners during the Depression to earn pennies and nickels to help support his family. At the age of 20, his Uncle Louis gave him the chance to sing at the brand-new Creme-de-la-Creme club in the fashionable Buckhead area. The young Nicholas, under advice from his uncle, changed his name to 'Nick Stardust.' Soon he was booking gigs all over Atlanta, and, as air travel became more prominent in Atlanta, all over the South. But he always loved returning to the Creme-de-la-Creme club where he would sing his best for his uncle.

Turned down from the draft because of fallen arches, Nick's minor fame grew during World War II, as did his waistline as he began to indulge himself in black market pastries outlawed due to rationing. In the fall of 1952, Atlantic Records contacted him about making an album of his favorite songs, and he began to bone up on the current popular music, trying desperately to seem up-to-date. Unfortunately, his rich lifestyle coupled with a family tendency toward heart disease did him in: he had a heart attack while enjoying a cherry Danish in his uncle's kitchen the morning he was supposed to sign his recording contract. He was pronounced dead on arrival at Grady Memorial Hospital shortly thereafter.

As a wraith, Nick feels that he is being punished for his selfishness and has been driven away because of the many changes that the Creme-de-la-Creme building has taken over time. The bar folded in 1953 when his uncle went into retirement and sold the place to a New York restaurateur, whereupon it became the Triumph Cafeteria and Grill, followed by the Golden Dragon Chinese restaurant. Nick began to avoid the old place, not liking to watch the cooks preparing the Chinese food (he was always a squeamish type), and began visiting his other Fetters. He traveled between his sister's house in Atlanta where his ancient Victrola and his favorite nephew and niece were and up to Manhattan where John and Shawna, a nice young couple, had bought the antique steamer trunk he'd always used on tour from his sister. Nick found soon that the only way he could feel good about his existence was to sing — and, even better, to help other people sing through Puppetry. At first he restricted himself to helping John out when he sang in the shower, and then he started wandering about both Manhattan and Atlanta looking for hapless souls to "inspire." Suddenly, out of the blue, a passer-by would be gripped with the need to belt out "Some Enchanted Evening" or "Moon over Miami" ... even if they didn't know the words!

Lately, however, Nick has benefited from the extreme from the recent change at the old Creme-de-la-Creme club: the place is now called Joe's Piano Bar and Grill and every Wednesday night is Laser Karaoke night. Now Nick can perform regularly again, often possessing a particularly good karaoke' and dominating the microphone for the rest of the night.

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Circle: None



Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Awareness 3, Empathy 2, Expression 3, Streetwise 2

Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 3, Etiquette 2, Meditation 1, Performance 4, Repair 2, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Linguistics 1, Medicine 2

Backgrounds: Eidolon 3, Memoriam 2, Haunt 3 (The Creme-de-la-Creme club)

Passions: To Sing (Nostalgia) 4, To somehow make up for his selfishness (Guilt) 3, To eat fresh pastries, sweets, and junk food (Lust) 2, To protect and take care of his sister and her children (Love) 1

Arcanos: Argos 4, Puppetry 3, Keening 3

Fetters: Creme-de-la-Creme Club (the building that it was once in), 3; antique Victrola (still in working order, miraculously enough), 3; steamer trunk, 3; and his sister Lily, an antiques dealer in Atlanta (his last living close relative), 3

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 8

Shadow: Parent (his Shadow looks curiously like his mother when it is in control)

Angst: 6

Thorns: Devil's Dare, Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: To punish Nick for wasting his talents (Guilt) 4, To make sure that no one else makes the mistake that Nick did, turning away from God (Anger) 3, To make

any business in the Creme-de-la-Creme club go out of business (Revenge) 3

Image: Nick is a bit rotund, although his boyish good looks and natural charm conspires to make him friendly, approachable and even attractive. He's very self-effacing, but you can tell that there's a passionate need burning with him. He dresses in a lovely purple velvet-trimmed suit, and his hair is always perfectly coifed.

Roleplaying Notes: Your attention is easily distracted by music or the presence of rich sweets in the Shadowlands. You like to shake hands with other wraiths, but they don't seem to be too inclined; you still wonder why. You love to sing and are always singing in your mellifluous lounge singer's tones. Despite the fact that you no longer have a PA system (although you're always looking for one and a drum machine to provide accompaniment), you talk as if you always have a microphone in your hand.

Alan Crompton

Alan Crompton lived his life as a mercenary during the Civil War and as a bounty hunter after that. Alan amassed a substantial fortune during his life, large enough that he was murdered for his wealth. Immediately after ripping away his own Caul, Alan sought out his enemies for revenge. They all died screaming. Since then he's traveled constantly, between San Francisco, where he was murdered, and Atlanta, where he was born. He still works as a bounty hunter and he often takes others with him when he travels, showing them the safest way to reach their destinations, wherever they may wish to go. Naturally, there's a price... negotiable, but normally steep.

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Bravo

Cohort: Independent Doomslayer

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Awareness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 3

Skills: Drive 4, Firearms 5, Leadership 2, Melee 4, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Enigmas 2, Investigation 4, Linguistics 2, Medicine 2, Occult 3

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 3, Eidolon 3, Hierarchy Status 2, Heretic Status 1, Wealth 2

Passions: Prove that you're still the best soldier around (Arrogance) 3, Always follow through on a job (Pride) 4

Arcanos: Argos 5, Castigate 2, Keening 2, Outrage 3, Usury 2

Fetters: Musket currently on display at the Atlanta Historical Society, 3; House in Decatur, 2; Street corner in San Francisco where he died, 4



Willpower: 10

Pathos: 8

Shadow: The Perfectionist

Angst: 4

Thorns: Dark Allies 3, Death's Sigil

Shadow Passions: Sell as many people into slavery as possible (Hate) 4, Embarrass Alan (Glee) 3

Image: Alan Crompton is a sun-baked cowboy, all the way down to the hat and the chaps. He is always slightly dusty, and he carries two six-shooters slung low on his hips. Alan almost never smiles, and when he does, people tend to scatter in fear. Alan has a very feral grin.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a grim man, seldom smiling, and always prepared for the worst. Life taught you how difficult it is to find someone trustworthy, and Death reinforced those teachings. Despite the bitter belief that there are few people who can be trusted, you are still an honest man and you deal with others fairly. You know better than to expect the same in return. You know the ways of the Underworld and could be convinced to work as a teacher if the price was right.



Appendix: Atlanta by Night

A city cast in darkness, burning wit brimstone and noisome pitch and full of inhabitants who cannot make their escape... The damned are in the abyss of hell.

—St. Francis de Sales, *Introduction to the Devout Life*



This Appendix is for those players and Storytellers of *Wraith: The Oblivion* who are interested in playing *Vampire: The Masquerade* alongside their *Wraith Chronicle*. The history, politics and characters among Atlanta's Kindred are particularly suited to a *Wraith* crossover game. Note that although only a few characters will be detailed here, there are about 25-30 vampires in the Atlanta area; you should feel free to detail these extra vampires as you will.

History of the Kindred



Though the Gangrel have stories about Kindred who traveled through the area of the village of Standing Peachtree before the Europeans, the current-day Camarilla of Atlanta record the first Kindred in the Georgia area as one Patrick O'Shaunessy, a Ventrite Irish whiskey importer who was fleeing a Blood Hunt issued for him in London. O'Shaunessy

opened one of the first pubs in the area, but met with an ill-fated end when his haven was burned down after a particularly nasty bar-fight in which several barrels of whiskey caught fire.

For many years, no Kindred stalked the area. With the coming of the plantation agriculture of the South, several brave and powerful vampires from Boston and New York moved to the South to establish themselves independently of the bustling, young, hungry cities of the North.

Although the Kindred were not responsible for instituting the slave trade, these vampires soon grew powerful on the blood of slaves on plantations. Soon the vampire politics of the entire Southern region became something akin to the feudal days of Europe: individual vampire lords ruling their fiefdoms absolutely, Embracing only when necessary and thriving in the easy hunting grounds of the slave quarters. Through manipulation, Domination and brute force, many of these Kindred became plantation owners themselves. Because of their unlives of ease, these vampires grew extremely jealous of any other Kindred moving through their Domains, especially when they discovered vampires interested in settling the area. They called themselves the Southern Lords, and they ruled areas in and around what would become North and South Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida and Virginia.



When the railroad opened and finally extended south to Atlanta, several Kindred fled, riding the rails to escape from the rule of the northern princes. Of course, they immediately discovered the very tightly controlled fiefdoms of the Southern Lords. Many of lesser power were somehow "lost in transit," never heard from again.

One who was not lost was a genteel Malkavian by the name of Bedelia whose derangement was deep but civilized. Bedelia's age was considerable, and through her own grace of charm and manners, she was able to convince the Southern Lords that she was no threat to their fiefs. She visited each of them on the route down from Plymouth, Massachusetts, where she had lived for many years and secured their permission to pass through their lands. She procured herself a place in the blossoming city of Terminus, soon after called Atlanta, on the promise that she would not Embrace in the city and that she would inform the Lords of any Kindred vagabonds arriving on Atlanta's doorstep.

For a time, there was peace between Bedelia and the Lords. Several of them even forged friendships with her, particularly one Lord named Ignatius. A Tremere scholar who had come to the Georgia area many years in the past, Ignatius established himself in a very secure plantation haven with a library filled with books from around the world. Bedelia would often travel

in a coffin-and-hearse arrangement from the city to the country to stay with Ignatius for the winter, chiefly because of his secure and easy supply of blood.

In 1850, several northern Archons were sent south after a conclave in Boston to investigate several possible breaches of the Masquerade. Reports had filtered back of some of these Southern Lords setting themselves up as more than plantation owners. Strange tales of vampires setting themselves up as gods, bizarre blood orgies and haunted plantations had reached the ears of the Northern Camarilla. All the Archons but one failed to return to the North. The one who did spoke of the incredibly powerful Southern Lords with great respect and even greater terror. He had developed many derangements as a result of his experience and was mercifully put to the torch.

However, it was not until ten years later that the Northern Camarilla chose to respond. They sent word by ghoul messengers that a Justicar was going to visit all of the Southern fiefs to inspect them. These messengers returned, after a fashion, in pieces carefully cut up and sealed in a coffin box and shipped by train from Atlanta. Those who first inspected the squalid box screamed in terror and began to be haunted by daymares as they slept, some of them to the point of insanity. Sorcery was suspected, and more rumors of devil-worship, dark Thaumaturgy and consorting with spirits of the Dead came up.

from the South. The Southern Lords had apparently turned to the dark arts in their isolation.

In turn, the Southern Lords believed that the Northern Camarilla had grown power-hungry and wanted their lands. Many of the Lords believed that the Abolitionist movement was a ploy by Northern Brujah to undermine the Lords' power by focusing on their source of blood.

It became quite clear that nothing less than forceful retribution was going to bring these independent Southern Lords into line with the Camarilla. When the Civil War broke out a year later, the Northern Camarilla saw their chance to send a number of Archons and the Ventre Justicar (along with Dominate Northern soldiers) south to bring vengeance for their slain.

When the Civil War broke out, there was a general panic among the Southern Lords nearest to Atlanta: Ignatius from the nearby country and Taylor, a Toreador Lord from South Carolina, both fled to the protection of Atlanta. Bedelia accepted them with open arms and shared her herd with them, although they were so blood-thirsty that soon she had to find them ruffians and vagabonds to feed upon. Despairing of that, she took to buying them a few slaves apiece every two weeks, discarding the drained bodies in the Chattahoochee.

With the start of the Civil War, there came a few other Awakened visitors to the city. A tribe of werewolves living in the North Georgia mountains began to raid the city from time to time, and several Sabbat had begun to frequent the area. Ignatius was seized with the need to take control of Atlanta and set himself up as prince of the city. Bedelia had been self-styled prince of the city since its inception, defending it as was her right as vested by the Southern Lords. She recognized the need for a strong leader, but didn't want the strange and power-hungry Ignatius to rule. Behind his back, Bedelia Embraced a strong and intelligent young Confederate colonel by the name of J. Benison Hodge, who had already distinguished himself in several battles by fearlessly engaging the enemy without regard to himself. Bedelia sensed the madness deep within him and loved him for his martyr impulse. When she Embraced him, his derangement seemed to flower into a kind of noble bravery beyond mortal ken. J. Benison was incredibly loyal to Bedelia and almost the opposite of Ignatius, who was thin and frail in constitution though powerful in his sorcerous arts.

Just as Ignatius completed his plans to seize control of Atlanta (before Sherman's army reached the city), Bedelia presented J. Benison to the other two Kindred of the city and told them that he was her heir apparent for Prince of Atlanta. She demanded, as payment for her hospitality, that they each teach him something of their Disciplines. So enraged was Ignatius by this action of Bedelia's that he sent word to the other Southern Lords that he wished to ruin Bedelia and Atlanta completely. Calling on Boons from the Lords who had depended on Ignatius for sorcerous protection against the Archons sent against them, Ignatius arranged Atlanta's doom.

General Joseph Johnston, whose strategy of making Atlanta fortified with embankments and careful troop placements may have adequately defended the city for a time, was replaced by General John Hood, a man who believed that the only way to win was to ride out and engage the powerful Northern army. This replacement was a result of Ignatius' machinations: although he brought Justicar Baylor to the city with his rash action, he knew that Bedelia would never again hold power once it fell to the North.

The Southern Kindred did not realize the vehemence that the Justicar would bring to the city. Using Union troops, Baylor and his Archons searched the city for Kindred. They quickly found a few Sabbat hiding in the city and put them to the torch. Next they discovered Taylor, and after staking him and a childe he had recently Embraced, burned them as well. Bedelia went out to meet the Justicar and begged forgiveness. The Justicar told her that she would be forgiven of her crimes against the Camarilla (she had never been involved in the rumors of sorcery) if she would aid the Justicar in locating Ignatius. It took several days to find the Tremere, whose foul black arts had given him great power.

Despairing of ever finding the wily and powerful rogue Tremere, Justicar Baylor was about to depart the city on August 8th to pursue Ignatius when it was put to the torch by Sherman's men. Out of the flames came the rest of a Sabbat pack who had been hiding in the woods of Decatur and attacked the Justicar's tent. J. Benison distinguished himself by fighting amongst the flames against the manic Sabbat war party and defending the Justicar and Bedelia. Though he sustained many wounds, J. Benison prevailed against the Sabbat attackers. Ignatius vanished in the flames. He has not been seen or heard from since, and the Tremere reported soon after the burning of Atlanta that their Thaumaturgy could not detect his continued existence.

Justicar Baylor changed his mind and stayed in Atlanta after it burned, watching Bedelia and J. Benison to insure their loyalty to the Camarilla and using the husk of a city as a base of operations for his continued pursuit of the Southern Lords. As they had come to depend on Ignatius' magic to defend them, the rest of the Southern Lords quickly came into line.

As punishment for their treachery, but not wanting to disrupt the Camarilla's hold on the area, Baylor required each of the Lords to present their Progeny (in some cases, their biological sons and daughters) to be destroyed and allowed President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation strike the coup de grace to their power.

Aftermath and Reconstruction

When the South surrendered in April 1865, Justicar Baylor left after Embracing a new Archon, a woman by the name of Eleanor Johnston, a distant cousin to General Joseph Johnston, to serve as his representative and to use her influence in the



society of Atlanta to bring civilization back to the city as quickly as possible. Eleanor had been drawn Baylor's attention by her resourcefulness, wit and intelligence. She had been able to keep her own family stocked with food and water during the siege of Atlanta and had been a Confederate spy at one point. She adapted to unlfe quickly, immediately grasping all of the political situations she was now privy to.

The Justicar appointed J. Benison Prince of the city in recognition of his prowess in battle, warning Bedelia to hold fast to the Traditions and guide her childe in the right way of things. Then Baylor departed, leaving behind a beaten and nearly-destroyed Atlanta. J. Benison immediately secured Atlanta and its environs, riding out with teams of well-trained ghoul soldiers (troops who had sworn life and loyalty to J. Benison, known as "Benison's Boys") and fighting off Garou and Sabbat wherever he found them.

Bedelia had received grievous wounds in the attack on Atlanta and, growing weary of existence, had J. Benison seal her in a crypt hidden in the city. Her heart had broken with the burning of her beautiful city, and she claimed that only the balm of time could soothe it.

Reconstruction saw endless conflicts between the headstrong J. Benison and his Archon "keeper." The population of Atlanta began to grow as Northern "carpetbaggers" made their way South to take advantage of the fallen Confederacy and attempt to bring about economic recovery of the region. Atlanta grew in size, and several Kindred came along with these carpetbaggers: an ex-slave Brujah named Thelonious Kirby and a prim Tremere named Hannah, forming a rough coterie of Kindred in the city. They split up the city into feeding wards, under J. Benison's supervision and with Eleanor's guidance, and went about setting up business and getting the city rebuilt.

Still, Archon and prince clashed over matters of control. J. Benison wanted to control commerce and city directly. Eleanor wanted to govern subtly, to prod and push where needed, but in general to allow things to develop on their own. In all their conflict, Eleanor and J. Benison clearly had a great deal of respect for one-another's positions. They would often be nearly caught by the rays of the sun after staying up all night debating politics, points of view, even trivial things like the opera versus the popular music of the day (J. Benison was fond of songs like "Dixie" and "Elena" while Eleanor adored Mozart's operas). They spent much time together, one never apart from the other, quarreling incessantly. J. Benison once remarked that if she were a man, he would've called her out for a duel long ago.

Then, on a warm Atlanta spring evening wet with dew, Eleanor and J. Benison announced their impending marriage to the Kindred of Atlanta, shocking the Northern Kindred gathered there to no end. There was mass speculation about whether or not this was something that the Archon had forced on the prince, or whether the prince was attempting to tame

his watching Archon with the bonds of matrimony. J. Benison supposedly traveled all the way to Chicago by rail to meet with her sire, Baylor, and ask for permission to marry Eleanor. Baylor agreed only after the prince claimed a boon of the Justicar for when he had defended the Justicar from the Sabbat. That winter, Baylor attended the wedding, held just before Christmas in a chapel attached to the Hodge plantation (many of J. Benison's mortal family were in attendance). Before the ceremony, however, Baylor removed her from her position as Archon — an act which to this day J. Benison swears he did not ask for and Eleanor still holds against her sire.

For a time, Eleanor and J. Benison lived in special rooms beneath the Kimball House in town. In 1928, the couple moved to Rhodes Hall, a beautiful castle-like mansion on Peachtree Street, and this has been the center of the Kindred political and social world in Atlanta ever since.

The couple's nights were often spent in quiet, jealously guarded privacy. For a time, the Kindred society in Atlanta languished as the prince and his consort (some said "the prince and her consort") set up housekeeping. No one knew that their nights were filled with shadows that moved, sounds that came from nowhere and visions of a flame that burned without consuming them. The prince was found mere than once in the halls of their airy castle fighting unseen specters with his officer's sword. The prince secretly consulted Hannah the Tremere, and she gave him a few protections against spirits, but to no avail. The prince began to study the occult from tomes he borrowed from Harimah and that he bought from Yankee booksellers from Boston — much to the dismay of Eleanor who, although she believed in ghosts, thought that J. Benison was meddling in matters that he shouldn't.

In 1929, Atlanta's Hartsfield Airport opened, and Delta Airlines soon established itself. As the airline prospered, the population of Atlanta began to swell. Atlanta's previous reputation as a gateway city grew as it soon became nearly impossible to fly anywhere without first going through Atlanta.

In 1939, arriving in Atlanta from Hollywood, the Toreador Marlene presented herself to J. Benison on the night before the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*. A failed starlet, Marlene still held considerable charm for the prince who granted her a haven in Atlanta despite the fact that the hunting rights in the city were at a premium. Still, after the premiere, it was clear that Atlanta would no longer be a sleepy little city. The attention of the world had, for a moment, turned to Atlanta and would continue to be in the public eye for many years to come.

In 1952, in response to the population growth of Atlanta, Bedelia re-awakened. She surprised J. Benison by introducing him to the many of the city's Restless Dead. Apparently, she had been able to see the ghosts of Atlanta ever since her arrival there, and she passed along this valuable resource to her fearlessly mad childe. These newfound allies aided him by clearing the Drones out of Rhodes Hall, thus silencing the Dead.



that constantly plagued him. Soon afterward, J. Benison set about the business of making Atlanta his own. With Eleanor's skilled administration, J. Benison brought about a considerable political coup, and Atlanta incorporated the surrounding areas, adding 100,000 to its population and increasing in size from 37 to 118 square miles.

The Restless of Atlanta wanted payment for services rendered. They wanted the prince to promise that certain buildings would have his protection, and that Kindred would stay out of Oakland Cemetery. For a time he ignored their requests, not wishing to be seen as weak by them. Then the hauntings started again, and J. Benison folded. Now, secretly, the Hierarchy of Atlanta have the prince where they want him.

The prince grew more disquieted in the late '50s and early '60s as Thelonious, the black Brujah with whom he had always had disagreements, became a silent partner with the civil rights movement. Although the prince had never been a slave owner (his father had) and did not believe in owning slaves, equality for Africans was, in his opinion, unthinkable. Still, J. Benison loved to debate the issue with Thelonious, whom he called "Felonious" in a half-kidding sort of way. They clashed several times over the civil rights issue, and several times the prince threatened Thelonious with destruction or exile from Atlanta because the young Brujah would not listen to J. Benison's edicts against participating in the affairs of the Canaille.

In 1961, on the eve of the mayoral election between Ivan Allen, Jr. (who was against segregation) and Lester Maddox (an avowed racist and segregationist), J. Benison challenged Thelonious to a formal duel to resolve the issue of segregation in Atlanta. They fought with swords in the garden behind the Governor's house. Although J. Benison could normally take the Brujah with his several decades of fencing training, Thelonious was so driven to beat the prince that he bent his very will to the task. Vitae spattered the garden-path as they each scored hit after hit on each other. They fought to a standstill, and as the first light of the sun dawned over the city, J. Benison allowed his attention to wander for the briefest of moments, and Thelonious, righteousness driving his strike, pierced the heart of the prince with his blade. The prince, grievously wounded, conceded to Thelonious with only seconds to spare before they both erupted into flame. They were able to meld with the earth just in time.

Ivan Allen won the election and desegregated Atlanta's schools, a signal that the civil rights movement was definitely having an effect, even in the heart of the South, especially in Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s home city. Thelonious was allowed to actively pursue his political machinations and even took over the main city newspaper, "The Atlanta Journal-Constitution."

The '70s brought more prosperity and attention to Atlanta. Eleanor spent a few months traveling the country, selecting her "Executive Board" for Ventre to invite to live in Atlanta. Using her prince's favor, Marlene attracted more Toreador, much to the chagrin of Thelonious who demanded that more Brujah be allowed to enter the city or that the prince allow him to Embrace.

It was in 1977 that Clan Giovanni entered the city. Attracted by the tremendous transportation facilities and intrigued by the dark rumors of the city's ghostly shadow, the Giovanni found Atlanta to be a perfect place to set up a power base. They were initially rejected by the prince, but after careful consultation with Eleanor and other Ventre, J. Benison allowed the Giovanni Giuseppe to bring his Arduis Enterprises to Atlanta. The resulting change in the economy was staggering. Immediately there were many improvements to the city: a rapid transit system was put in, many marketplaces were built and big business began considering Atlanta a good place to be.

Politics in Atlanta



Despite the fact that he is a Malkavian, Prince J. Benison Hodge is respected by the Kindred of the city. Even those who disagree with him cannot help but feel awe in his presence. Although the prince does have a habit of speaking to people that aren't there on occasion, most Kindred are not aware of the connection that J. Benison has with the wraiths of the city. The simple fact is that they all know that J. Benison would willingly fight a Garou or Sabbat pack should one attack the city. J. Benison provides Atlanta's vibrance and progress. Eleanor provides its sweet Southern gentility, practicality and hospitality.

J. Benison likes to think of Atlanta's Kindred as "one big happy family." He has, over the years, enforced this policy by requiring all of the city's Kindred to meet once a week at Rhodes Hall for his "prayer meeting and fellowship." J. Benison is still a devout Christian in unlife and reads long passages from the Bible and some scraps of the Book of Nod that he has been able to acquire.

Despite the outward civility of Atlanta's Kindred, inwardly they are scheming, hateful and bitter. Sooner or later, someone is going to shatter the genteel house of cards that has been carefully constructed over the ages, and the prince's dream will be over.

The Characters

Aunt Bedelia



Bedelia is one of Atlanta's oldest vampires and certainly the oldest surviving vampire presence in the city. She is quite insane, although her madness is quiet and civil. Bedelia is the traditional Southern grande dame: she commands respect from all around her but always seems more like someone's grandmother.

Bedelia was Embraced in Brighton, England in 1760 and made the passage to America with her sire. Settling in Boston for a time but not liking it one bit, she eventually won her freedom from her sire (who was "quarrelsome," she says) and made her way South with one of her "boys," a Ventrite Ancilla named Herbert. Herbert introduced her to the Southern Lords and helped her get permission to dwell in Atlanta. No one has heard from Herbert since the Civil War, though if truth be known, he grew too fractious with Bedelia one night, and she put an end to him with a pick-axe.

Bedelia claims that she "doesn't have a head for politics." Still, she has guided her childe J. Benison well from time to time. She tends to stay out of her childe's way in matters of Kindred rule, although she occasionally has a request of him. These requests are usually treated like commands by the prince. He knows better than to turn down his Aunt Bedelia.

If she wanted to, she could easily assume power in Atlanta, but she enjoys playing the powerless elderly woman still weak from her last torpor, covered with a lace shawl and moving around Rhodes Hall in a wheelchair pushed by a ghoul servant. She often "dozes off" in conversations with people she does not like. She is always put in a place of respect and honor in the prince's house, and wise Kindred always pay court to her, at the very least visiting her wheelchair with offers to fluff her pillow, get her some vitae or by bringing her magnolia blossoms which she loves to smell. She is the elder of the four Harpies of Atlanta. Every Saturday night she plays bridge with Marlene, Hannah and Eleanor and discusses the doings of Kindred in the city. Although she rarely speaks of these doings, a negative vote cast by Bedelia nearly always means that the other three Harpies fall immediately into agreement.

Clan: Malkavian

Sire: Alabaster

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Curnudgeon

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1760



Aunt Bedelia

Apparent Age: 80s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 1

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 5, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 4, Brawl 2, Empathy 4, Leadership 4,

Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 4, Music 2, Melee 3, Repair 1

Knowledge: Investigation 2, Politics 1, Law 1, Linguistics 4

Disciplines: Auspex 5, Dominate 4, Potence 1, Celerity 1, Obscure 3, Presence 4

Background: Herd 3, Status 5

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 4, Courage 5

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 8

Derangements: Bedelia's madness is that of the overprotective caretaker. She falls in love with men and then suddenly becomes their "mother" figure, trying to rule their lives as a means of "protecting" them. She only becomes violent when her "boy" doesn't do as she asks; then she brutally destroys them. She often speaks of her temper in the third person: "Aunt Bedelia's got a mighty bad temper, she does..." for example.

Bedelia also becomes psychopathic when she sees a woman wear white shoes after Labor Day. A few ladies who have indulged in this social faux pas have been found in the woods with the aforementioned white shoes a permanent part of their anatomy.

She's also a bit of a hypochondriac, pretending to be crippled although she can walk perfectly well. For the most part, however, Bedelia is completely rational and good-natured.

Note: When Bedelia was Embraced, she was already an old woman who had spent years fearing death. After her Embrace, she realized that she had spent her last ten years fearing something which turned out to be not all that bad. As a result, she is able to perceive wraiths, as the fear of death which clouds most mortals vision does not effect her.

Image: Bedelia is an ancient woman with long white hair, and, although her face is heart-shaped and may have once been beautiful, the Embrace and old age was not kind. She prefers to wear long dresses, especially made of wool, as she used to wear in the 1800's.

Roleplaying Hints: Sniff a lot. Don't even respond to those around you unless you really feel like it. Call out for J. Benison whenever anyone upsets you. Respond positively when people do nice things for you: brush your hair, bring you roses, etc. Pretend to be an invalid. "Sleep" a lot: in reality you're spying on people by using Psychic Projection, but don't tell anyone that.

J. Benison Hodge, Prince of Atlanta

Background: Born James Benison Hodge in 1830, J. Benison grew up in a pious and hard-working English family who owned slaves and worked a cotton plantation near what would one day become Covington, Georgia. The patriarch of the Hodge clan, Roscoe Hodge, was well-known for his education and the demand that he placed on his three sons and one beautiful daughter to learn the Great Works and read the Bible. Staunch Protestants, Roscoe Hodge also conducted prayer meetings for his family and slaves in lieu of allowing ministers on his plantation to witness to them. Roscoe had lived through the Revolutionary War and demanded that all of his sons be adroit in many different manly pursuits: hunting, boxing, swordsmanship, pistol-shooting and riding. These skills were to serve J. Benison well in later life.

J. Benison moved to Richmond, Virginia, to be with his mother's sister and attempt to find his fortune in that city. When the Civil War broke out, J. Benison was among the first to enlist. He distinguished himself in the war as a fearless young man who actually charged a line of muskets. Fortunately, his bravery took the enemy so completely by surprise that he was able to slay seven men, by which time the rest of his brigade had closed the distance as well.

Upon returning to Atlanta, flushed with success, J. Benison fell in love with the city. He returned home and learned that he had lost both two brothers and his elderly father in the Civil War, a conflict he preferred to call the War of Northern Aggression.

Unlike many plantation owners, however, J. Benison did not believe that owning slaves was a right and good thing to

do. He did believe that sharecropping was a perfectly acceptable alternative. If it were up to J. Benison in his youth, he would have the South be a feudal monarchy complete with oaths of fealty and serfs.

While in Atlanta during Reconstruction, he met a wise and wonderful woman named Bedelia, who instantly saw the greatness in him and decided to gift him with the Embrace of eternal life. Ever since his Embrace, he has accepted his destiny to be a great warrior-king for Kindred everywhere. Although he was surprised to be chosen as prince, and although he dislikes the job, he gives himself completely to the role and will often do much just to "become a better prince."

Since his Embrace, the bravery that J. Benison showed in battle during the Civil War has grown to an almost unmindful recklessness in the face of danger. J. Benison simply does not get afraid. Although he will become more cross and more vigilant if threatened, he is usually cool-headed in situations that would cause other Kindred to flee in terror. J. Benison is, after all, insane. His major flaw is his violent nature, which he tries to channel into useful purpose. Still, he loves his Atlanta with a heart larger than any lion's, and under his hand she has prospered.

Although many believe that J. Benison's talking to people who aren't there is a result of his eccentricity, he is actually keeping in touch with some of his Hierarchy friends, wraiths who help him gather information about the city in exchange for special favors. The Anacrons have used J. Benison's power to stop many Hounds from being torn down. He enjoys speaking to the Anacrons and can see most wraiths quite easily because he does not fear death at all. He has gathered considerable knowledge of wraiths over the years, and this is why he



is so successful as a prince. Not much goes on in the city that he doesn't know about ultimately.

Clan: Malkavian (although he doesn't like to talk about it)

Sire: Bedelia

Nature: Cavalier

Demeanor: Director

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1866

Apparent Age: 36

Physical: Strength 6, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Intimidation 4, Leadership 5, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Melee 6, Music 1, Stealth 5

Knowledges: Atlanta Area Knowledge 4, Bureaucracy 1, Computer 1, Finance 4, Investigation 2, Law 4, Linguistics 2, Medicine 1, Occult 3, Politics 4, Spirit Lore 3, Science 2

Disciplines: Dominate 6, Auspex 4, Obscure 4, Fortitude 3, Potence 3, Celerity 3, Protean 3, Presence 4

Backgrounds: Resources 3, Herd 3, Retainers 4, Status 5, Influence 5

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 5, Courage 5

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 9

Blood Pool: 30

Derangement: J. Benison is completely unafraid of most everything. While this might seem a benefit to most, it is dangerous to him. Perhaps he leads a charmed unlif. To this date, he has not yet been grievously wounded as a result of his lack of fear. Still, he is often placed in extremely dangerous situations because of his fearlessness.

The only reason J. Benison has cause to occasionally waver in his bravery is the ghosts that haunt his daytime nightmares. This fear is so all-consuming that he is paralyzed by it. He can do nothing but to hope to get his senses back when it leaves him. This fear threatens to break J. Benison down further and give him more derangements if it is capitalized upon.

J. Benison also believes quite fervently that God is personally watching everything that he does, and that he has to "do the right thing" in God's eyes. This occasionally causes him to do strange things that a Kindred would not normally do.

Image: A solid man, barrel-chested, with bright clear green eyes, flowing auburn hair, receding hairline, and a full, bristling beard touched with grey. His bushy eyebrows and full moustache makes him appear just like a stand-in from a movie about Confederate war generals. Although his face is not exactly handsome, he exudes a friendly, easy-going charm that

can turn into an awesome military presence with a moment's notice.

Roleplaying Notes: Speak in a gentle Southern drawl. Be ingratiating, courteous, self-deprecating and civilized, but very, very clear and firm when giving orders. You demand the best in all around you. You act with swift and certain surety when you need to. Occasionally, show a deeper sense of self, a sort of faith that backs up your beliefs and your words. To ladies especially, be exceedingly gentlemanly and honorable. From time to time, look off to the side and address people who are not there, then act like it never happened.

Eleanor

Embraced by the Ventru Justicar Baylor, Eleanor is a powerful Kindred who is well mated to the warrior-king J. Benison. Like her namesake Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor always knew she would be a prize to anyone strong enough to conquer her indomitable will and out-duel her rapier wit. When she was Embraced by Baylor, that will and wit were turned to greater purpose, and she found herself finally a powerful woman in a man's world. She enjoyed learning and using her powers, enjoyed flexing her vampiric might, enjoyed discovering the delicate uses of her power to work great changes.

The only man placed anywhere near her in power was J. Benison. As Archon, she technically overruled him, but in reality she was terrified of the man who apparently did not fear her or her dread sire. She was incredibly impressed by Benison, whose knowledge of the classics and whose natural talent of debate was formidable. She never thought she would marry. However, when J. Benison proposed marriage to her, he



did it with such guile and such business acumen that she could not rationally refuse. It was a perfect merger of their spheres of power.

She now hates Baylor for removing her title as Archon just because she married Benison. In truth, she wouldn't have agreed to the marriage if she had known that it would cost her her position.

Eleanor now conducts a secret love affair with Benjamin, her childe and favorite of the moment. She does all she can to keep this a secret from J. Benison, as she knows the prince would destroy Benjamin in a jealous rage if he knew.

Although Eleanor and the prince have never shared blood, they often feed together.

Perhaps because of her particular prey appetites, Eleanor has always been a proponent of civil rights. Her actions behind the scenes are what made J. Benison finally relent to the civil rights movement in Atlanta. That, and the fact that she manipulated him into challenging Thelonious to a duel.

Clan: Ventue

Sire: Baylor

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1864

Apparent Age: 28

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 4, Alertness 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Intimidation 5, Intrigue 4, Leadership 4, Sense Deception 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Dancing 3, Etiquette 4, Firearms 2, Music 3, Stealth 4, Security 2

Knowledges: Camarilla Lore 4, Finance 4, Investigation 4, Kindred Lore 2, Spirit Lore 1, Law 3, Linguistics 3, Politics 4

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 4, Dominate 5, Fortitude 3, Obscure 1, Potence 2, Presence 5, Protean 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 5 (Government), Allies 3, Status 4, Retainers 3, Herd 4, Resources 5, Influence 5

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 5, Courage 4

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 9

Notes: Eleanor only feeds on African-American men.

Image: Eleanor is a classic pale Irish-English beauty with high cheekbones, pale white skin and beautiful green eyes. She resembles a lioness, all strength and intelligence. Her hair streams down her back and nearly brushes the ground when unbound, which is rare. She wears "proper clothes" at all times, usually fashions that were popular in the 1890s, which is currently her favorite time for fashion. She dislikes the business fashion of the current day, especially on women and will often

ask her business subordinates to wear a dress when they visit her.

Roleplaying Hints: Speak quietly, with a soft genteel Southern accent. Even when you are angry or upset, use the same soft tone, just insert steel under the silk. Always look down your nose at everyone. You know you are beautiful. If you wish it, Kindred will not be able to resist you. You are used to being in charge, and won't take guff from anyone.

Benjamin

Born in Atlanta in 1934, Benjamin Brown was the son of an African-American grocer in Sweet Auburn. Graham Brown, his father, wanted more for his son than for him to be a grocer. Instead of encouraging him to join the family business, Graham helped pay for Benjamin to attend Morris Brown College in Atlanta. While in college, Benjamin learned that he had a passion for the law, and pursued a law degree in the University of Georgia in the late fifties, overcoming segregation policies to be able to attend law classes. Upon graduation, Benjamin opened a practice on Auburn street, not very far away from his father's grocery. Before he knew it, he was swamped with the kind of commercial legal caseload that made his little law office a great success and put him in touch with some of the movers and shakers of Atlanta's business community, both white and black. Benjamin parleyed these contacts into a considerable stock portfolio on companies originating in Atlanta. He also began to take on business advisory roles for several corporations in Atlanta, not only representing them but offering them business advice based on his keen intellect and sharp wits.

During the early days of the civil rights movement, Benjamin felt like he had to hide his true feelings from his employers. Soon he was unable to continue to keep silent about the outrage that had built within him. One night, after attending a prayer meeting at the Ebenezer Baptist Church where Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. had given the sermon, Benjamin returned to his business contacts the next day and told them he was terminating his contract with them. He went back to his small one-room law office and opened up its doors to his legal services up to the entire civil rights movement.

Meanwhile, he despaired privately at what he had lost. He still had his stock portfolio, but as his contacts with the business world had been shattered, he watched the stock values decline. He longed for the thrill of the deal, for the power to stand up in a boardroom full of executives and command their attention. He took to brooding in the stacks of the Morris Brown Library, voraciously reading anything that struck his interest.

This is when he attracted the attention of Eleanor Hodge. She had been watching the brilliant young lawyer work his way through the prejudice pitfalls throughout his career and was singularly impressed with the young man, not only be-



Benjamin

cause of his sharp legal mind but also because of his almost uncanny understanding of people's motivations. One night she cornered him in the Morris Brown library and drank from him. Her hunger so sated, she turned to him and began having a conversation with him. He seemed unalarmed that she was a vampire, even curious as to what powers she had. He began to ask incisive questions that cut to the heart of what being a vampire was about. He instantly understood the entirety of what she meant. He instantly grasped the Masquerade behind everything.

When Eleanor went to command him to forget his conversation with her, she realized with a shock that his will was too strong for her to Dominate. She realized as well that he had manipulated her into revealing more than she had wanted any mortal to know. Chill fear gripped her heart: she, the childe of a Justicar, involved in such a breach of the Masquerade? And Benjamin, an important figure in the community, could not simply vanish, especially not in this time of unrest. It might seem as though he had been kidnapped or assassinated for his affiliation with the civil rights movement.

After attempting to Dominate or otherwise control him repeatedly, Eleanor was left with but one thing to do, a thing which Benjamin himself suggested to her. In the early hours of the morning, Eleanor embraced Benjamin and brought him into the Ventrie Clan.

Unwilling (and a little afraid) to tell J. Benison about her new childe, Eleanor immediately sent Benjamin to Oxford, England, to further study law and learn the ways of the Kindred from her sire. Benjamin returned to his law office and told his contacts in the community that he had to take an opportunity to study law in Oxford, but that he would return

in a few years to further aid the movement. By way of apology, he created the Graham Brown Civil Rights Advocacy Fund based on his stock portfolio. During the '70s Benjamin learned Oxford law and Kindred politics from his grandsire and returned to Atlanta in the early '80s.

Eleanor presented Benjamin to the prince as a "friend of her sire's," explaining that he was a very young Kindred sent to Atlanta to learn from her. The Oxford accent that Benjamin had picked up overseas helped convince the Prince that he was genuine — not that the Prince doubted his dear Eleanor (or if he did, he did not show it).

Since then, Benjamin has become a major puppeteer of the Atlanta legal world. Not only does he control several State and Superior Court judges, but he has controls on the State Supreme Court, the local Circuit and District Federal Courts and some say even a thread of power that extends to D.C., to the Supreme Court. Benjamin has built for himself a careful control of the court system in Atlanta.

What Eleanor doesn't realize is that her secret childe has blossomed into an excellent intriguer. Because Atlanta is his hometown, he has been able to renew his old business ties and has made quite a place for himself. He has spread his roots deep and wide in the city and has now taken over much of the south side of Atlanta. Benjamin owns corporations through holding companies that even Eleanor hasn't heard of... yet. Benjamin isn't necessarily interested in supplanting Eleanor's power. He is, however, interested in maintaining and holding his own.

Outwardly, Benjamin is still his cultured refined Oxford self. Inwardly, he dislikes J. Benison for his insanity and his hackneyed Old South mentality and resents Eleanor's patronizing ways. One day he may reveal the amount of power he has gained, but for now he waits. He has become friends with some of the outcast Nosferatu of the city and has even been accepted by them enough to learn Obscure.

Benjamin continues to support his Advocacy fund through silent partners and "generous corporate donations." His considerable information network has helped Eleanor block the Giovanni's business expansion in the Atlanta area. Eleanor has also used him as an emissary to other vampire princes in the South. His matte black Lear jet (with the lightproof passenger cabin) waits to carry him wherever he is needed.

Clan: Ventrie

Sire: Eleanor

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1964

Apparent Age: 24

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Expression 3, Intimidation 3, Intrigue 5, Leadership 4, Sense Deception 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Dancing 2, Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Music 3, Stealth 2, Security 4

Knowledges: Atlanta Area Knowledge 4, Camarilla Lore 1, Finance 3, Bureaucracy 4, Investigation 3, Kindred Lore 2, Law 4, Linguistics 4, Politics 5

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Auspex 3, Dominate 3, Fortitude 2, Obscure 4, Potence 1, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 5 (Judicial System), Allies (Atlanta Politics) 4, Status 3, Retainers 4, Herd 3, Resources 4, Influence 4

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 4, Courage 4

Merits/Flaws: Iron Will (3)

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 8

Image: A young, highly attractive African-American man with closely cropped hair and steel-rimmed glasses. Benjamin prefers Saville Row suits and has his tailor flown in regularly from London.

Roleplaying Notes: Engage people's entire attention when you speak with them. You're impudent, direct, exact, precise. You don't like glittering generalities or false promises, so don't accept them from anyone; "Just give me the facts." When you smile, people feel that you genuinely like them, and that you're not the fierce lawyer you seem to be most of the time.

Notes: Benjamin can only feed on people who were born in Atlanta.

Thelonious

Originally from the Yoruba lands in Africa, Thelonious (called Kanribi back then) was taken as a young boy to America on a slave ship by way of Haiti. While on board ship, he met a soothsayer who told him that he would have a great destiny, and that his life would extend past his death, on into another great life. He soon forgot about this when he was subjected to the auction block and found himself on a failing farm in Virginia. He was worked viciously and cruelly by the overseers, slaves themselves, and soon developed a hardened body that was crisscrossed with whip scars and torture marks.

The farm he was on went bankrupt, and he was sold to a strange-looking albino freed-black who bought him with money raised by powerful abolitionists and took him to Boston to live. While in Boston, he was taught to read and exposed to many great books, taught how to act, how to speak, and more importantly, how to think. His freedom was granted to him by the man who bought him, a man who would only give his name as Isaac. As he voraciously read the great works of world literature, he realized the oppression that his people labored under.



He became active in the abolitionist movement, helping slaves escape to the free North on the Underground Railroad. He became so active politically that he attracted the attention of his long-lost benefactor, Isaac, who took Thelonious to New York and there Embraced him as one of the Brujah. Ever since that day, Thelonious has sworn "eternal enmity with all forms of tyranny over the minds of humanity," as he says. An intellectual with strength behind his words, Thelonious soon rose to a prominent position among the Brujah of New York. However, at the end of the Civil War, he felt called to go South and try to ensure the rights of his brethren there.

Meeting up with both the typical Brujah-Venture prejudice along with the typical black-white prejudice of the time was nearly impossible for Thelonious to bear. It was only his contact with his ancestors that made it possible for him to continue on. Two gleaming Yoruba warriors, ghosts who wore collars made of purest ivory, appeared to him in dreams on a regular basis, showing him that he was on the right path, giving him encouragement and secrets. For a long time, he was the only Brujah in Atlanta. He still is the only recognized Brujah in Atlanta. The Prince can't stand the Brujah Clan (possibly because Eleanor also despises them), although there are quite a few unrecognized Brujah in the city.

Thelonious controls all the print media in the city, including the *Journal-Constitution* and the alternative weekly, *Creative Loafing*. He occasionally sends messages to his Brujah through mysterious personals in the back of *Creative Loafing*.

Lately Thelonious has been having more dreams about the Yoruba warriors. They keep trying to warn him of something, but he's not yet sure what they are warning him about.

Clan: Brujah
Sire: Isaac
Nature: Visionary
Demeanor: Pedagogue
Generation: 8th
Embrace: 1859

Apparent Age: 26

Physical: Strength 4 Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Intimidation 3, Leadership 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 3, Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Melee 1, Music 3, Stealth 3, Repair 1, Survival 3

Knowledges: Kindred Lore 3, Camarilla Lore 3, Atlanta Area Knowledge 3, Bureaucracy 3, Law 5, Linguistics 3, Science 3, Medicine 2, Investigation 3

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 4, Dominate 1, Presence 3, Potence 1, Protean 3, Obfuscate 4

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 4, Influence 4, Status 3, Herd 4

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 8

Image: A fairly handsome African-American, Thelonious has very expressive eyes. He usually wears modern business clothes, although he occasionally wears authentic African dress. His hair is kept short and neat, and he wears glasses.

Roleplaying Hints: Thelonious is very much a soft-spoken Brujah, and he rarely raises his voice. He usually does not resort to violence as he is a proponent of non-violence, although he definitely knows how to protect himself if need be. Thelonious is incredibly well-educated, but in a social situation he will not specifically reveal the depth of his understanding, seeking to draw people out and discover what they think of him. When you play Thelonious, remember that he is very tolerant and patient, until his limit has been reached, at which point he becomes a very angry frenzied vampire.

Marlene

Gertie used to be a two-bit starlet who usually had to visit the casting couch in order to get a part. She was a triple threat: she couldn't sing, she couldn't dance, she couldn't really act. There was nothing left to sell but her own body. Gertie wanted to be in the movies so badly that she decided that she would do anything to get there. She even changed her name to Marlene. She fell in with a powerful vampire named Irving who promised her eternal life and complete stardom. Marlene was supposed to be his "beautiful new discovery." Irving quickly tired of Marlene as her nasal voice and lack of understanding

about anything artistic made her repulsive to him. He made a half-hearted attempt at destroying her by giving her name and address to a few vampire hunters. When she fled them, she decided to use her industry contacts and get aboard the plane headed for the premiere of *Gone with the Wind* in Atlanta. Luckily for her, she was accepted by the prince and allowed to stay in Atlanta. She soon discovered how potent her powers as a vampire were and settled permanently in Atlanta, even though the Kindred at the time had already divided up the available hunting ground in the area. The prince allowed Marlene to drink from his private stock, taking personal responsibility for her being in Atlanta.

In great Hollywood tradition, Marlene is a flake. She loves many strange Californian fads, including holding séances for herself and her friends. She has become quite good at "mediumship," as she calls it. Supposedly she calls ghosts to her and asks them questions. The Restless are amused to no end by her antics, and though none have actually showed a presence to Marlene and her friends, they watch her from behind the Shroud. She is very disappointed when nothing strange happens at these sessions. The wraiths just get a change out of watching this Shirley MacLaine would-be make a fool of herself.

Marlene fancies herself a sculptor: she takes large pieces of castoff scrap metal and strings them together into giant artworks. Her latest work hangs in the prince's home in the study, a large iron thing called "Benison's Ride" commemorating J. Benison's clean-up of Atlanta and the Atlanta area a few years ago. The Kindred of Atlanta have learned (on pain of the prince's disapproval) to nod and smile a lot, even if they don't like the sculpture.



Marlene

Because of her "naughty" beginnings as a starlet, Marlene felt immediately attracted to Atlanta's sex industry from the very beginning. She moved in and began to take a cut from every pornographer, prostitute, pimp and stripper. She provided legal protection to many of the clubs in Atlanta. Cheshire Bridge Road is now her place of power. She has been able to control many of the sex shows, strip clubs and lingerie model places with her Presence alone. Marlene has lately become very rich on these strip clubs in Atlanta and is always looking to expand her market.

Clan: Toreador

Sire: Irving

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Bravo

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1936

Apparent Age: 26

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 1, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 2, Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 1, Empathy 1, Intimidation 3, Intrigue 4, Leadership 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Craft 2, Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 2, Melee 1, Music 2, Performance 1, Stealth 4, Repair 2

Knowledges: Movie Lore 4, Bureaucracy 1, Medicine 2, Occult 3

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 2, Presence 4, Dominate 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Influence 3, Status 3, Herd 3, Resources 3

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 5, Courage 4

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 7

Image: Marlene is pretty but not beautiful. Because she insists that she is beautiful, but does not truly believe this herself, her overall appearance suffers. She especially does not like her largish nose, and sometimes she squint around it. Marlene is never seen in the same outfit twice, as if to draw attention away from her nose.

Roleplaying Tips: You're vapid, two-dimensional, and extremely catty—at least that's the role you play. You know what people think of you and don't really care. You've gotten this far on your looks, smarts and guts, and you're not going to let anyone take that away from you. You are falsely friendly to virtually everyone while you speak with them. Behind their back, you're breaking out the knives.

Hannah

Hannah—grey-eyed, all-knowing Hannah. Almost puritanical in her dress and actions, Hannah is nonetheless a powerful Thaumaturgist of note. She won her position as the Chantry leader through loyal service to the Clan and has since distinguished herself in her continuing service to Vienna. Still, she is no great schemer, and this is something which she understands. She prefers to study magic in her mansion on Ponce de Leon Avenue and only get involved with Kindred politics when absolutely necessary. This has counted against her in the past, but in Atlanta, the Tremere need her steady hand and unwavering loyalty now more than ever for the secret project they are pursuing (see Ignatius below).

Hannah is no-nonsense and a well-known disciplinarian. In fact, some of the more problematic Tremere are occasionally sent to her for refresher training in Kindred etiquette and the proper way a Tremere should behave. One of these recent students is an Tremere Ancilla named Emaleth who was Embraced as an 8 year old child by a foul Tremere Antitribu pornographer in Miami and forced to perform for him. Emaleth's Child Nature conflicts with her Conniver Demeanor as she tries to be an "adult" vampire while forever caught in a child's body.

Hannah would do just about anything to learn the Path of Spirit Thaumaturgy. For some reason, the Council of Seven refuses to process her requests to study it. She has picked up enough knowledge in her own research to gain the first rank in the Path but cannot go beyond that. Hannah senses the mass of the Restless in Atlanta's shadow. She wishes to learn how to bind them and send them on journeys and tasks. She knows that there is something brewing with the Tremere in Atlanta, but cannot get any of her contacts to explain exactly what it is.

Hannah maintains a strict regimen, and expects her charge Emaleth to do this as well. Hannah is up immediately after sunset and usually works fairly extensively until just before sunup copying ancient tomes, setting up lab experiments and sharpening the Skills and Disciplines she already possesses.

Clan: Tremere

Sire: Abigail

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1705

Apparent Age: 42

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 5, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Intrigue 2, Leadership 2, Sense Deception 5, Subterfuge 2



Skills: Etiquette 4, Firearms 1, Music 4, Stealth 4, Security 4

Knowledges: Camarilla Lore 4, Investigation 4, Kindred Lore 4, Spirit Lore 3, Mage Lore 1, Garou Lore 3, Faerie Lore 2, Linguistics 4, Politics 2

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 1, Dominate 5, Fortitude 1, Obscure 3, Protean 5, Thaumaturgy 5, Path of Movement of the Mind 3, Path of Lure of Flames 3, Path of Weather Control 2, Path of Conjuring 4, Path of Spirit Thaumaturgy 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 5 (Occult), Allies (Occult) 3, Status 4, Herd 3, Resources 2, Influence 3

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 5, Courage 3

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 8

Image: A severe woman with a tightly-wrapped bun of hair atop her head, piercing eyes and a stern demeanor, Hannah prefers plain black dresses at all times.

Roleplaying Hints: Play Hannah as the quiet but powerful schoolmistress. She cultivates a dragon lady sort of aura about her. Speak only when spoken to; always sit up straight and never for a minute flinch about giving a command. You are to be obeyed without question, or, if there is to be a question, it should be asked and done with very quickly.

Lorenzo Giovanni

Having come from the Vatican in only the past three years, Lorenzo is not a Kindred of the city, only a ghoul of the Giovanni. Yet he is a particularly powerful ghoul, a ghoul who might one day be Embraced by the family. By day, he is an

investment banker in Atlanta helping to further the profits of the Giovanni's corporations. By night, he is turned loose in one of the greatest Giovanni playgrounds that can be imagined. He wanders the back streets and cemeteries of Atlanta (particularly Oakland), looking for spirits to capture and potentially enslave.

Secretly, however, no one knows Lorenzo's true purpose in Atlanta. He is looking for a book called the Black Thorn Codex. The Black Thorn Codex has a number of Spirit Thaumaturgy rituals involving the Restless Dead in it, as well as a long and detailed account of how one goes about acquiring and developing the Necromancy Discipline. The Codex was stolen many hundreds of years ago by the Tremere, and the Giovanni have traced its presence back to Atlanta. Lorenzo is not yet sure if the Codex is somewhere in the city. So far, all the spirits he has contacted with his Discipline have been either Drones, shades or Hierarchy wraths who will not willingly aid him or who do not know anything about the subject of his quest.

The Giovanni have a considerable business operation in Atlanta as well, and Lorenzo has presented himself to the prince, who has accepted him for a six month stay to look after "family business" in the city. Because of Eleanor's misgivings with Giovanni interests in town, he will be asked to leave if even he doesn't complete his business within the allotted six month time-frame.

Lorenzo is quite a perverse man who has an unusual penchant for necrophilia, especially where Kindred are concerned. Although the rumor-mill speculates if he has shared a bed with Marlene, he has in fact not really spent much time around Kindred.

Clan: Giovanni

Host: Annika Giovanni (6th generation)

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Gallant

Ghouled: 1176

Apparent Age: 28

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Intimidation 3, Intrigue 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 2, Firearms 3, Music 1, Stealth 5, Security 4

Knowledges: Camarilla Lore 4, Finance 4, Investigation 4, Kindred Lore 4, Spirit Lore 4, Law 2, Linguistics 4, Occult 4

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 3, Dominate 3, Necromancy 3, Potence 3, Protean 2, Thaumaturgy 2, Path of Lure of Flames 2, Path of Spirit Thaumaturgy 3



Backgrounds: Contacts 5 (Banking), Contacts 4 (Occult), Allies 5 (Giovanni Clan), Status 1, Retainers 1, Resources 5, Influence 1

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 3, Courage 3

Humanity: 3

Willpower: 7

Note: Lorenzo can call upon the might of the Giovanni clan at need, although he must not do so for trivial reasons. He receives his supply of blood (from Anniki) every month and dutifully drinks all that is given him. He has worked too long and hard to develop the Disciplines he has to lose them now. He also has a bodyguard, also a ghoul, named Alonso. Alonso watches over him while he sleeps and is always with him.

Story Concepts for Cross-over Games



The Atlanta By Night setting has been designed to interact with *Wraith: the Oblivion* in a number of ways. Below are some story ideas for your Chronicle to involve Kindred and Restless in stories together.

Chronicle Concept: Lorenzo's Toil / Ignatius' Trove

When Ignatius was destroyed in the burning of Atlanta, he left behind a vault of very important tomes on Thaumaturgy and magic, essentially his laboratory-away-from-home. This vault has since been buried by rubble and built over, although wraiths who know what they are looking for can simply go discorporeal and reach the vault easily.

When Ignatius died, he instantly became a wraith. Departing on his lonely journey, he soon found himself at one of his principal Fetters: a vial of his blood located in the Tremere Chantry house in Vienna. An alert Tremere saw him and, thinking him to be an attacking spirit of some kind, caged him in a spirit-bottle. He languished within his spirit-prison for nearly 100 years and has only recently been released (see Ignatius' background, below).

Wraith characters could be drawn into his conflict with the Kindred in one of two ways: as loyal friends of the prince, they could fight Ignatius and try to thwart his plans, or as spirit-servants of Lorenzo Giovanni, who is looking for the Thorns Codex, they could also encounter Ignatius. Kindred and Restless from all facets of society could get involved, especially if this vault is accessible only by destroying the building that is built atop it, which might be some wraith's Fetter.

Ignatius the Ur-Kindred

Ignatius used to be the most powerful Kindred in the Georgia region, but his death in Atlanta cut short his dreams of glory and dominion. Now he must watch as his rival, J. Benison, conducts utilife as prince of the city that was rightfully his. He hates Eleanor, J. Benison and Bedelia for their collaboration. So filled with darkness is he that he doesn't realize that he caused the fall of Atlanta by calling in favors from other Southern Lords. Ignatius would do just about anything to get back at J. Benison and his court.

When Ignatius was released from his spirit-prison, the Tremere demanded that he tell them who he was in life and what his potentialities were as the first of the three duties compelled by the ritual that contained him. Their surprise was genuine when he revealed his true identity and origin, and the Kindred in charge of cataloguing the spirit resources of the Chantry called an impromptu session of the Council of Seven. Ignatius took to lingering in the Shadowlands around the Chantry, learning about his own particular Arcanos and helping various Tremere with their experiments.

When Lorenzo came to Atlanta a few years ago, Hannah dutifully reported this fact to the Seven, which made Ignatius mad with the need to return to Atlanta to "stop the Giovanni," as he put it. Apparently an important tome known as the Black

Thorn Codex was what Lorenzo was looking for. That tome, while being one of Ignatius' Fetters, was also a tome that he himself had stolen from the Giovanni. That they were looking in Atlanta meant that they had tracked the Codex's trail down to him, and it wouldn't be long before they discovered where the Codex lay.

At his own request, Ignatius returned to Atlanta and has been gathering aid among Wastrel wraiths whose Shadows were particularly strong and willing to aid Ignatius with his quest. Now Ignatius and his band of near-Doppelgangers seek to do away with Lorenzo and to pierce the ground to the vault and recover the books of lore for the Tremere.

Ignatius is a Restless driven by his Passion to destroy those who he blames for destroying him.

Former Clan: Tremere

Former Sire: Cornelius

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Former Generation: 5th

Embrace: 1276

Apparent Age: 28

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 5, Intrigue 4, Leadership 4, Sense Deception 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 4, Firearms 2, Music 3, Stealth 4, Security 3

Knowledges: Camarilla Lore 4, Finance 1, Investigation 3, Kindred Lore 4, Spirit Lore 4, Linguistics 2, Politics 4

Arcanos: Argos 3, Fatalism 1, Pandemonium 3, Phantasm 3, Puppetry 4, Keening 1, Moliate 1, Usury 1

Backgrounds: Relics 2, Allies 4 (Council of Seven - Tremere)

Passions: Recover his lost lore (Envy) 3, Gain vengeance against J. Benison, Bedelia and Eleanor (Revenge) 5, Consume more knowledge, learn more about magic (Lust for Power) 3, Listen to violin music (Love) 1

Pathos: 6

Willpower: 9

Corpus: 8



Fetters: Black Thorn Codex, 2; Underground Atlanta, 1; Vial of blood in Vienna, 2

Shadow Archetype: Freak (The Outcast): Ignatius' Shadow is so ancient that its paradigm doesn't fit into the modern age. The Outcast is something like the Freak except that it demands that Ignatius always keep his business secret and requires him to never fully cooperate with others.

Angst: 9

Thorns: Shadow Familiar, Shadow Relic (3), Shadow Notoriety (4)

Other Story Ideas

As a wraith, you might be involved with helping to clear the Spectres out of the prince's house, or perhaps you are "summoned" by one of Marlene's séances or attract the attention of Emaileth, the young Spirit Thaumaturgist who is trying to establish her own niche among the Tremere.

As a Kindred, you can be involved with many wraith stories through Marlene's séances, Bedelia's madness, J. Benison's nightmares, Eleanor's fears or Hannah's curiosity.

Wraith Errata

Credits Page:

Written by: Jackie Cassada

Design and Development Contributors: Ray Winninger

pg. 10:

The following words are covered up by an initial cap:
"Just as a soul..."

pg. 38:

The shadow trade is discussed more extensively on
add: pg. 59.

pg. 46

(see pg. 51)

pg. 97

the following things are missing from the example character sheet:

Keep writing (2)

Ruin publisher (2) [needs one more dot]

p. 149-150

between the bottom of the page and the top of the following page, the following text is missing:

the subject's future or past. The Storyteller should never respond with a direct answer, but instead in a cryptic

pg. 161, Outrage

(see pg. XX) = (see pg. 212)

pg. 163, Pandemonium

Fog Chart on pg. XX = Fog Chart on pg. 205

pg. 171, Usury

(see Healing, pg. XX) = (see Healing, pg. 198)

Note: The only way that a wraith can soak aggravated damage is through the Moliate art "Martialry".

Relics and Artifacts

In addition, the example character has the background of Relics, which was cut. We didn't think it was exactly fair to make characters pay background points for pocket lint, pens and other things that they would have had on them at the time of death. This may include weapons, if appropriate to the character, but remember that any complex machinery requires Pathos to use, and that a relic gun is of no use without relic bullets! A relic sword, on the other hand, will function as normal. In general, anything which requires power of some sort (i.e.: electricity) or which involves a chemical reaction (i.e.: gunpowder) will not function as a relic without an investment of Pathos. There are said to be weapons and machines which do not require Pathos to function; by definition, these objects would be Artifacts. See the description for "Artifact" (pg. 131) for more information.

Malkavians and Wraiths

If the nature of a Malkavian's madness is such that he would be able to see wraiths if he were human, then he is able to see them. On the other hand, a Malkavian who thinks that he is Dan Quayle, or who is a compulsive shopper would not be able to see wraiths.

NECROPOLIS ATLANTA

From the Ashes of the Past...

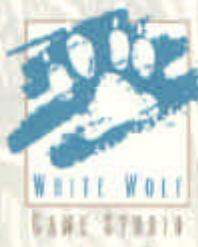
The city of Atlanta is known among the Quick as a center of culture and industry, but the Restless see a city of smoldering ruins and divided loyalties. Torn by Civil War and the war for civil rights, Atlanta has been overrun with the spirits of the Restless Dead, those with something left to prove or memories that they refuse to let go.

A City Reborn

The wraiths who reside in Atlanta are unwilling to stop the fighting. They believe passionately that even in death, things can still change. Each faction believes that they are right, and will stop at nothing to get what they feel they deserve.

Necropolis: Atlanta is a sourcebook for use with **Wraith: the Oblivion** and **Vampire: the Masquerade**, detailing the city of Atlanta, Georgia and the surrounding areas. It includes:

- Over thirty of the most influential Restless of the city, including Hierarchy, Heretics, Renegades and others;
- Background on the history of Atlanta in the Shadowlands
- Information on the Kindred of Atlanta for use with **Vampire: the Masquerade**



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